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THE
GREAT
BATTLES
OF THE



XVIII. JUIN. MDCCXV.

BRITISH
ARMY.







1. The first group of people who are affected by the disease are those who are in the early stages of the disease. These people are usually in the early stages of the disease and are usually in the early stages of the disease. They are usually in the early stages of the disease and are usually in the early stages of the disease.

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CHERY

Front.

THE
GREAT BATTLES
OF
THE BRITISH ARMY.

BY
CHARLES MAC FARLANE,
AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA," "MEMOIR OF THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON," ETC.

Illustrated by William Harvey.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE object of these works, devoted to the military fame of our country, has been sufficiently and quite recently explained in the Lives of the great Marlborough, and the greater Wellington.

Instead of giving a preface, I will merely offer, on the present occasion, as brief mottoes, two passages from the Parliamentary Speeches of two distinguished, English-hearted orators and statesmen.

“A state of war is, in itself, a state of evil. We wish not for it; we would fain avoid it; we would be at peace, could we so be with honour and security to ourselves. But, whether at war or in the most profound peace, let us never neglect to encourage and maintain a military aptitude and spirit in the people. History teaches us that, in all nations and times, the extinction of this spirit has been rapidly followed by the loss of every other national virtue.”—(*Speech of the Right Hon. W. Windham in the House of Commons, 1806.*)

“My Lords, we have all paid the last tribute to our illustrious chief. We have consigned him to the grave; but in so consigning him, I trust many of us will not forget, that

in burying him who was our greatest hero, we have perhaps buried the man who amongst us had the greatest horror of the miseries of war, that every effort and every energy of his mind in the field, in the camp, and in the senate, was directed to the attainment of victory, or triumph, or glory, only because they constituted the means of securing to his country and to the world the blessings of a lasting peace.

“My Lords, I trust that in solemnly interring him, we have not taken leave of or buried our recollections of the principles which he supported and advocated. I am sure, my Lords, that I am speaking in the spirit of him whose loss we all deplore, when I say that I look—and I am sure that your lordships will look—upon war in itself as the greatest curse with which a country can be afflicted, and upon unnecessary war as the greatest crime of which a statesman can be guilty. I am sure, my Lords, that the great and paramount object of this country is the maintenance of a firm and honourable peace; but I am no less convinced of the necessity, upon that principle which it was his constant duty to inculcate upon successive governments, in order to maintain the security and the permanence of peace, the necessity that every nation should have within itself those means of self-defence and of self-dependence which would not provoke aggression by their weakness, more especially if to that weakness is added the possession of unbounded wealth. I trust that we shall bear this in mind, not in words only, but by actions and in our policy; and that setting aside all political and party considerations, we shall all concur in this opinion, that in order to be peaceful, England must be powerful; but that if England ought to be powerful, she ought to be so only that she may be the more secure of peace.”—*Speech of the Earl of Derby (on the Funeral of the Duke of Wellington), in the House of Lords, 1852.*

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THE GREAT BATTLES

OF

THE BRITISH ARMY.

A. D. 1066—1346.

“The trumpets sounded, and the field began.”—SPENSER.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR had not long been seated on the throne of England, ere he conveyed native English troops to the continent to fight against the French king or his own rebellious subjects in Normandy and Poitou. These troops immediately secured high praise for their steadiness and fidelity, and gallantry in battle.

The sons of the Conqueror made a still more frequent and more extensive use of English troops. On one occasion, when William II., surnamed Rufus, was under the necessity of proclaiming his ban of war in the old Saxon form,—“Let every man that is not a man of nothing, whether he live in burgh or out of burgh, leave his house and come,”—thirty thousand stout Englishmen repaired to the place appointed for the muster. In the year 1091, when the Red King went into Normandy, his army consisted chiefly of unmixed native English, who were already acquiring the reputation of being the best foot soldiers in Europe. For a long time they appear to have been employed exclusively as infantry.

At a very early period the English, serving under their Norman princes or feudal lords, made their name and

prowess known in distant wars. When Duke Robert, brother of William II. and Henry I., repaired to the Holy Land with the Crusaders, who captured Jerusalem on the 15th of July 1099, a great number of English and some Irish followed his standard, and gained honour in fighting with the turbaned Saracens. Afterwards, at the battle of Tenche-Bray, where Duke Robert and his brother Henry I. fought against each other for the continental dominions of the family, the king owed his decisive victory to his English army. "This battle," observes old John Speed, "was fought, and Normandy won, upon Saturday, being the vigil of St. Michael, even the same day forty years that William the Bastard set foot on England's shore for his conquest; God so disposing it (saith Malmsbury) that Normandy should be subjected to England that very day wherein England was subdued to Normandy."

Without leaving their own island, the English, in those days, could have abundance of fighting, for Wales continued unsubdued until the time of Edward I., and with Scotland we were almost continually at war until the accession of James I. These circumstances kept up the use of arms, and the habit and spirit of war, in large portions of the population.

During the incessant wars of Henry II. on the continent, English bowmen and other English infantry always formed a considerable portion of his armies, and, with scarcely an exception, those armies defeated the French, and marched from victory to victory.

Under the lion-hearted Richard I., hosts of English were again fighting in Palestine, foremost in every assault, and distinguished in every battle. Their blue eyes, fair complexions, and ruddy cheeks, are noticed by all the foreign chroniclers who wrote on the Crusades. More than six hundred years before Napoleon Bonaparte was foiled at the siege of Acre by British valour and skill, the English signalized themselves under the same old walls and ramparts, and an English army was halted within sight of Jerusalem, after having fought and won the great battle of Jaffa.

Throughout the 12th and 13th centuries the English fully established their reputation as one of the bravest, most warlike Europe. Whatever may have been the evils

of the feudal system, as compared, not with the worse state of things which preceded it, but with the improved systems of government which have followed it, there is abundant evidence to prove that the English commonalty lived on more friendly terms with their barons, were far less oppressed, and infinitely better fed than any people on the continent of Europe. Hence, in a great measure, their spirit and alacrity in battle, and that superior muscular strength which almost invariably gave our infantry the victory.

Under that thorough warrior Edward I., the English were again engaged in Syria and Palestine, distinguishing themselves by many feats of arms, and adding to the glory of the national name. In 1274, after Edward's return from the Holy Land, these steady English crossbowmen saved his life, and defeated the French infantry, and their horse besides, in the so-called "Little War of Chalons." During the same reign, besides sustaining innumerable combats in Wales and in Scotland, the English fought in the Netherlands, on some of the same ground which four centuries afterwards was the scene of the sieges and victories of the great Duke of Marlborough.

But it was under Edward III., whose long reign extended from the year 1327 to the year 1377, that our armies were spread far over the continent, and that the nation was famed by almost fabulous or incredible victories.

The rivalry between England and France never allowed any long duration of tranquillity,—

"For deadly hate, so long and deeply rooted,
Could not abide to hear the name of peace." *

Pretexts for a declaration of war were never wanting in either country. But in the year 1335, Edward III. claimed the French throne by right of inheritance, proclaiming the French king Philip VI. (who was then aiding the Scots) as a usurper and traitor, and went over to the Low Countries to attack France from that frontier. As long as Edward fought with foreign mercenaries, and from the side of Flanders, he was unsuccessful; but he soon changed both his troops and his field of action.

* Drayton. "The Barons' Wars."

CRECY.

A. D. 1346. Saturday, August 26.

IN 1346, Edward collected a fine army, consisting solely of English, Welsh, and Irish, and landed with them on the coast of Normandy, near Cape la Hogue, about the middle of July. That province was defenceless, for Edward's attack had been expected to fall upon the south. In the latter direction, the Duke of Normandy had fallen upon the gallant Earl of Derby, and was endeavouring, with the flower of the French army, to drive the English from Guienne. One of Edward's principal objects was to create an alarm which should draw the French out of that province; he also intended, by crossing the Seine, to join his allies, the Flemings, who had already passed the French frontier.

Having taken Carenton, St. Lo, and Caen, and plundered the country, he marched to the left bank of the Seine, intending to cross that river at Rouen; but, when he got opposite that town, he found that Philip was there before him, that the bridge of boats was removed, and that a French army, in numbers far superior to his own, occupied the right bank.

The English then ascended the river towards Paris, by left bank, the French manœuvring along the right, & down all the bridges, and preventing the enemy crossing the river. Edward burned the villages, sacked those of Vernon and Nantes, and at last came to Poissy, sixteen miles of Paris.

There was a good bridge, but it had been partially destroyed by order of Philip, who was as anxious to keep Edward on the left bank as Edward was to get to the

marched from Poissy to St. Germain, which

they burned to the ground: by seizing some boats on the river they were enabled to do still further mischief; and St. Cloud, Bourg-la-Reine, and Neuilly, were reduced to ashes. Still, however, Edward's situation was critical; he was separated from his auxiliaries, and Philip was reinforced daily.

Having examined the bridge at Poissy, Edward struck his tents, and advanced as if he would attack Paris, and his van really penetrated to the suburbs of that capital. The bold movement obliged the French to march over to the opposite bank; this was what Edward wanted: he then wheeled round, cleared the remains of the bridge of Poissy by means of his bowmen, repaired it, and crossed to the right bank, with little loss. From the Seine he rapidly continued his way towards the river Somme, burning the suburbs of Beauvais, and plundering the town of Pois. Philip now determined to prevent his crossing the Somme: by rapid movements he reached Amiens on that river, and sent detachments along the right bank to destroy the bridges and guard every ford. The English attempted to pass at Pont St. Remi, Long, and Pequigny, but failed at each place.

Meanwhile, Philip, who had now 100,000 men, divided his force; and while one division was posted on the right bank to prevent the passage of the English, he marched with the other along the left, to drive them towards the river and the sea. So close was he upon his enemy, that he entered Airaines, where Edward had slept, only two hours after his departure. That evening, the English reached Oisemont, near the coast, where they found themselves cooped up between the sea, the Somme, and the division of the French army with Philip, which was six times more numerous than their whole force. The marshals of the army were again sent to see whether there were any ford, but they again reported that they could find none. Edward then assembled all his prisoners, and promised liberty and a rich reward to any one of them that could show him where he, his army and waggons, might cross without danger.

A common fellow, whose name was Gobin Agace, told him that there was a place, a little lower down, called Blanche Taque, or white spot, which was fordable at the ebb

of tide. "The King of England," says Froissart, "did not sleep much that night; but, rising at midnight, ordered his trumpets to sound." Instantly the baggage was loaded, and everything got ready.

At the peep of day the army set out from the town of Oisemont under the guidance of Gobin Agace. It soon came to the ford of Blanche Taque; but Edward had the mortification to find not only that the tide was full, but that the opposite bank of the river was lined with twelve thousand men, under the command of a great baron of Normandy, called Sir Godemar du Fay. He was obliged to wait till the hour of "primes," when the tide was out. This was an awful suspense, for every moment he expected Philip in his rear. The French king, however, did not come up; and as soon as it was reported that the river was fordable, Edward commanded his marshals to dash into the water, "in the names of God and St. George." Instantly, the most doughty and the best-mounted spurred into the river. Half way across they were met by the cavalry of Sir Godemar du Fay, and a fierce conflict took place in the water. When the English had overcome this opposition, they had to encounter another, for the French still occupied, in battle array, a narrow pass which led from the ford up the right bank.

Among others posted there, was a strong body of Genoese crossbowmen, who galled them sorely; but the English archers "shot so well together" that they forced all their opponents to give way, upon which Edward cleared the bank of the river; and while part of his forces pursued Du Fay, he encamped with the rest in the pleasant fields between Crotoy and Crecy.*

Philip now appeared on the opposite side of the ford, where Edward had so long waited, but he was too late: the tide was returning and covering the ford; and, after taking a few stragglers of the English army who had not crossed in time, he thought it prudent to return up the river, and to cross it by the bridge of Abbeville.

On the following day, Edward's marshals rode to Crotoy, in the harbour of which they found many vessels laden with wines from Poictou, Saintonge, and La Rochelle: the best

* Froissart. Chronicles.

of the wines they carried off as a seasonable refreshment to the army; the town they burned.*

Edward was now within a few days' march of the frontiers of Flanders, but nothing was seen or heard of his Flemish auxiliaries. He was probably tired of retreating, and encouraged, by the result of the remarkable battle at Blanche Taque, to stay where he was to fight the whole French army. When told that Philip would still pursue him, he merely said, "We will go no further; I have good reason to wait for him on this spot; I am now upon the lawful inheritance of my lady-mother, upon the lands of Ponthieu, which were given to her as her marriage portion, and I am resolved to defend them against my adversary, Philip de Valois."† As he had not the eighth part of the number of men that were following Philip, his marshals selected an advantageous position on an eminence a little behind the village of Crecy. There the army set about brightening and repairing their armour, and the king gave a supper that evening to the earls and barons; and he made good cheer. After supper he entered his oratory, and, falling on his knees, prayed God to bring him off with honour if he should fight on the morrow.‡

Rising at early dawn, he and his son Edward heard mass, and communicated: the greater part of his people confessed, and put themselves in a comfortable state of mind. They had not been harassed for many hours; they had fared well; they had had a good night's rest, and were fresh and vigorous. After mass the king ordered the men to arm and assemble, each under his proper banner, on spots which had been carefully marked out during the preceding day. In the rear of his army he enclosed a large park, near a wood, on which he placed all his baggage-waggon, and all his horses; for every man-at-arms, as well as every archer, was to fight that day on foot. Then his constable and marshals went to look to the three divisions.

The first division was under the command of his young son, with whom were placed the Earls of Warwick and Oxford, Sir Godfrey d'Harcourt, Sir John Chandos, and other experienced captains; it consisted of about eight hundred men-at-arms, two thousand archers, and one thousand

* Froissart.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

Welsh foot. A little behind them, and rather on their flank, stood the second division of eight hundred men-at-arms, and twelve hundred archers, who were commanded by the Earls of Northampton and Arundel, the Lords De Roos, Willoughby, and others. The third division stood in reserve on the top of the hill; it consisted of seven hundred men-at-arms, and two thousand archers. The archers of each division formed in front, in the shape of a portcullis, or harrow.

When they were thus all arranged, Edward, mounted on a small palfrey, with a white wand in his hand, and a marshal on either side of him, rode gently from rank to rank, speaking to all his officers, exhorting them to defend his honour and his right; and he spoke so gently and cheerfully that those who were discomfited were comforted on hearing him and looking into his confident countenance.*

At the hour of three, he ordered that all his people should eat at their ease, and drink a drop of wine; and they all ate and drank very comfortably; and when that was over, they sat down in their ranks, on the ground, with their helmets and bows before them, so that they might be the fresher when their enemies should arrive.

After his march and counter-march, on the day of Blanche Taque, Philip rested at Abbeville, and he lost a whole day there waiting for reinforcements, among which were a thousand lances of the Count of Savoy; "and," says Froissart, "they ought to have been there, as the count had been well paid for them at Troyes, in Champaign, three months in advance." This morning, however, the French king marched to give battle, breathing fury and vengeance: his countenance was clouded: a savage silence could not conceal the agitation of his soul; all his movements were precipitate, without plan or concert. He marched rapidly on from Abbeville; and when he came in sight of the well-ordered divisions of Edward, his men were tired, and his rear-guard far behind. By the advice of a Bohemian captain, he agreed to put off the battle till the morrow; and two officers immediately rode to the rear, crying out, "Halt, banners, in the name of God and St. Denis!" Those that were in front stopped, but those behind rode on, saying that they would not halt until they were as forward

* Froissart.

as the first. When the van perceived the rear pressing on them they pushed onwards, and neither the king nor the marshals could stop them; but on they marched without any order until they came near the English, when they stopped fast enough. Then the foremost ranks fell back at once in great disorder, which alarmed those in the rear, who thought there had been fighting. There was then room enough for those behind to pass in front had they been willing so to do: "some did so, and some remained very shy." All the roads between Abbeville and Crecy were covered with common people, who, while they were yet three leagues from their enemy, drew their swords, bawling out, "Kill! kill!" and with them were many great lords that were eager to make a show of their prowess. "There is no man," says Froissart, "unless he had been present, that can imagine or truly record the confusion of that day, especially the bad management and disorder of the French, whose troops were innumerable."

The kings, dukes, earls, barons, and lords of France, advanced each as he thought best. Philip was carried forward by the torrent, and, as soon as he came in sight of the English, his blood began to boil, and he cried out, "Order the Genoese forward, and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis!" These Genoese were famous crossbowmen, under the command of a Doria and a Grimaldi: according to Froissart, they were fifteen thousand strong. But they were quite fatigued, having that day marched six leagues on foot, completely armed, and carrying their heavy crossbows. Thus they told the constable that they were not in a state to do any great exploit of battle that day. The Count d'Alençon, King Philip's brother, hearing this, said, "See what we get by employing such scoundrels, who fail us in our need." The susceptible Italians were not likely to forget these hasty and insulting words, but they formed and led the van. They were supported by the Count d'Alençon, with a numerous cavalry, magnificently equipped.

While these things were passing, a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder; and there was a fearful eclipse of the sun: and before this rain a great flight of crows, the heralds of the storm, had hovered in the air, screaming over both armies. About five in the afternoon, the weather cleared

up and the sun shone forth in full splendour. His rays darted full in the eyes of the French, but the English had the sun at their backs. When the Genoese had made their approach they set up a terrible shout to strike terror into the English; but the English yeomen remained motionless, not seeming to care for it: the Genoese sent up a second shout, and advanced, but still the English moved not; they shouted a third time, and advancing a little, began to discharge their crossbows. Then the English moved, but it was *one step forward*, and they shot their arrows with such rapidity and vigour that it seemed as if it showered. These well-shot arrows pierced shield and armour; the Genoese could not stand them.*

On seeing these auxiliaries waver and then fall back, the King of France cried out in fury, "Kill me those scoundrels, for they stop our way without doing any good!" And at these words the French men-at-arms laid about them, killing and wounding the retreating Genoese. All this wonderfully increased the confusion; and still the English yeomen shot vigorously into the crowd. Many of their arrows fell among d'Alençon's splendid cavalry, and, killing and wounding many, made them caper and fall among the Genoese, "so that they could never rally or get up again." Having got free from the rabble-rout, d'Alençon and the Count of Flanders skirted the English archers and fell upon the men-at-arms of the prince's battalion, where they fought fiercely for some time.

The second division of the English moved to the support of the prince. The King of France was eager to support d'Alençon, but he could not penetrate a hedge of English archers which formed in his front. But, without the king's forces, d'Alençon, with whom fought French, Germans, Bohemians, and Savoyards, appeared to all eyes more than a match for the prince. At a moment when the conflict seemed doubtful, the Earl of Warwick sent to request a reinforcement from the reserve. Edward, who had watched the battle from a windmill on the summit of the hill, and who did not put on his helmet the whole day, asked the knight whether his son was killed, or wounded, or thrown to the ground. The knight replied, "No, sire, please God, but he

* Froissart.

is hard beset." "Then," said the king, "return to those who sent you, and tell them that they shall have no help from me. Let the boy win his spurs, for I am resolved, if it please God, that this day be his, and that the honour of it be given all to him and to those to whose care I have intrusted him." When Sir Thomas Norwich reported this message, they were all greatly encouraged, and repented of having ever sent him.*

Soon after this, d'Alençon was killed, and his battalions were scattered. The King of France made several brilliant charges, but he was repulsed each time with great loss: his horse was killed under him by an English arrow, and the best of his friends had fallen around him. Night now set in, but not before he had lost the battle. At the hour of vespers he had not about him more than sixty men of all sorts. John of Hainault, who had once remounted the king, now said, "Sire, withdraw, it is time; do not sacrifice yourself foolishly: if you have lost this time, you may win on some other occasion." And so saying he laid hold of his bridle-rein and led him away by force, for he had entreated him to retire before this, but in vain.†

The French King rode away till he came to the castle of La Broye, where he found the gates shut, for it was during night. He summoned the châtelain, who came upon the battlements and asked who called at such an hour. The king answered, "Open, open, châtelain: it is the fortune of France!" The governor knew the king's voice, descended, opened the gates, and let down the bridge. The king and his company entered the castle, but he had with him only five barons. After drinking a cup of wine, they set out again about midnight, and rode on, under the direction of guides who knew the country, until daybreak, when they came to Amiens, where the king rested ‡

On the side of the English, matters went on much more merrily: the soldiers made great fires, and lighted torches because of the great darkness of the night. And then King Edward came down from his post, and, in front of his whole army, took the prince in his arms, kissed him, and said, "Sweet son, God give you good perseverance! You are my true son, for loyally have you acquitted yourself this day,

* Froissart.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

and worthy are you of a crown." Young Edward bowed very lowly, and, humbling himself, gave all the honour to the king his father.*

Such was the memorable battle of Crecy : it was fought on Saturday the 26th day of August, 1346. That night, however, Edward was scarcely aware of the extent of his victory ; and on the following day he gained another, if that could be called a victory where there was little resistance made, the French falling like sheep in the shambles.

On the Sunday morning a fog arose, so that the English could scarcely see the length of half an acre before them. The king sent out a detachment of five hundred lancers and two thousand archers to reconnoitre, and learn whether there were any bodies of French collecting near him. This detachment soon found themselves in the midst of a body of militia from Beauvais and Rouen, who, wholly ignorant of what had happened, had marched all night to overtake the French army. These men took the English for French, and hastened to join them.† Before they found out their mistake, the English fell upon them, and slew many of them. Soon after, the same party took a different road, and fell in with a fresh force, under the Archbishop of Rouen and the Grand Prior of France, who were also ignorant of the defeat of the French, for they had heard that the king would not fight till the Sunday. Here began a fresh battle, for these two spiritual lords were well provided with stout men-at-arms. They could not, however, stand against the English ; the two lords were killed, and only a few of their men escaped by flight. In the course of the morning the English found many Frenchmen, who had lost their road the preceding evening, and had lain all night in the open fields, not knowing what was become of the king or their own leaders. All these were put to the sword ; and of foot soldiers sent from the municipalities, cities, and good towns of France, there were slain this Sunday morning more than four times as many as in the great battle of Saturday. When this destructive detachment returned to head-quarters, they found King Edward coming from mass ;

* Froissart.

† Some old French writers affirm that the English hoisted French colours, and so decoyed the militia.

for, during all these scenes of carnage, he never neglected the offices of religion. He then sent to examine the dead, and learn what French lords had fallen. The Lords Cobham and Stafford were charged with this duty, and they took with them three heralds to recognize the arms, and two secretaries to write down the names. They remained all that day in the field, returning as the king was sitting down to supper, when they made a correct report of what they had seen, and told him that they had found the bodies of eleven princes, eighty baronets, twelve hundred knights, and about thirty thousand common men.*

On the Monday morning, the King of England ordered the bodies of the great knights to be taken from the ground, and carried to the monastery of Montenay, there to be buried in holy ground. And he made it known to the people of the country that he gave them three days' truce, that they might clear the field of Crecy, and inter all the dead.

He then marched off to the north, keeping near the coast, and passing through Montreuil-sur-mer. Among the princes and nobles that fell were Philip's own brother, the Count d'Alençon, the Dukes of Lorraine and Bourbon, the Counts of Flanders, Blois, Vaudemont, and Aumale. But the most remarkable victim was John de Luxembourg, King of Bohemia: he was old and blind, but on hearing that his son was dangerously wounded, and forced to abandon the field, and that nothing could resist the Black Prince, he resolved to charge; and placing himself between two knights, whose bridles were interlaced on either side with his, he charged and fell. His crest, three ostrich feathers with the motto, "Ich dien" (I serve), was adopted by Prince Edward, and has ever since been borne by the Princes of Wales.†

* Froissart.

† Froissart. He says that he had his accounts of the battle of Crecy, not only from Englishmen engaged in it, but also from the people of John of Hainault, who was near the person of the King of France the whole day. A contemporary writer, Giovanni Villani, in his "History of Florence," relates that cannon were used by the English at the battle of Crecy, and that four of these newly-invented engines, which Edward planted in the front of his army, did great execution. This circumstance is not mentioned by Froissart; nor is his account very consistent with the supposition that cannon were used. It seems unlikely, too, that he should have omitted so remarkable and so material a circumstance. It appears to be certain, however, that the use of

On Thursday the 31st of August, five days after the great battle of Crecy, Edward sat down before Calais, and began his famous siege of that strong and important place,—a siege, or rather a blockade, which lasted nearly a year, and which was enlivened by many brilliant feats of arms. An immediate consequence of his victory at Crecy was the withdrawing of the Duke of Normandy from Guienne, where the Earl of Derby was almost reduced to extremities, notwithstanding the gallant assistance of Sir Walter Manny, who had removed a small body from Brittany to Gascony. As soon as the French army had cleared the country, Derby, with an inconsiderable force, left Bordeaux, and crossing the Garonne and the Dordogne, laid waste the land even as far as the walls of Poitiers, which rich city he took by storm and plundered. After these exploits, he returned loaded with booty to Bordeaux.

Calais surrendered on the 3rd of August 1347, and on the following day Edward and his queen, Philippa, rode into the city on horseback to the sound of trumpets, drums, and all kinds of warlike instruments. They remained there until the queen was delivered of a daughter, who was called Margaret of Calais. They then returned to England. Mainly through the intervention and good offices of the Pope, a truce was concluded between France and England; and this truce was gradually prolonged for the space of six years.

In the mean time King Philip died, and was succeeded by his son, the Duke of Normandy, who became John I. It was, however, impossible to subdue the popular animosity of the two nations: heedless of the truce, and without any orders from their respective governments, the French and English fought wherever they met, whether on land or at sea; and frequent combats took place on the channel, in Brittany, and in the south of France. In the year 1354 war was again declared by the two kings, John being driven into the fatal struggle by the will and passions of his own subjects.

cannon was introduced some years before the battle of Crecy. Du-cange (art. "Bombarda") shows that the French employed cannon at the siege of Puy Guillaume, in 1338; and a species of fire-arms at least, which Barbour, in his "Life of Bruce," calls *crakys of war*, was used by the English in the expedition against Scotland, in 1327.

It is idle to tax our old kings and rulers with a passion for war and an indifference to bloodshed. Their people would not let them be at peace. Nearly every unwarlike sovereign was despised and maltreated, if not dethroned and murdered. Every war opened on a popular impulse; and, even down to our own days, every war has been eminently popular in its commencement, however much the people may have been afterwards brought to repine, occasionally, at its duration and expense. Therefore, let justice be done, and let nations share praise and blame with their rulers.

POICTIERS.

A.D. 1355. Monday, September 19.

IN 1355, Prince Edward opened the campaign in the south of France. From Bordeaux he marched to the foot of the Pyrenees, burning and destroying: from the Pyrenees he turned northward, and ravaged the country as far as Toulouse. He then proceeded to the south-east, to the wealthy cities of Carcassonne and Narbonne, both which he plundered and burned. Loaded with booty his destructive columns got safely back to Bordeaux. A simultaneous movement made by his father in the north of France proved a failure; for the country was cleared of everything before his approach. King John, though at the head of a numerous army, would not fight, and Edward was obliged to turn back upon Calais through want of provisions.

From causes which are not explained, Edward did not reinforce his son in France; for the Black Prince,* as late as July in the following year, took the field with only twelve or fourteen thousand men, few of whom were English, except a body of archers, the rest being chiefly Gascons. The prince's plan seems to have been merely to repeat the plundering, devastating expedition of the preceding year. By rapid marches he overran the Agenois, the Limousin, and Auvergne, and penetrated into Berri, in the very heart of France. He advanced so far that he "came to the good city of Bourges, where there was a grand skirmish at one of the gates."†

* It appears to be now that the younger Edward was first called the "Black Prince," from the colour of his armour, which, says the Père d'Orleans, "gave éclat to the fairness of his complexion, and a relief to his bonne mine."

† Froissart.

He found Bourges, and afterwards Issodun, too strong for him, but he took Vierson by storm, and burnt Romorantin, a town about ten leagues from Blois. The King of France advanced from Chartres, and, crossing the Loire at Blois, made for the city of Poitiers. Edward, it appears, had so exasperated the French, that not a man could be found to give him information of John's march; and, in utter ignorance, he turned to the south-west, and marched also for Poitiers.

On the 17th of September, the English van came unexpectedly upon the rear of the great French army, at a village within two short leagues of Poitiers; and Edward's scouts soon after discovered that the whole surrounding country swarmed with the enemy, and that his retreat towards Gascony was cut off. "God help us!" said the Black Prince; "we must now consider how we can best fight them." He quartered his troops for the night in a very strong position, among hedges, vineyards, and bushes.*

On the following morning, Sunday, the 18th of September, John drew out his host in order of battle: he had, it is said, sixty thousand horse, besides foot; while the whole force of the Black Prince, horse and foot, did not exceed ten thousand men. But Edward had chosen a most admirable position, and the issue of this battle, indeed, depended on his "military eye," and on "the sinewy arms of the English bowmen."†

When the battle was about joining, a legate of the Pope, the Cardinal Talleyrand, arrived on the field, and implored the French king to avoid the carnage which must inevitably ensue. John reluctantly consented that the cardinal-legate should go to the English camp, and represent to the English prince the great danger in which he stood. "Save my honour," said the Black Prince, "and the honour of my army, and I will listen to any reasonable terms." The cardinal answered, "Fair son, you say well, and I will endeavour to procure you such conditions." If this prince of the Church failed, it was no fault of his; for all that Sunday he rode from one army to the other, exerting himself to the utmost to procure a truce. The prince offered to restore all the towns and castles which he had taken in this

* Froissart.

† Sir J. Mackintosh.

expedition, to give up all his prisoners without ransom, and to swear that he would not, for the next seven years, bear arms against the king of France. But John, too confident in his superiority of numbers, would not agree to these terms; and in the end he sent as his ultimatum, that the prince and a hundred of his best knights must surrender themselves prisoners, or he would not allow them to pass.

All Sunday was spent in the negotiations. The prince's little army were but badly off for provisions and for forage; but during the day they dug some ditches, and threw up some banks round their strong position, which could only be approached by one narrow lane. They also arranged their baggage-waggons so as to form a rampart or barricade, as had been done at Crecy. On the following morning, Monday, September 19th, the trumpets sounded at earliest dawn, and the French again formed in order of battle. Again Cardinal Talleyrand spoke to the French king; but the Frenchmen told him to return whence he came, and not bring them any more treaties or pacifications, lest worse should betide him. The cardinal then rode to Prince Edward, and told him he must do his best, for that he could not move the French king. "Then God defend the right!" said Edward, preparing with a cheerful countenance, like his father at Crecy, for the unequal conflict.

A mass of French cavalry charged along the lane to force his position; but such a flight of arrows came from the hedges that they were soon brought to a pause, and at last were compelled to turn and flee, leaving the lane choked up with their dead and wounded, and their fallen horses. Of the two marshals of France who led this attack, Arnold d'Andreghen was wounded and taken prisoner, and Clermont, the other, was killed by the stout bowmen of England.

After this success Edward became the assailant. Six hundred English bowmen, making a circuit, suddenly showed their green jackets and white bows on the flank and rear of John's second divisions. "To say the truth," quoth Froissart, "these English archers were of infinite service to their army, for they shot so thickly and so well that the French did not know which way to turn themselves." The second divisions scarcely waited to feel the points of their arrows:

the knights, becoming alarmed for their horses which they had left in the rear, quitted their banners. Eight hundred lances were detached to escort the French princes from the scene of danger, and presently after the whole division dispersed in shameful disorder.

At this pleasant sight the knights and men-at-arms under the Black Prince, who had as yet done nothing but look on, mounted their horses. So soon as they were mounted, they gave a shout of "St. George for Guienne!" and Sir John Chandos said to the prince, "Sire, ride forward: the day is yours! Let us address ourselves to our adversary the King of France, for in that part lies all the strength of the enterprise. Well I know that his valiancy will not permit him to flee, and he will remain with us, please God and St. George." Then the prince said to his standard-bearer, "Advance banners, in the name of God and St. George!"

They went through the lane; charged across the open moor where the French had formed their battalia; and the shock was dreadful. The Constable of France stood firm, with many squadrons of horse, his knights and squires shouting, "Mountjoy, St. Denis!" but man and horse went to the ground, and the duke was slain, with most of his knights. The Black Prince then charged a body of German cavalry, who were soon put to flight. But even here it seems to have been rather the arrow of the English yeomanry than the lance of the knight that gained the advantage.

A strong body of reserve, under the command of the Duke of Orleans, fled without striking a blow. But Chandos was not mistaken as to the personal bravery of John: that king led up a division on foot, and fought desperately with a battle-axe; and when nearly all had forsaken him, his youngest son, Philip, a boy of sixteen, fought by his side. John received two wounds in the face, and was beaten to the ground; but he rose, and still strove to defend himself, while the English and Gascons pressed upon him, crying, "Surrender, or you are a dead man!" They would have killed him, but a young knight from St. Omer, named Sir Denis, burst through the crowd, and said to the king, in good French, "Sire, surrender!" The king, who found himself in desperate case, said, "To whom shall

I surrender? Where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales?" "He is not here," replied Sir Denis; "but surrender to me, and I will conduct you to him." "But who are you?" said the king. "Denis de Morbecque," he answered, "a knight of Artois; but I serve the King of England because I cannot belong to France, having forfeited all I had there."* King John then gave him his right-hand glove, and said, "I surrender to you." There was much crowding and struggling round about the king, for everyone was eager to say, "I took him." At last, John was removed out of a situation of great danger (for the English had taken him by force from Sir Denis, and were quarrelling with the Gascons) by the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Cobham, who saluted him with profound respect, and conducted him, with his youngest son Philip, to the Prince of Wales.†

Edward received his illustrious captive with the greatest modesty and respect, treating him with all the courtesy of the most perfect chivalry. He invited him to supper, waited on him at table as his superior in age and dignity, soothed his grief, and praised his matchless valour, which had gained the admiration of both armies.

The day after this victory, Edward continued his march; he passed through Poitou and Saintonge without meeting with any resistance, for the French nowhere rallied to rescue their king, and coming to Blaye, he crossed the Garonne, and presently came to the good city of Bordeaux, where he safely lodged all his prisoners. He then concluded a truce for two years with the Dauphin Charles, now appointed Lieutenant of France, and in the spring he returned to England, taking King John and Prince Philip with him. Their entrance into London (24th April, 1357) was magnificent: the king of France was mounted on a cream-coloured charger, richly caparisoned; the Prince of Wales rode by his side, as his page, on a small black palfrey; but the former could scarcely be flattered by being made principal figure in such a procession. The King of England received John with all the honours due to a crowned head.

* Sir Denis, it appears, had been banished from France for killing a man in an affray.

† Froissart.

Edward III. soon showed an inclination to renounce his French scheme, and to follow up his project on Scotland by other means than those of conquest. Two legates of the Pope followed King John and the Prince of Wales to London, and there laboured to promote an amicable arrangement. Edward consented to waive his claim to the French crown, and to liberate John, on condition of receiving a great ransom and the restoration of all the provinces which had belonged to Henry II., to be held in separate sovereignty, without any feudal dependence on the French king. John hesitated, and tried to gain time, but time only increased the wretchedness and weakness of his kingdom, which, during his captivity, fell into a frightful state of anarchy. The streets of Paris were literally running with blood, and in the provinces the revolted peasantry were committing their horrible *Jacquerie*, massacring the nobles, men, women, and children, and plundering and burning their castles.

This dreadful state of things conquered the pride of John, and he signed the treaty of peace as dictated by Edward; but the French nation, divided as it was, unanimously rejected it. Edward, enraged at what he termed the bad faith of the enemy, passed over into France in the autumn of 1359 with an army more numerous than any which he had hitherto employed on the continent.

From his convenient landing-place at Calais, he poured his irresistible forces through Artois and Picardy, and laid siege to Rheims, with the intention, it is said, of being crowned king of France in that city, where such ceremony was usually performed. But the winter season and the strength of the place baffled his efforts: after losing seven or eight weeks, he raised the siege, and fell upon Burgundy. The duke was forced to pay fifty thousand marks, and to engage to remain neutral.

From Burgundy Edward marched upon Paris, and, on the last day of March 1360, the English encamped in front of that capital. They, however, were not strong enough to besiege Paris; the Dauphin wisely declined a challenge to come out and fight; and in the month of April, a want of provisions compelled Edward to lead his army towards Brittany. His route was soon covered by men and horses,

who died from want or dropped from the severe fatigues they had undergone in this winter campaign. Edward's heart was touched; but it was a terrific tempest of thunder, lightning, wind, hail, and rain, which he encountered near Chartres, and which reminded him of the day of judgment, that completely subdued his resolution. "Looking towards the church of Notre Dame, at Chartres, he took a vow; and he afterwards went devoutly to that church, confessed himself, and promised (as he afterwards said) that he would grant peace; and then he went to lodge at a village near to Chartres, called Bretigny."*

An armistice was arranged, and, on the 8th of May, 1360, the great peace was concluded by the treaty of Bretigny.

The Dauphin, now King Charles V., made the best he could of the treaty of Bretigny; and the Black Prince, after a brief interval, repaired to take part in a war in Spain, waged between Pedro IV. and his half-brother Don Enrique. With 30,000 men Edward crossed the Pyrenees, marching in the midst of winter, snow, and storms, through Roncesvalles, the famed scene of the "dolorous rout" of Charlemagne and all his paladins—the deep and dangerous valley, which, at the distance of four centuries and a half, was threaded in a contrary direction by a victorious British army under the Duke of Wellington.

This army of the Black Prince consisted of "free companions," as they were termed, or mercenaries and adventurers, from nearly every country in Europe; but there were many English veterans among them, and the chief officers, like Prince Edward's brother, the young duke of Lancaster, Sir John Calverly, and Sir Robert Knowles, were English.

On the 3rd of April, 1367, the Black Prince fought a great battle in the open plains between Navarete and Najara, with an army three times more numerous than his own. The combat was begun by the young Duke of Lancaster, who was emulous of the military fame of his elder brother Edward. The Castilians, fighting for Don Enrique, had slings like those used against the Romans by the ancient inhabitants of Spain; and with these slings they threw big stones with such force as to break helmets and steel skull-caps. But the English archers, "as was their wont," shot

* Froissart.

briskly with their bows, "to the great annoyance and death of the Spaniards," who, feeling the sharpness of the English arrows, soon lost all order. The victory was complete; Don Enrique fled, and Don Pedro reascended the throne. The Spanish king wanted to massacre all his prisoners on the field of battle, but this was prevented by the Black Prince.*

In the month of July, 1367, Edward recrossed the Pyrenees and led his army back to Bordeaux, where he governed the southern provinces of France for his father, and where he maintained as splendid a court as any in Europe at that period.

So soon as he was able, Charles, the French king, renewed the war, and invaded the territories which had been ceded to Edward by the treaty of Bretigny. Charles carefully avoided an open or general battle with the English. This was good policy; but the fame of the Black Prince and his troops was so great and overpowering that it appears he could not get any French army that would face them in open field.

But the Black Prince had brought with him from Spain a dreadful fever which was rapidly undermining his constitution. Hoping to derive benefit from the air of his native country, he returned to England, leaving the command in the south of France to his brother, the Duke of Lancaster. The prince had long been married to his second cousin Joan, Countess of Kent, daughter and heiress to the powerful Earl of Kent. She was affectionate and beautiful, and had long been familiarly and endearingly called by the people "the Fair Maid of Kent." On their return the prince and princess took up their abode in her own fair county, among the friends and the pleasant scenes of their youth. It appears that they resided some time in the vicinity of Canterbury. Tradition has consecrated a humble little well or spring at Harbledown, in the rear of the ancient chapel and hospital of St. Nicholas, as a spot frequented by the hero of Crecy and Poitiers, on account of some healing properties believed to exist in the water. It is still called "the well of the Black Prince;" it is still visited by those who cherish military virtue and national traditions; it still commands a charming view over the valley of the Stour; but, to the discredit of

* Froissart.

those who have the care or custody of it, it is now neglected, ruinous, and generally encumbered with rubbish.

But not the sweet native air, nor the pleasant scenery of Kent, nor the water of Harbledown, could effect a cure of the prince. He died in London on Trinity Sunday, the 8th day of June, 1376. Although the melancholy event had long been expected, his death seemed to toll the knell of his country's glory.

"The good fortune of England," says a contemporary chronicler, "as if it had been inherent in his person, flourished in his health, languished in his sickness, and expired in his death; for with him died all the hopes of Englishmen; and during his life they had feared no invasion of the enemy, nor encounter in battle."*

His body was carried in a stately hearse, drawn by twelve horses, to Canterbury, the whole court and Parliament attending it in mourning through the city; and he was buried with great pomp on the south side of the cathedral, near to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket.

This truly national tomb has escaped better than most others the ravages of time, accident, fanaticism, and that insensate barbarity which has so long found a disgraceful pleasure in scratching vulgar names, and in mutilating the most precious objects. The bigots and spoliators of Henry VIII.'s time respected the grave of our great soldier; it escaped the fury of the fanatical puritans in the days of Cromwell, and the crow-bars and sledge-hammers of Blue Dick and his crew, who destroyed nearly everything they could reach within the walls of the venerable cathedral. Troops of Cromwell's horse were littered within those walls, but, though soured by fanaticism, the men were soldiers, and had soldiers' hearts. It was not from such as they that insult or mischief was to be expected to the tomb and effigies of our royal warrior and immortal hero. The recumbent figure of the prince, with the hands joined in prayer, remains on the monument unmutated and unhurt; over it are yet suspended the prince's gauntlets and a

at of the coat of mail he wore in many battles.

a of the hero, who succeeded to the throne on the Edward III. in 1377, was the unwarlike, effeminate,

* Walsingham.

and most unhappy Richard II., surnamed from his birth-place, Richard of Bordeaux, who undertook no military expedition except that fatal one into Ireland, which facilitated the usurpation of his cousin Bolingbroke, Henry of Lancaster. But it was long before the people of England could be weaned from their affection to the son of the Black Prince, and they never ceased to love and cherish that prince's widow. In the worst time of Richard's reign, when Wat Tyler, with the insurgent peasantry of Kent, and Ball, the mad friar and rhyming demagogue, was marching upon London with fire and sword, the mother of the king, trying to escape that way, was stopped by the rabble rout on Black Heath. But as soon as she was known every cap was doffed to her; she was almost worshipped as having been the Fair Maid of Kent, and the fond wife of the Hero; and among all those rude, untutored, infuriated people, there was not a man who would do her wrong, or permit the slightest wrong to be done to her or to any in her company.

During the reign of Richard's successor, the astute and able Henry IV., as we had no war on the continent, we had foreign invasion and abundance of civil war in England. This, apart from any usurpation or change of dynasty, may be considered as a necessity of the times. There must be war abroad or war at home.

But the son and successor of the old fox of Lancaster, the young, handsome, and heroic Henry V., was scarcely seated on the throne ere the gauntlet of defiance was once more thrown down to France.

There had been no lack of provocation. The Duke of Orleans had charged the young king's father, in the face of all Europe, with the high crimes of rebellion, usurpation, and murder, and had repeatedly challenged him to battle. The French kept up a correspondence with Owen Glendower in Wales, with the Percies in Northumberland, with every chief that rose in rebellion against Henry IV., and with the Scots whenever they showed a disposition to break their truces and invade England. They plundered every English ship they could surprise and overpower at sea; they made frequent descents on our coasts; they ravaged the Isle of Wight; and they burned the town of Plymouth. Notwithstanding our naval superiority they, for years, kept all our

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maritime counties in a state of alarm. In the year 1406 they succeeded in landing an army estimated at 12,000 men, in Milford Haven, one of those spots where a French army may be landed in our own day unless we make adequate preparations, and organize our militia, coast fencibles, or other force. The Frenchmen of Henry IV.'s time, joining Glendower and his revolted Welshmen, committed a vast amount of mischief before they quitted the country, penetrating almost to the gates of Worcester, plundering the country, burning villages and towns, and perpetrating every abomination.

Henry V. might have started more modestly, but he began suddenly by demanding the crown of France as legitimate representative of Isabella, wife of Edward II., in whose right Edward III. had founded his pretensions. He was encouraged by the distracted, deplorable condition into which the French monarchy had now fallen. The king on the throne, Charles VI., was afflicted by insanity, was maudlin and idiotic when not mad, and was king only in name; two great factions, called the Armagnacs and Bourguignons, alternately governed the State, waging a most savage war against each other, and deluging the capital and the provinces with blood. There is not a crime in the long, dark catalogue of human sin and woe that was not committed in France at this period. The country was even more distracted now than it was at the period of the invasion and wars of Edward III. and the Black Prince. The great faction of the Bourguignons was thought to be ready to join Henry V. and his English army.





AGINCOURT

AZINCOURT.

A.D. 1415. October 25.

At last Henry embarked, and set sail from Southampton : his fleet, which consisted in part of ships he had hired, amounted to twelve or fourteen hundred sail of vessels, from twenty to three hundred tons burden ; his army to six thousand five hundred horse, and about twenty-four thousand foot of all kinds.*

" . . . Oh, do but think
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
For so appears this fleet majestic,
Holding due course to Harfleur. . . . " †

He anchored in the mouth of the river Seine, three miles from Harfleur, on the 13th of August. On the following day he began to land his troops and stores, an operation which occupied three whole days. A proclamation was issued, forbidding, under pain of death, all excesses against the peaceful inhabitants ; and it is noted by many contemporary historians, French as well as English, that Henry, with honourable perseverance, enforced the uniform good treatment of the people through whose districts he afterwards passed ; and that, too, when suffering the most dreadful privations in his own army.

* Included in this number was a strong body of gunners, miners, masons, carpenters, saddlers, bowyers, smiths, and other artisans and labourers.

† Shakspeare. Henry V.

On the 17th he laid siege to Harfleur, a very strong fortress with a numerous garrison, situated on the left bank of the river. The conduct of the siege was according to the rules laid down by "Master Giles," the principal military authority of that period.* The loss sustained by the besieging army was very great, not so much from the sword and the awkward artillery of those times, as from a frightful dysentery, brought on by the damp, unwholesome nature of the place. The men perished by hundreds, and many of the most eminent captains died of the disease. Seeing, however, no prospect of being relieved, and suffering from the same dysentery, the garrison capitulated, and the town was surrendered on the 22nd of September, after a siege of thirty-six days. Henry then shipped his sick and wounded for England, and remained a few days at Harfleur.† While here he sent a chivalrous challenge to the Dauphin, offering to decide the contest in personal combat. The Dauphin, who was fonder of fiddling than of fighting, returned no answer.

With the insignificant force the English king now had, it seemed madness to undertake any great enterprise. The sea was open to him, but he scorned the notion of returning to England with no honour gained, save the capture of a single town; and it is exceedingly probable that had he so returned, he would have suffered a dangerous loss of popularity. It is said, however, that a council of war recommended that he should re-embark; but if this opinion were really entertained by the chiefs of the army, they seem to have given it up without demur. "No," said Henry; "we must first see, by God's help, a little more of this good land of France, which is all our own. Our mind is made up to endure every peril rather than they should be able to reproach us with being afraid of them. We will go, an' it please God, without harm or danger; but if they disturb our journey, why, then, we must fight them, and victory and glory will be ours."

* A beautiful manuscript copy of his work, *De Regimine Principum*, is preserved in the Harleian collection in the British Museum.

† Monstrelet.—Walsingham.—Sir H. Nicolas's *Hist. of Battle of Azincourt, &c.* The last-named admirable work has been closely followed throughout the description of this battle.

" Now are we well resolv'd, and by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. . . . "

The forces were drawn out, and prepared to march through the hostile provinces of Normandy, Picardy, and Artois, to Calais. With the reductions made by the casualties of the siege, by sickness, and by leaving a garrison in Harfleur, they did not exceed nine thousand men.* The march began on the 6th of October, when a great force, with the king and Dauphin at their head, lay at Rouen, and another, under the Constable of France, lay in front of the English, in Picardy, whither troops were pouring in all directions. In his passage through Normandy, † Henry met with no great resistance; but detachments more numerous than his whole force watched his movements, and cut off stragglers; the country was laid waste before his approach, but that was more owing to the poverty than to the ill-will of the inhabitants; then the people in the towns and villages furnished him with little or no provisions—they were half-starving themselves; sickness was reproduced by this want of proper food and the fatigues of the march.

At the passage of the river Bresle, beyond Dieppe, the garrison of Eu made a sortie, and fell upon Henry's rear, but the leader of the French was killed, and the rest fled back to the covering of their ramparts. On the 12th of October he reached the memorable ford of Blanche Taque, where he hoped to pass like Edward III.; but the French pursued the same plan now that they did then: they resolved to defend the line of the Somme; and, taught by experience, they had fortified both banks, had driven strong palisades across the ford, and placed strong bodies of archers behind them. Henry retreated to Airennes, the little town where Edward III. had slept two nights before the battle

* Sir H. Nicolas says, after an impartial consideration, that not more than 9,000 fighting men could have left Harfleur; and there is "a strong probability" that the force did not much exceed 6,000 men.

† The line of march he chose was by Fécamp and along the sea-coast, till he came to the river Somme. From Blanche Taque he was obliged to strike inland.

of Blanche Taque, and there the English army spent this night of the 12th.

He had now to seek for a passage up the river, as his great-grandfather had sought for one in descending it. He marched along the left bank to Bailleul, where he slept on the 13th. The Constable of France had fixed his headquarters at Abbeville. On the opposite side of the river, every bridge was broken down, every ford was fortified, and columns of horse and foot manœuvred along the right bank, keeping in line with him as he proceeded up the left. Many of his people lost heart at being thus foiled in all attempts to cross the Somme, and at seeing that their march was leading them far from the sea-shore. "I who write," says a chaplain of the army, "and many others, looked bitterly up to heaven, and implored the divine mercy and the protection of the Virgin, and of England's saint, St. George, to save us from the imminent perils by which we were surrounded, and enable us to reach Calais in safety."* On the 14th, Henry made an attempt to pass at Pont St. Remy, and was repulsed, as Edward had been at the same place. On the 15th he tried to force a passage at Ponteau de Mer, but he met with no better success. Still continuing to ascend the river, he tried several other passages in the course of the 16th and 17th; but everywhere insurmountable obstacles presented themselves.

On the night of the 18th, having got above Amiens, he halted at Bainvillers. His troops were suffering every possible discomfort, and were disheartened by their repeated disappointments; but on the morning of the 19th, he was so fortunate as to find a ford between Betencourt and Voyenne, which had not been staked by the people of St. Quentin.

The English made a dash across this ford; the van-guard established themselves on the right bank, which they had so long yearned to reach, and the whole army with its bag-

* This anonymous writer, whom Sir H. Nicolas styles "Chronicler A." was first introduced to the notice of modern readers by this learned and industrious investigator Sir H. N. The accounts, which have never been printed in full, exist in MS. in the Cottonian and Sloane collections, in the library of the British Museum.

gage got safely over.* Having lost this line of defence, the constable, quite disconcerted, fell back from the Somme, and marched along the Calais road as far as St. Pol, in Artois. Henry quietly followed by the same road; but while his small force was every hour farther reduced by sickness, that of the constable was continually strengthened; and, in a few days, the whole of the royal army of France was in Artois.

On the 20th of October, three heralds arrived from the constable and the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, to acquaint the king of their resolution to give him battle before he reached Calais. Henry replied that the will of God would be done; that he did not seek them, but fear of them should never induce him to move out of his way, or to go either slower or faster than he intended: his march was before him, straight on by the road to Calais, and if the French attempted to stop him, it would be at their peril.

“The sum of all our answer is but this:

We would not seek a battle as we are;

Nor as we are, we say, we will not shun it.”†

True to his word, the King of England marched on with the greatest calmness and regularity. From St. Pol, the constable fell back to the villages of Ruisseauville and Azincourt, and there (having received nearly all the reinforcements he expected) he determined to make his stand.

On the 24th, Henry crossed the deep and rapid river of Ternois (a tributary of the Canche) at Blangi; and soon after he came in sight of some of the enemy's columns. Expecting an attack, he formed in order of battle; but the columns he saw withdrew to Azincourt, and towards evening he marched on to Maisonnelles, a large village which was only a few bow-shots from the enemy's outposts. Some provisions were brought in, and the men refreshed themselves, and took some rest.

* The weighty baggage and waggons had been left behind at Harfleur. On starting from that place, the soldiers had provisions for only eight days.

† Shakspeare. Henry V. Our great poet closely follows the chronicler or annalist, old Holinshed. Many of the speeches in this play are little more than prose speeches of Holinshed put into magnificent blank verse.

As soon as the moon arose, officers were sent out to survey the position, and ascertain the nature of the ground occupied by the French. During the whole night the English played on their trumpets and other martial instruments, so that the whole neighbourhood resounded with their music. Notwithstanding they were much fatigued and oppressed by cold and hunger, they kept up a cheerful spirit; but many of them confessed their sins, took the sacrament, and made their wills. These hours of suspense were the most trying of all, but not a man among them spoke of surrender; retreat or flight was impossible.*

On the side of the French there was no want of confidence, but an evident absence of order and discipline. The constable struck the royal banner into the ground on the Calais road, a little in advance of the village of Ruiseauville; and the Admiral of France, the master of the crossbow, the princes, barons, and knights, planted their banners round it, with loud acclamations. The constable ordered them to pass the night where they were, every troop near to its own flag. The night was cold and rainy, but they lit great fires all along their line, and the soldiers, while they warmed themselves, passed round the wine-cup, and calculated the proper ransoms for the king and the great barons of England, whom they made sure of taking on the morrow. The pages and valets of the army rode about looking for hay and straw to lay on the damp ground; horses went and came, slipping and floundering in the clayey soil; there was a continual movement and noise; the horsemen were heard afar off shouting to one another: but, by some chance, they had scarcely any musical instruments to cheer their hearts; and it was remarked, with astonishment, that very few of their horses neighed during the night; which, adds the chronicler, was considered by many as a very bad omen.†

Among the leaders of this army were some old officers, not quite so sure of the result. The Duke of Berri, who had fought at the battle of Poitiers sixty years ago, remembered that on that occasion the French had felt confident of victory, and yet his father, King John, had been taken prisoner, and the army destroyed. With these discouraging recollections, the old duke had opposed the plan

* Monstrelet.—Barante.—Nicolas.

† Monstrelet.

of giving battle altogether, and had prevented the project of putting Charles in person at the head of his forces. "It is better," said he, "to lose the battle, than to lose both the king and the battle."

At early dawn King Henry heard matins and mass with his men; and, for the better accommodation of all, three masses were said; and he then led them to their positions in person.

"A largess, universal like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one." *

He formed them, as usual, into three divisions and two wings; but the divisions stood so closely together, that they appeared as one. The archers were placed in advance of the men-at-arms in form of a wedge. In addition to his bow and arrows, his bill-hook, hatchet, or hammer, every archer carried a long stake sharpened at both ends, which he was to fix obliquely before him in the ground, so as to serve as a firm pike against the charge of the enemy's cavalry. These stakes formed together an excellent rampart, partaking of the nature of chevaux-de-frise, and they could be moved and fixed again if a change of position should be deemed necessary. The upper ends of the stakes, which projected against the foe, were tipped with iron: this was a new precaution never before used in a war by Christians. The baggage, the priests, the tents, and horses—for this fight, like that of Poitiers and Crecy, was to be fought chiefly on foot—were placed in the rear, near to the village of Maisoncelles, under guard of some men-at-arms and a small body of archers.

When these dispositions were made, Henry mounted a small gray horse, and rode along the lines of each division. He wore a helmet of polished steel, surmounted with a crown of gold, set with sparkling gems, and the arms of England and of France were embroidered in gold on his surcoat. But what struck the Englishmen more than gold and gems, was the bright lively blue eye of the hero, whose countenance, like that of the great Edward on the like occasion, was serenely cheerful.

"Perish the man whose mind is backward now!" †

As he rode from rank to rank he said a few words to each:

* Shakspeare, Hen. V.

† Ibid.

he recalled to their memories the glorious victories gained by their ancestors with an equal disparity of numbers. He told them that he had made up his own mind to conquer or die there—that England should never have to pay a ransom for him. He assured the archers that the French had sworn to cut off the three fingers of their right hands, to unfit them for their craft; and he reminded them of the atrocities committed on their countrymen taken at Soissons. “We have not come,” said he, “into our kingdom of France like mortal enemies; we have not burned towns and villages; we have not outraged women and maidens like our adversaries at Soissons. They are full of sin, and have no fear of God.” The allusion to the siege of Soissons had a wonderful effect; for it was well remembered how two hundred brave English bowmen (prisoners of war) had been hanged there like dogs. As the king passed one of the divisions, he heard a brave officer, Walter Hungerford, expressing a wish that some of the gallant knights and stout archers who were living in idleness in merry England could be present on this field. “No!” exclaimed Henry, “I would not have a single man more. If God gives us the victory, the fewer we are the more honour; and if we lose, the less will be the loss to our country. But we will not lose: fight as you were wont to do, and before night the pride of our numberless enemies shall be humbled to the dust.”*

The disparity of numbers was, indeed, appalling—the French being, at the most moderate calculation, as six to one.†

“The bruit of this intended battle spread,
The coldness of each sleeping courage warms,
And in the French that daring boldness bred,
Like casting bees that they arise in swarms,
Thinking the English down so far to tread,
As past that day ne’er more to rise in arms.”‡

* Shakspeare’s magnificent version of this speech is known to every English schoolboy. The poet here followed Holinshed.

† Monstrelet says that the French were, “on a hasty survey, estimated to be more than six times the number of the English.” According to the English chronicler, who ambitiously calls himself “Titus Livius,” they were rather more than seven to one. Another contemporary estimates the French at 100,000, which would be more than ten to one, even admitting that Henry marched from Harfleur with 9,000 men, and without counting his losses on the march.

‡ Drayton. Battle of Agincourt.

But the French had learned little from experience; their chiefs seemed to be suffering under a moral vertigo: they had crowded their immense host in fields between two woods, where there was not room for them to deploy or to manœuvre with any facility. From the Seine to the Somme — from the Somme to the spot where they were now crowded and heaped upon one another—there was scarcely a position more unfavourable; and the rain, which had fallen in torrents, rendered some of the fields almost impassable to horses bearing the weight of men in heavy armour; while to the English foot, most lightly accoutred, no such obstacle presented itself.

The French, tutored it may be by the old Duke of Berri, did not begin the action, but waited to be attacked, sitting down on the ground every man near to his own banner. Henry had calculated on the confusion sure to arise at the first movement of such a force in such close and difficult ground, and for some hours he patiently waited their attack. During this time he distributed food and a little wine amongst his men, who sat down to their breakfast quietly on the ground, even as their forefathers had done at Crecy. While the compact force of Henry was governed by the master-will, the loose multitude of the French was distracted by the conflicting opinions of many presumptuous men.

“The constable,” says a great French writer,* who has described the battle with a rare impartiality, “was, by right of his office, the commander-in-chief of the French army; but there were with him so many princes who had all wills of their own, that it was not easy for him to obtain obedience.” The Duke of Orleans, the Count of Nevers, and a host of young gentlemen who had just put on their knightly spurs, and had never earned them, wanted to charge the English at once, without any preconcerted plan. The constable, it appears, would fain have waited the arrival of fresh reinforcements under the Marshal de Logny and the Duke of Brittany, who were both on their march, and expected in the course of that and the following day. It seemed disgraceful with such odds to wait for more; but the constable prevailed. The entire loss of his authority was not felt till

* M. de Barante.

the battle commenced; and he was evidently determined upon delay. As the morning wore away, he even sent Messire Guichard Dauphin and the Sire de Helly to the English camp, to negotiate, and to offer Henry a free passage if he would, on his part, restore Harfleur, together with all the prisoners he had made, and resign his pretensions to the crown of France.

Henry, undismayed by the force before him, would only treat on the same conditions which he had offered in his own capital. He has been lauded for his firmness and his hardihood, but his good policy has been generally overlooked. If he had allowed the constable to amuse him with these negotiations for a day or two, his army would have been starved outright—a more serious consideration this than the arrival of reinforcements; for had the Duke of Brittany come up with his six thousand men, he would, in all probability, have only increased the confusion and the unmanageableness of the French host. Seeing, then, that they would not come to him, Henry prepared to go to them. He put in motion two detachments; the one to lie in ambush on the left flank of the French, the other to their rear, where, when the battle began, they were to set fire to a barn and house belonging to the priory of St. George, at Hesdin, and so create an alarm.

These manœuvres were executed; and the two detachments, being both of archers, got to the posts appointed, and lay in wait without being perceived by the enemy. It was towards the hour of noon when Henry gave the brief but cheering order, “Banners, advance!”

At the same moment, Sir Thomas Erpingham, the commander of the archers, a knight grown grey with age and honour, threw his truncheon into the air, exclaiming, “Now strike!”

The distance between the two armies was short of a quarter of a mile. The English moved on in gallant array, until the foremost came within bow-shot of the French: then the archers stuck their stakes in the ground before them, and set up a tremendous shout. Their loud huzzas were instantly echoed by the men that lay concealed on the left flank of the French, who the next minute were assailed

by a tremendous shower of arrows, both in front and flank.
Our archers—

“With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpent stung,
Piercing the weather.

None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Strike close together.”*

The French had few or no bowmen, for that weapon was considered unworthy of knightly hands, and the princes had insolently rejected the service of the burghers and other plebeians, holding that France ought to be defended only by gentlemen!

Messire Clignet, of Brabant, thought that he could break the English archers with the lance, and he charged with twelve hundred horse, shouting, “Mountjoye! St. Denis!” But the ground was soft and slippery; the flight of arrows that met them right in the face was terrific: some were killed; some rolled, horse and horseman, on the field; others turned their horses’ heads; and, of the whole twelve hundred, not above seven score followed their chiefs up to the English front, where the archers, instead of wearing steel armour, had even thrown aside their leathern jackets that they might have a freer use of their nervous arms. But between the defence of the sharp stakes, and the incessant flight of their arrows, very few of the French lances reached those open breasts. Such of the knights as stood their ground, stooped their heads, as the arrows went through the visors; they thus scarcely saw what they were doing, and lost the command of their horses, which, wounded in many places, became mad with pain, and galloped back, joining the other fugitives, and breaking the first division of the French army. Only three horsemen penetrated beyond the stakes, and they were instantly slain.

Everywhere within the reach of the arrows the French horse were seen capering or rushing through the lines, doing great mischief to their own army, and causing the wildest uproar and confusion. But, in fact, all order was

* Drayton, Ballad of Agincourt.

already lost there: the columns got mixed; the words of command were disregarded; and while the timid stole to the rear, the brave all rushed to the van, crowding the division that was over-crowded before in that narrow space. Meanwhile, the English, removing their stakes, came on with still more tremendous huzzas; the French made a slight retrograde movement; and then, so miserably had their ground been chosen, they got into some recently ploughed corn-fields, where their horses sank almost to their saddle-girths, stuck fast, or rolled over with their riders.

Seeing that the vanguard was thoroughly disordered and broken, the English archers left their stakes, which it appears they did not use again, and slinging their bows behind them, rushed with their bill-hooks and hatchets into the midst of the steel-clad knights, they themselves being almost without clothing, and many of them both bare-footed and bare-headed. The Constable of France, and many of the most illustrious of the knights, were presently killed by these despised plebeians, who, without any assistance from the chivalry of England, dispersed the whole body.

Then the second French division opened to receive the sad remnants of the first—a manoeuvre attended with fresh disorder. At this moment, the Duke Anthony of Brabant, who had just arrived in the field, having, in his impatient haste, left his reinforcements behind him, headed a fresh charge of horse, but he was instantly slain by the English, who kept advancing and destroying all that opposed them.

“Who fights, the cold blade in his bosom feels;
Who flies, still hears it whizzing at his heels.”*

The second division of the French, however, closed up, and kept its ground, though the weight of their armour made them sink knee-deep in the mire. Henry now brought up his men-at-arms, and, calling in his brave bowmen, formed them again in good order. They were fresh as when they first came into battle; and they again gave a loud huzza when the king led them on to a fresh charge.

It was now that the real battle took place, and that Henry's life was repeatedly exposed to great danger. His brother, the Duke of Clarence, was wounded and thrown

* Drayton.

down, and would have been killed or made prisoner, but for the personal valour of the king, who placed himself beside the body and beat off the assailants. Soon after, he was charged by a band of eighteen knights, bearing the banner of the Lord of Croy, who had bound themselves by an oath to take or kill the King of England. One of these knights struck the king with his mace, or battle-axe, and the blow was so violent that Henry staggered and fell on his knees; but his brave men instantly closed round him, and killed every one of the eighteen knights. The Duke of Alençon then charged up, and cut his way to the royal standard of England. With a stroke of his battle-axe he beat the Duke of York to the ground; and when Henry stood forth to defend his relative, he hit him over the head, and knocked off part of his crown, which he wore over his helmet. But this blow was the last Alençon ever struck: the English closed upon him; seeing his danger, he raised his voice to the king, saying, "I surrender to you; I am the Duke of Alençon." Henry held out his hand, but it was too late: the duke was dead.

"Report once spread through the distracted host,
Of their prime hope, the Duke Alanzon, slain;
That flower of France, on whom they trusted most.
They found their valour was but then in vain:
Like men their hearts that utterly had lost,
Who slowly fled before, now ran again."*

The fall of Alençon ended the battle, for all his followers fled in dismay; and the third division of the French army, which had never drawn sword, and which was in itself more than double the number of the whole English force, fell back, and presently began to gallop from the field. Up to this point, the English had not embarrassed themselves with prisoners, but they now took them by heaps; many surrendering, and many more making vain efforts to defend their liberty and honour in the midst of that hopeless confusion. As they took the Frenchmen, they removed their helmets from their heads. An immense number were thus secured, when Henry heard a dreadful noise in his rear, where the priests of his army were sitting on horseback

* Drayton, Battle of Agincourt.

among the baggage, and he soon saw a hostile force drawn out in that direction. At the same time, the third division of the French, which had been in full retreat, seemed to rally and raise their banners afresh. Henry knew that the Duke of Brittany and other chiefs, with reinforcements, were not far off; and believing himself about to be enveloped, he gave orders that every man should kill the prisoner or prisoners he had taken.* As the ransom of captives of rank was one of the soldiers' best gains, many were unwilling to obey this mandate; but Henry sent two hundred archers, who knocked the French knights on the head without compunction. The extent of this horrible massacre is not known; but it appears that a great number of the noblest knights in France fell in consequence of what, after all, was a mistake.

The body seen in the rear were only some five or six hundred peasants who had entered Maisoncelles, and fallen upon the baggage in hope of obtaining plunder, and driving off some of the English horses; and what appeared a rallying in front was only a momentary pause, the third division continuing to gallop off the field harder than ever. As soon as Henry discovered his mistake, he gave orders to stop the carnage, and to look after the wounded.

Then, attended by his principal barons, he rode over the field, and sent out the heralds, as usual, to examine the coats-of-arms of the knights and princes that had fallen; and while his people were occupied in stripping the dead, he called to him the heralds of the King of France, the king-at-arms, who was named Mountjoye, and with him several other heralds, both English and French, and said to them,—“We have not made this slaughter, but the Almighty, as we believe, for the sins of France.” And after this he asked them to whom the honour of the victory was due?—and then Mountjoye answered, “To the King of England: to him ought victory to be given, and not to the King of France.” After this the king asked the name of the castle that he saw near to him; and they answered that it was called Azincourt. “Then,” said Henry, “since all battles ought to be named after the nearest castle, let this battle bear henceforward and lastingly the name of the battle of

* Chronicle A, as quoted by Sir Harris Nicolas.

Azincourt.”* This name the English have corrupted into Agincourt.

“ Then call we this the field of Agincourt
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.”†

The loss on the side of the French was frightful : “ never had so many and such noble men fallen in one battle.” The whole chivalry of France was cropped. Seven near relations of King Charles—the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Nevers, the Duke of Bar, his brother the Count of Marle, his other brother John, the Constable D’Albret, the Duke of Alençon—had all perished. Among the great lords, the Count of Dampierre, the Count of Vaudemont, the Lords of Rambure, Helly, and Verchin, and Messire Guichard Dauphin, met the same fate. In all there perished on the field eight thousand gentlemen, knights, or squires, including one hundred and twenty great lords that had each a banner of his own. Among the most distinguished prisoners, who were far less numerous than the slain of the same class, were the Duke of Orleans, the Count of Richemont, the Marshal Boucicault, the Duke of Bourbon, the Counts of Eu and Vendôme, and the Lords of Harcourt and Craon. The loss of the English is differently estimated ; but at the highest account it was only sixteen hundred men, among whom were the Earl of Suffolk and the Duke of York.

The Duke of Orleans, who had been dragged out wounded from beneath a heap of the dead, was sorely afflicted. Henry went to console him. “ How fare you, my cousin ? ” said he, “ and why do you refuse to eat and drink ? ” The duke replied that he was determined to fast. “ Not so : make good cheer,” said the king, mildly ; “ if God has given me the grace to win this victory, I acknowledge that it is through no merits of mine own. I believe that God has willed that the French should be punished ; and if what I have heard be true, no wonder at it ; for they tell me that never were seen such a disorder, such a license of wickedness, such debauchery, such bad vices, as now reign in France. It is pitiful and horrible to hear it all, and certes the wrath of the Lord must have been awakened ! ”

Almost sinking under the weight of their booty, the English conquerors marched slowly on to Calais.

* Monstrelet.

† Shakspeare, Henry V.

" Wagons and carts were laden till they crackt,
 With arms and tents there taken in the field ;
 For want of carriage, on whose tops were packt
 Ensigns, coat-armour, targets, spears, and shields :
 Nor need they convoy, fearing to be sackt,
 For all the country to King Henry yields."*

Henry passed over to England, where he met with the most enthusiastic reception from all classes of the people, and found the Parliament ready and eager to vote him all the supplies he might require for the prosecution of the war. He soon returned to the continent, but nearly two years elapsed before he resumed military operations with any activity. At the end of that time, he was openly joined by the Duke of Burgundy with his army, and by all the Bourguignon chiefs.

Henry had the finest army that England had ever sent into France. There were 16,000 men-at-arms, from 14,000 to 16,000 archers, a body of artificers of all kinds, and another body of sappers and miners. The French court sent humbly to propose a peace or truce, but Henry would grant neither, except on the two following conditions:—that the Princess Catherine of France should become his wife ; that he should be presently declared Regent of France, and successor to the throne upon the death of Charles.

Henry commenced operations by laying siege to the fortresses and castles of Normandy, which, being very numerous, and some of them very strong, occupied him a long space of time. It was not until the 16th day of January 1419, that he entered Rouen in triumph. Having in his front no French army at all capable of opposing him, and nothing to fear in his rear, he then struck into the heart of France, and imposed his will on the court and government.

Henry was acknowledged regent and successor ; and on the 2nd of June 1420, he was married to the Princess Catherine in the Church of St. John at the city of Troyes, the old capital of Champagne.

" Oh, when shall English men
 With such acts fill the pen ;
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry ?" †

* Drayton.

† Ibid.

On the great festival of Whitsuntide, in the following year, the two courts of Henry and Charles made a solemn entry into their good city of Paris, and on that day King Henry and Queen Catherine kept their court, with great confluence of nobility and people, in the palace of the Louvre, where they sat in their royal robes, with their imperial crowns on their heads.

“ Small time, but in that small, most greatly lived
This star of England!”*

* Shakspeare, Hen. V.

A. D. 1422—1513.

IN the losing war which soon followed the premature death of Henry V. (on the 31st of August 1422), battles were fought by the English quite as honourable to the national valour as that of Azincourt, and victories, over vastly superior numbers, were gained by the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Salisbury, Talbot, Fastolf, and others, whose names long remained words of fear and dread in the popular traditions of the French.

“ Yes! worthy Talbot, thou didst so employ
The broken remnants of discatter’d powers,
That they might see it was but Destiny,
Not want of spirit, that lost us what was ours.”*

Among these victories may be named Crevant in 1423, Verneuil in 1424, Rouvrai in 1428, and Patay in 1429.

As all these battles were conducted on the same military principles, and resembled in all their incidents the battle of Azincourt, any description of them would be monotonous.

The bow was still to the English soldier what the musket and bayonet have been in modern times—the prime weapon, the victory-winner! Philip de Comines, writing half a century after the battle of Azincourt, says, “ I am of opinion that the chiefest strength of an army in the day of battle consists of the archers; and in this I agree with the English, who, without dispute, are the best archers in the world.”

Under the infant son of Henry V., the court and government of England fell into disorders nearly equal to those which had recently existed in France. Fierce contests took place for the regency, and when Henry VI. attained his majority it became but too evident that he was incapable of

* Daniel, *Historie of the Civil Warres.*

governing the country or managing his own affairs. Gentle, timid, submissive, and superstitious, he would have made a tolerably good monk, but he had not one of the qualities which constitute a good king. Under him the fierce contention broke out between the Houses of York and Lancaster. During the War of the Roses, which may be said to have lasted from the first battle at St. Alban's in 1455, to the battle of Bosworth Field in 1485, the English were too busily engaged in mutual destruction at home, to have time or means to bestow upon foreign wars. Never were battles fought with more determination and fury than some of these among the gentle hills and green downs of England. At the combat of Wakefield, the Yorkists, who brought 5,000 men in the field, left 2,000 on the ground. At Mortimer's Cross the combat was equally stern; at Towton, where the armies were numerous, there perished, between Yorkists and Lancastrians, 38,000 men! Modern Europe had not yet seen such fighting. These wars (to quote the old poet who has versified them) carried desolation everywhere, and

"Made the very heart of England bleed:
For see what resolution both sides bring,
And with what deadly rancour they proceed!
Witness the blood they shed, and foully shed,
That cannot but with sighs be registered."*

The victory over Richard III., on Bosworth Field, gave to Henry VII. undisputed possession of England; his marriage with the Princess Elizabeth, heiress of the House of York, united the parties of the Red and White Roses; and his prudence, caution, and remarkable king-craft and political wisdom, did the rest. When he died, in 1509, he left an undisputed throne, a loyal people, and an amazingly well-filled treasury, to his son Henry VIII.

In all the earlier part of his reign the eighth Henry was eager for military glory, and he found a nobility and people disposed for war, and many thousands at all times ready to follow him into the field, especially if that field were France. Popular songs magnified the exploits of the Henries and Edwards, his royal predecessors, and anticipated his own great victories.

* Daniel, *Historie of the Civil Warres between the Houses of York and Lancaster.*

"The Rose will into France next spring,
Almighty God him thither bring!
And save this flower which is our king,
This Rose, this Rose, this royal Rose."

But, royal rose as he was, bluff King Hal had very few of the warlike qualities of his ancestors. He liked the show and parade of the field better than the real battle. He was steady to no line of policy, and to no military plan; and hence, our exhibitions on the continent during his reign, though attended with no dishonour or actual defeat, had somewhat of the blended character of a pageant and a farce.

In the year 1512, Henry, in his anxiety for war, allowed himself to be drawn into a continental league against France, by Pope Julius II. and his own father-in-law, Ferdinand of Arragon. A fine English army of 10,000 men was conveyed in a Spanish fleet, to the Bidassao, under the command of the Marquis of Dorset. The men, being left by their allies, the Spaniards, to perish of sickness, or to starve, broke out into open mutiny, and insisted upon returning home.

In 1513, Henry determined to take the field in person. In the month of May he despatched his vanguard to Calais, which still remained in our possession, giving the command to a Talbot. "And when all things were ready, accompanied with many noblemen, and 600 archers of his guard, all in white haberdines and caps, he departed from his manor royal of Greenwich, the 15th day of June, and so he and the queen, with small journeys, went to Dover Castle, and there rested."*

At last, Henry and his followers took leave of their wives, "which it was great dolour to behold," and got them across the Straits of Dover. The van of the English forces went to lay siege to Terouenne.

The news that a French army, under the command of the Duke of Longueville, and the far-famed Bayard—*le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*—was moving to the relief of Terouenne, caused King Henry to mount his war-horse. On the 21st of July he marched out of Calais, with a magnificent army, amounting to about 15,000 men,

* Hall's Chronicle.

without counting two strong corps employed in the siege. He had scarcely got beyond Ardres, when he saw a strong detachment of French cavalry manœuvring in his front. Expecting a battle, Henry dismounted, and threw himself into the centre of his lansquenets, to fight on foot, like the Henries and Edwards of former days. The brilliant Bayard—the very pride of chivalry—would have charged at once, but he was reminded by his superiors in command, that King Louis had given orders that they should most carefully avoid fighting the English in open battle. So, after reconnoitring the invaders, the French withdrew, having already succeeded in another part of their commission, and thrown provisions and gunpowder into the besieged town.

Moving on, Henry joined the besieging forces. He caused a magnificent pavilion bedecked with silks, blue damasks, cloths of gold, flags, and royal standards, to be pitched in front of Terouenne; but the bad weather soon drove him from this fantastical lodging, and he then inhabited a house built of wood.

The poor Emperor Maximilian, one of the confederates who had received an advance of 120,000 crowns from the English treasury, to enable him to raise troops, came to Terouenne with nothing but a small escort. Henry put on all his magnificence for this reception; for, nominally, the emperor was the first of Christian princes. He equipped himself and his principal nobles in the most costly dresses of gold and silver tissue; he exhibited all the jewels and goldsmiths' work that his camp furnished; and both men and horses were glittering masses of riches and finery.* The emperor and his companions, on the other hand, were attired in plain black cloth, for the empress was recently dead, and they were impecunious. On a plain between Aire and the camp, the two potentates met, in a tremendous storm of wind and rain, which must have deranged the finery of the English. Maximilian told his royal brother that he, the Emperor of the West, had come to serve under

* Old Hall, the contemporary chronicler—a citizen and trader of London, and a great frequenter of Lord Mayors' shows and feasts—was the very historian for a vain, gorgeous king like Henry VIII. His soul was in silks, velvets, damasks, gold chains, golden roses, jewellery, and gewgaws.

him as a volunteer; and in these compliments, our vain sovereign seems to have overlooked the omission of which Maximilian had been guilty, in not bringing an army with him.

Of the discipline of the troops, or military science of their leaders, little could be said; but it was universally allowed that the spirit and the appearance of our own army were splendid. A foreign chronicler declared that the common men looked like captains, and the captains like crowned kings.

BATTLE OF THE SPURS.

A.D. 1513. August 18.

NEARLY six weeks had now been wasted in the siege of the insignificant town of Terouenne; and so absurdly had the siege been conducted, that the garrison still continued to receive supplies from the army of the Count of Angoulême. When these communications were interrupted, the main body of the French army, consisting of about twelve thousand men, advanced from Plangy, with a view of throwing in provisions under cover of a feigned battle. Upon this, Henry and Maximilian crossed the river, and formed in order of battle between it and the town, and the French army. The emperor, who had won a victory over the French on that very ground thirty-four years before, directed the operations of the English, wearing the red cross of England above his armour, and the red rose of Lancaster, Henry's favourite cognizance, in his helmet. All this, according to an old historian, deserves to be recorded to the eternal honour of our nation, as also the fact of the emperor's taking for pay one hundred crowns a day besides what was disbursed among his attendants.*

The French horse charged in a brilliant manner, but, after throwing some powder within reach of the besieged, they wheeled round to fall back upon their main body. Being hotly followed by the mounted English archers and a few squadrons of German horse, they quickened their pace to a downright flight, galloped into the lines of their main body, and threw the whole into uproar and confusion. As the English charged with tremendous shouts of "St. George! St. George!" the panic became complete; and every French soldier that was mounted struck spurs into his horse, and galloped from the field. In vain the bravest of their officers

* Bishop Godwin.

tried to rally them; the attempts, indeed, were worse than vain, for, owing to their not making the same use of their spurs, and flying with the rest, the Duke of Longueville, the illustrious Bayard, Bussy d'Amboise, Clermont d'Anjou, La Palisse, La Fayette, and many other captains of high rank, were taken prisoners by the English.

Henry could not help congratulating his captives on the great speed their men had put into their horses; the light-hearted Frenchmen joined in his laugh, and said that it had been nothing but a battle of spurs.* By this name, accordingly, the affair came afterwards to be popularly known.

A French writer says:—"The combat had scarcely begun, when the French army, it is not known by what accident, ran away with such headlong speed that they could not be rallied. But the principal officers preferred being taken to following so shameful an example. By some, the affair, from the name of the spot on which it took place, was called the Battle of Guinegaste, and by some it was called 'The Day of Spurs,' the French having made much more use of their spurs than of their swords."

The panic, however, was both real and lasting; and if Henry had taken advantage of it, and of other circumstances, he might have inflicted a much more serious blow. The Swiss, to whom he had sent some money, had crossed the Jura mountains in great force, and had penetrated into France as far as Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, which they were now besieging. With a Swiss army of twenty thousand men on one side, and an English army on the other, Paris began to betray symptoms of alarm. But, to the great joy of Louis, Henry, instead of advancing, permitted himself to be amused another whole week by the siege of Terouenne, catching at the mere straws of a campaign, instead of concerting a grand operation with the Swiss. At the end of August the French garrison capitulated, and were allowed to march out with all the honours of war. The town, by the advice of Maximilian—who had an interested and evident motive for this advice—was dismantled and burned. That the destruction might be complete without any labour to the English, the Flemings in the neighbourhood, the subjects of the emperor's grandson the Archduke Charles, were let loose

* Paolo Giovio.—Du Bellay, *Hist. de Chev. Bayard*.—Hall.—Villaret.

upon the devoted place; and, being animated with the old enmities usual to bordering nations, razed the walls, filled up the ditches, set fire to the houses, and scarcely left one stone standing upon another, except in the cathedral church and the house of the canons.

The weather continued to be very rainy, and Henry, by this time, "had so much of war that he began to be weary of the toil thereof, and so cast his mind on the pleasures of the court."* But still it was only the beginning of the month of September, and military etiquette required that something more should be done before going into winter quarters. Instead of advancing into France he turned back to lay siege to Tournay, which belonged to France, though it was *enclavé* in the territory of Flanders, over the trade of which it exercised a bad influence, while it gave a passage to the French into the heart of the country. As far as the Flemings were concerned, it was altogether an unpleasant neighbour; and the emperor was wise in getting possession of it without cost or risk. But what interest Henry could have in such an enterprise was not so apparent. His favourite Wolsey, however, had an interest, and a great one: Maximilian had promised him the rich bishopric of Tournay, which was then vacant, and this prevailing favourite no doubt recommended the siege. The French citizens of Tournay refused the assistance of a garrison of the royal troops, and sacrificed themselves to a bad pun.†

Upon being summoned, they made a bold show of resistance, but, as soon as the English artillery got into play, they changed their tone, and in a few days capitulated. On the 22nd of September Henry rode into Tournay with as much pomp and triumph as if he had taken the capital of France. Ten days before this inglorious conquest, the Swiss, who saw what sort of an ally they had in the English king, concluded a treaty highly advantageous to themselves with the King of France, and marched back to their own mountains. Louis was thus enabled to concentrate his forces in the north, and the grand plan of the allies vanished in air. Wolsey got the rich bishopric; Henry spent some money.

* Bishop Godwin.

† They said,—"*Que Tournay n'avoit jamais tourné, ni encore ne tournerait.*"—*Mémoires de Fleuranges.*

in jousts and tournaments; and then returned well satisfied to England, where he arrived safe and sound on the 22nd of October.

In the course of a few years after the Battle of the Spurs, the glory which the young French king Francis I. was gaining beyond the Alps, again aroused the jealousy and martial ardour of Henry VIII., and excited a universal outcry in England against the ambition and encroachment of France. An alliance was struck up with the great rival of Francis, the emperor Charles V., but this was soon abandoned by the vacillating Henry; and his grand expedition to France, in 1520, ended in the costly but otherwise harmless pageantry of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

After the lapse of a few years, Henry broke with Francis, and again took part with the emperor. In conjunction with corps of Flemings, Brabanters, Dutch, and Germans, English troops were sent more than once to invade France; but these motley armies made little impression, and gained no honour. Yet it was noticeable that, in these campaigns, so many years after the battle of Azincourt, the French remembered the lesson taught them on that day, carefully shunning any close combat with the English, even when they were in full retreat.

In the latter years of his reign, Henry VIII. took Boulogne, and had with him in France an army of 30,000 men; but his allies were as faithless to him as he had been unsteady to them, and under his guidance no war could possibly be successful. Yet the quality of the troops was unchanged, and many of the officers, like the poetical Earl of Surrey, were equal in romantic bravery, and probably superior in military skill, to the heroes who had followed Henry V., or fought under Talbot.

This invasion of France, however badly managed, obliged Francis I. to keep on foot an army of 200,000 men, and put him to an enormous expense.

Under a different king and master, the Earl of Surrey, who was field-marshal of the army on the expedition to Boulogne, would have crowned himself with laurels.

“ Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance.” *

* Pope. Windsor Forest.

A.D. 1513—1702.

For the space of two centuries, England ceased to figure as a great military power on the continent. There were splendid armies occasionally kept up in the interval, but they were employed in those fierce contests with the Scots, or in those civil wars which do not fall within the scope of a work like the present. For national glory, the space is well filled up by the clusters of victories gained by our seamen.

Our royal navy, which may be said to have had its infancy under Henry VII., was somewhat increased under Henry VIII., and very much augmented and illustrated during the reign of the great Elizabeth, when the Drakes, Frobishers, Cavendishes, Raleigh, and other naval heroes, gained victories quite equal in splendour and in romantic incidents to those which had been obtained on shore during the earlier reigns.

At no period, however, did England resign herself to be merely a maritime power. Her alliances, her unavoidable foreign connections, and her prudence as well as her ambition, rendered (and will continue to render) this one-handed condition impossible.

In Elizabeth's time troops were repeatedly sent into France and the Low Countries, to assist the insurgent Protestant populations in their struggle with the Papists; but these armaments were too small to achieve any very considerable deed. The English troops acted merely as auxiliaries, and were subjected to the command, and too often to the caprices, of the foreigners with whom they were serving.

By losing Calais, which was taken by the French in only eight days of siege, during the unhappy government of Queen Mary, we lost our *pied à terre*, and basis of land

operations on the continent; and this exercised a considerable influence on our after wars.

Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, with a small English force took Havre, which might have made a second Calais, in 1562, but he was obliged to capitulate, and re-embark all that remained of his sickly troops in 1563.

In 1585 Elizabeth sent over a royal army of 6,000 men to Holland, under the command of her favourite the Earl of Leicester, who started with very ambitious projects, but who displayed a sad want both of military and civil ability. Leicester carefully avoided a battle with the then renowned Spanish infantry, and the other troops headed by that great general the Prince of Parma. His greatest affair of arms was an attack upon Zutphen, which failed, and which would scarcely merit a mention in history, but for the untimely death of the gallant, humane, accomplished and poetical Sir Philip Sidney, who perished there in the 25th year of his age.

After the defeat of the grand Spanish Armada in 1588, the English retaliated on the coasts of Spain and of Portugal, the two kingdoms being at this period united under one sovereign, Elizabeth's implacable enemy, Philip II. In 1589 Drake got together about 200 ships of all sizes, and these were crowded with land troops and with sailors. Sir John Morris, the young Earl of Essex, and other brave land officers, went with the armament. But the troops had received hardly any previous training; the expedition was badly planned, miserably supplied with money and ammunition, and but lamely conducted after the disembarkation. Their first blow fell upon Coruña. The English soldiery presently defeated a body of Spaniards strongly entrenched in the neighbourhood; but, for want of gunpowder and proper guns, they could not take the upper town. Drake took four ships-of-war, and burned the lower town. The troops were then re-embarked, and carried to Peniche, on the Portuguese coast, about thirty miles to the north of Lisbon. Here the little army, which could not have been deficient in courage and audacity, was again thrown on shore. Drake with his shipping proceeded to the mouth of the Tagus; the troops boldly marched through Torre-Vedras (the scene of one of the Duke of Wellington's

glories) to the walls of Lisbon. That city was but badly defended by a weak Spanish garrison; but their want of artillery—of which they ought to have had sufficient proof before—obliged them to give up the siege, get back to their shipping, and return homeward. In the course of their voyage they plundered the towns of Cascaes and Vigo. They reached Plymouth with good booty, but when they counted their numbers they found that of 20,000 seamen and landsmen, one-half had perished or were missing. The young Earl of Essex had displayed the most brilliant and romantic valour, but the campaign had evidently been conducted without forethought and without any judgment. Moreover, the land and sea commanders had disagreed and quarrelled among themselves. The same disagreements have, since then, almost invariably occurred in joint armaments of this sort, when soldiers have had to act with sailors, and sailors with soldiers.

In the year 1596, when the Spaniards were fitting out another armada for the invasion of England, the lord admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, suggested another attack upon the Spanish coast; and, in the month of June, a fleet of 150 sail, with 14,000 land troops, sailed from Plymouth. The lord admiral had the command of the fleet, and the Earl of Essex of the army; but to make up for the inexperience of the young earl, the queen's favourite, he was ordered to submit all important measures to a council of war, composed of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir George Carew, and other experienced officers. The fleet sailed into Cadiz Bay, and, in defiance of the fire from the forts and battlements, and fifteen large men-of-war, it got into the harbour, where, after a fierce fight, which lasted six hours, three of the largest of the Spanish ships were taken, and about fifty sail were plundered and burned. This being over, Essex landed a part of the land force, and on the next day he forced the city of Cadiz to capitulate. The inhabitants paid 12,000 crowns for their lives; their houses, their merchandize, their goods of all kinds, were plundered by the conquerors, and the whole loss sustained by the Spaniards on this occasion was estimated at 20,000,000 of ducats. Essex would have kept the footing he had gained in Spain; and he offered to retain Cadiz and the Isla de Leon with only 3,000 men, but he

was overruled, and compelled to re-embark, having first seen the fortifications razed, and the town burned.

In the course of the following year, 1597, another armament was equipped, and the command given to the Earl of Essex, who had with him Lord Thomas Howard and Sir Walter Raleigh. Instead of going to the Spanish coast, Essex made for the Azores. He easily reduced the islands of Fayal, Graciosa, and Flores; but possession was given up almost as soon as obtained; and with their booty, and three large Spanish ships captured on their voyage from the Havannah, our soldiers and sailors returned home.

The pacific and timid James I. made peace with the Spaniards, and did all that king could do to keep out of war with every other power.

“Ceased now the thunder of those drums which waked
The affrighted French, their miseries to view.”*

Yet towards the close of his reign, on account of the marriage of his daughter Elizabeth with Frederic, the Elector of the Palatinate and King of Bohemia, and the strong religious feeling of his own subjects, James was forced into the (to him) unseemly, incongruous position of a belligerent.

Frederic had been elected to the Bohemian throne by the Protestant portion of that nation, and his claim was opposed by all the Roman portion, and by the great confederacy of the Catholics and the house of Austria. When the Elector Palatine was menaced by the superior forces of the Papists, a war-cry was raised throughout England and Scotland, and James was terrified into sending 4,000 land troops into the Palatinate, to secure at least the hereditary dominions of his son-in-law. This small English force remained a considerable time on the Rhine, occupying Heidelberg, Mannheim, and Frankendael; but it was too weak to do anything of consequence, much less to decide those differences which were ended only by the “Thirty Years’ War.” As James was told, our army ought to have been greater, or none at all.

Having once entered into continental quarrels, James could not rest there; and, shortly afterwards, he was forced by the national feeling, by his son Charles, and by his

* Drayton.

favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, to send 6,000 men to assist the Dutch against the Spaniards. Acting merely as auxiliaries, and being commanded by foreigners, these English soldiers, though they fought well, gained little honour or credit in the campaign.

Charles I., engaging in a new war with Spain, despatched another armament to Cadiz, under the command of Lord Wimbledon, a man of no military skill or merit. Disembarking his troops, Wimbledon took the paltry fort of Puntal. Then he moved towards the bridge which connects the Isla de Leon with the continent, in the view of cutting off the communication of the Spanish garrison. No enemy was seen on this short march; but in the wine-cellars of the country, which were broken open and plundered, a foe was found more dangerous to badly-disciplined English troops than bullets and pikes. The men drank to excess, became intoxicated and unmanageable; and if the Spaniards had known their condition, they might, at one moment, have cut them to pieces. Lord Wimbledon, as the best thing he could do, led them back to the ships, leaving some hundreds of stragglers to fall under the knives of the enraged peasantry. This was one of the most disgraceful expeditions in which English troops had ever been engaged. It is evident that as little care had been taken for the food and health of the men as of their discipline: an infectious disease broke out in the ships, and before they could reach Plymouth, a very large proportion of the soldiers and sailors died, and were cast overboard.

Chiefly through the petulance and pride of the Duke of Buckingham, who continued to be a favourite under the son as he had been under the father, Charles I., in no very honourable manner, involved himself in a war with France, and in 1627, 7,000 land troops were embarked at Portsmouth to capture the Isle of Rhé and the strong town of Rochelle. The command was assumed by Buckingham himself, a self-confident, vain-glorious man, having no knowledge or experience of the art of war himself, and scorning the advice of the officers who had. In the month of July a landing was effected in presence of an inferior French force, and the island was taken. But from this moment nearly every possible blunder was committed by our thoroughly incompetent

commander. He laid siege to a strong citadel built on a rock, without possessing any adequate means for such work. Every part of the service was conducted wildly and at random. Neither our soldiers nor our sailors received their pay. The army blamed the navy, the navy the army; as usual in all cases of ill success. Colonels of regiments signed a paper which recommended the abandonment of the siege. The favourite persevered, and was reinforced in the month of October by 1,500 men, under the Earl of Holland, and by 600 or 700 insurgent French Huguenots. On the 6th of November the duke, who had not made a single breach, sent his men to storm the hard rocks and walls of the citadel, where they were repulsed with loss at all points. He then turned to retreat to his ships; but this was no longer an easy operation: Marshal Schomberg, with a considerable French army, had thrown himself between the duke and the fleet, and had put a strong corps and more artillery into the fort of La Prée, which Buckingham had left in his rear. There was also to cross a narrow causeway, flanked on both sides with marshes and salt-pits, and now swept by Schomberg with a cross fire of artillery and musketry. Not a single military precaution had been taken, and nothing but the native courage and stamina of the men and their leaders (even Buckingham himself was personally brave) prevented a surrender at discretion, or an absolute destruction. The English soldiers rushed like bull-dogs along the causeway, taking the fire on both sides; and when they got beyond the causeway, notwithstanding the frightful loss they had sustained, they turned their faces towards the French, formed in good order, and offered them battle. But Schomberg, too glad to see them gone, declined the contest, and permitted them to re-embark without offering any further molestation. One of the fruits of this insane expedition was the loss of half the English troops that had been engaged in it.

The assassination of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton prevented another expedition, which, under such a leader, would have been attended with the like disasters; and the long storm which preceded the civil war between Charles and his Parliament, interrupted all our projects of war on the continent.

During the reign of Charles II., and the disgraceful subservience of that prince to Louis XIV., 6,000 English troops were sent over to the Netherlands to assist the French in their unprincipled war against the Dutch. Our men were much admired for their military tenue, and their bravery in action; but the campaigns in which they served are to us chiefly remarkable as having been the practical school of Captain John Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough. In this reign also our troops had to contend with the Moors of the African coast, a new and fierce enemy. Obtaining Tangier as part of the portion of his queen, Catherine of Braganza, Charles II. despatched a land force to hold that place. These men, few in number and often badly supplied, sustained a long siege with great credit, and beat the Moors in many sallies and excursions into the country. But Charles grew weary of a possession which rendered no immediate advantage to his always empty treasury, and Tangier was abandoned. During this reign, however, and afterwards under James II., our standing army, though still left very small, was considerably augmented and improved, and the regiments of English guards challenged universal admiration.

The revolution of 1688 gave us a warlike king in the person of William III., the champion of the reformed faith, and the steadfast enemy of French encroachment and of the measureless ambition of Louis XIV., who was, for the full space of fifty years, as dangerous to the liberties of Europe as Napoleon Bonaparte proved himself to be at a later period. William led large bodies of fine English troops to join the armies of the Dutch and other confederates in the Netherlands; and our men were distinguished in every battle and at every siege in which they were employed. Though far from being attended by invariable success, which he ought to have merited by his good generalship and the justice of his cause, William obtained many great and glorious advantages, and checked for the space of fourteen long years a power which had seemed irresistible when he first took the field against it. Retreat has its honours as well as victory. When, on Sunday the 24th of July, 1692, William was worsted in the great battle of Steinkirk, the English grenadiers formed the rear, and so

covered the retreat that it was effected with excellent order, the French infantry scarcely venturing near enough to our men to fire a shot. In the course of this same year, a small English corps, which had been sent into Italy, made more than one day's march into the south of France; for, with the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene, they rushed into Dauphiné, crossed the Durance, took several towns, levied large contributions, burned eighty chateaux and villages, threatened Grenoble and even Lyons, the second city in the kingdom. On the approach of winter, the Duke of Savoy was obliged to retire to his own country; but he had demonstrated that France could be invaded, and that Italians, Savoyards, and Englishmen, could retaliate upon the French the excesses which they had so often committed in other countries when they were the invading parties.

In 1694 a most unhappy attempt was made against Brest by a fleet under Lord Berkeley and a small land force, under General Tollemache. Before he had landed a third part of his men the general was defeated and slain. It was long before our governments recovered from the mania of detaching insufficient armaments to the coast of France. During the long siege of Namur, in 1695, the obligations of William to the English troops serving under him were immense. In storming the first counterscarp on the 27th of July, our troops, under Major-General Ramsay and Brigadier Hamilton, were left alone under fire in the midst of mines on the glacis: they were three several times repulsed, yet they still returned to the charge, and at last made themselves masters of the counterscarp. During the stern contest, William, though so phlegmatic, repeatedly exclaimed, "See my brave English! See my brave English!" On the 30th of August, when a general assault was made by Dutch, Bavarians, Brandenburgers, and other troops, the English headed the storm, under the brave Lord Cutts. They suffered a dreadful slaughter, but forced the palisades sword in hand, and made a lodgment on the covered way. On the 5th of September Namur surrendered.

As they had been so long exempted from foreign campaigning and the sustained services of a long war, certain deficiencies were observed and criticized by the veteran troops; but the headlong intrepidity which the

English infantry displayed in every attack, and the unflinching spirit with which they withstood every assault, raised them and their country in the estimation of their foreign king. Whenever they met in this old battle-field of western Europe the French had good reason to conclude that these were the same manner of men who had fought at Crecy and Azincourt.

But the qualities of an English army were not to be fully developed until their numbers were increased, and they and their co-belligerents were all put under the supreme command of a native English general of popular captivating manners, consummate skill, and high military genius. Courage is not to be spoken of; for William III. and some of his foreign generals were as brave as men could be.

This great commander, made for the time, if the time were not made for him, was John Churchill, at the beginning of the war of the succession, Earl of Marlborough.

Before the death of William III., in 1702, a grand alliance had been framed against Louis XIV., who, through the extinction of the Austrian line of Spanish monarchs, was claiming for his own grandson, Philip, not only all Spain, but also the greater part of Italy, Sicily, the Spanish Netherlands, the vast Spanish colonies in South America, and all the colonies and settlements Spain possessed in either hemisphere. Under William, who had selected him as the best negotiator as well as the best general in England, Marlborough had himself concluded the treaties with the allied states, and prepared the army which he was destined to command. Our native forces were augmented, and from this time, with an English generalissimo, they constituted the most considerable, or always the most foremost and formidable of the confederated hosts.

When Marlborough passed over to the continent, a few weeks after the death of King William, he found the French in the Netherlands with a very great force, and with a conviction which, at the period, was shared in by other nations, that in the field they were, with anything like an equality of numbers, altogether invincible. It was for Churchill and our incomparable infantry to correct that error.

In his first campaign as commander-in-chief, Marlborough out-manceuvred some of the most applauded generals of Louis

XIV., and reduced four important fortresses. In his second campaign in 1703, though thwarted by the obstinate Dutch generals and the deputies they sent into the field to control the operations of their army, he gained various advantages, and proved to the French marshals that they were to expect no advantage over him. In 1704 the dominions of our close ally the emperor, and even Vienna, that sovereign's capital, were threatened by a united army of French and Bavarians. To the astonishment of all Europe Marlborough boldly determined to go up the Rhine and on to the Danube, and to fight a great battle in the heart of Germany for the relief of the emperor. This determination led not to one, but to the two great battles of Schellenberg and Blenheim. The preparations and the march were as admirable as the battles themselves. By paying the closest attention to the commissariat, and to all those parts of the service on which the well-being of the poor soldier depends, the army, after so long a march through different states, was brought into the field in a most perfect condition. Wherever they had passed the English had attracted universal admiration, so well disciplined were they, and so well clad and fed.* One of the German princes on the Rhine had declared them to be an army of gentlemen. They had won the good will of the inhabitants by their own good behaviour, and taking nothing from them without paying for it. It was this rare discipline, which was afterwards still farther improved, that gave Marlborough more than half of the superiority he had over the generals of France.

* Archdeacon Coxe. *Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough*. Dr. Hare. Manuscript journal and manuscript account of the duke's campaigns. These valuable papers, though frequently quoted by Coxe, have never been published or printed entire, though they are well deserving of publication. Dr. Hare was chaplain to the Duke of Marlborough, constantly in attendance on him, and thoroughly in the confidence both of the duke and duchess.

SCHELLENBERG.

A. D. 1704. July 2.

WHEN Marlborough took the field in the heart of Germany, in 1704, the French were fully as confident as in 1808, when Wellington landed on the coast of Portugal to contend with their best troops and most famous generals. They had almost invariably beaten the armies to which they had been opposed. They said that they were *invincible*, and too many people on the continent were disposed to take them at their word.

Unhappily Marlborough was for some time hampered by Prince Louis, Margrave of Baden, a brave old soldier, but jealous, perverse, and obstinate, who divided authority with him in the allied army.

Marlborough had to attack a prepared position of formidable strength, and defended by an ample force. To this position the enemy were every hour giving more and more strength, yet the Margrave of Baden, if not overruled by the duke, would have delayed the attack. "Every hour we lose," said Marlborough, "will cost us a thousand men!"

On the hill of Schellenberg alone the enemy had twenty-two battalions and nine squadrons of horse, making twelve thousand men.

Many of the English infantry—the corps which suffered most in this sanguinary engagement—were young men who had not before been under fire. No troops could have behaved better.

The Schellenberg is a height overhanging Donawerth and the left bank of the Danube. It rises in a gradual though unequal ascent, which, at the intended point of attack, was about a quarter of a mile. The summit forms a flat space, half a mile wide, on which the enemy was encamped in

several lines. Their left was supported on the covert way of Donawerth, and their order being adopted to the figure of the ground, their right was thrown back on one of the channels into which the Danube is divided. Along the front was an intrenchment, which ran from the covert way of Donawerth, was connected with an old fort on the brow of the hill above, and embracing the summit descended on the opposite flank to the very bank of the river. Of this work the central part alone was in a state of defence, but the remainder was in a rapid progress of advancement. In front of the position, to the right and left, was open ground, that on the side of Donawerth being mostly uneven, broken by a ravine, and washed by a rivulet, which, after skirting the foot of the hill, flows through the exterior works of Donawerth into the Danube. Opposite the centre the Boschberg, a thick wood, stretched from the verge of the intrenchment, and gradually expanded itself to the border of a stream rising above Monheim. To the west of the Schellenberg ran the great road leading from Nordlingen, through Donawerth, to Augsburg.*

The enemy had planted two batteries: one near the old fort, the other near the point of the Boschberg. On the approach of the allied detachments their outposts set fire to the hamlet of Berg, situated on a gentle elevation beyond the rivulet, and drew back towards the main body.

Marlbrough attentively noted the disposition of the enemy as well as the local peculiarities, and directing his view across the Danube, descried a camp marked out, with tents pitched on each wing.

It was occupied by a detachment of cavalry from the electoral army, and he afterwards found that the interval was reserved for a body of foot then on their march. Their object was to support and reinforce the troops on the Schellenberg.

Having completed his survey, he returned to meet the advanced detachment, which, from the bad state of the roads, did not reach the Wernitz till mid-day. After a short halt, to give rest to the troops, and allow the army to approach, the detachment crossed the Wernitz at three, over the stone bridge at Obermorgen. Pontoon bridges were at the same

* Archdeacon Coxe.—Broderick, Hist. of the War, &c.

time thrown across the stream below, and some squadrons of cavalry were sent into the Boschberg to form fascines, for the purpose of facilitating an entrance into the enemy's works. In the midst of those preparations a messenger arrived from Eugene with the news that Villeroy and Tallard were then at Strasburg, making arrangements for detaching a powerful reinforcement to the Elector. Incited by this intelligence, Marlborough did not even wait for the arrival of the Imperialists, who were yet in the rear, but issued orders for the attack. The infantry destined for the enterprise being instantly in motion, Marlborough himself led them to the verge of the Boschberg, ranged them in four lines, and drew from the main body eight new battalions, who were either to act as a reserve, or prolong the attack to the right, if the first detachment did not embrace a sufficient extent of the enemy's line. Eight other battalions were ordered forward to sustain them, and the cavalry formed two lines in the rear. A battery was opened by the English beyond the houses of Berg; and soon afterwards the fire was increased by several pieces of German artillery.

The command of the attack was consigned to the Dutch General Goor, and the first line was led by Brigadier Ferguson. The whole was preceded by a forlorn hope of fifty chosen grenadiers under Lord Mordaunt, whose chivalrous spirit panted for distinction in so perilous an encounter.

The promptitude and decision of Marlborough confounded the Gallo-Bavarian commanders. On the first appearance of the allies, d'Arco, and Matfei his colleague, advanced beyond their outposts to reconnoitre; and descrying only some scattered parties of cavalry on the heights beyond the Wernitz, they at first considered them as detachments sent out to explore the country. Perceiving, however, fresh squadrons to emerge from the woods, and the body increase without advancing, they concluded that a camp was forming on the spot, and retired to Donawerth to dine, without the slightest prognostic of the impending attack. Scarcely had they sat down to table, before intelligence arrived which indicated the approach of the allied army. The two generals remounted their horses, and riding to the heights, were surprised to observe the opposite hills covered with troops, and columns filing over the Wernitz, or ascending the foot

of the Schellenberg. Still they did not imagine that an army, fatigued by a tedious and difficult march, would hazard an attack towards the close of the day. Supposing that the allies would spend the remainder of the evening in preparations, they hastened the progress of the works, hoping in the night to complete their defences, and draw in the expected reinforcements.

General d'Arco, however, did not contemplate his situation with confidence or tranquillity. He surveyed the increasing mass of the allies in anxious silence, and for a considerable period seemed absorbed in doubt and perturbation. It is the opinion of Maffei that he was alarmed by the imperfect state of his intrenchments, and hesitated whether he should defend or abandon the post committed to his care. At length the advance and development of the allied columns, and the thunder of the artillery, roused him from his reflections. He ordered his troops to desist from work, and resume their arms, and made dispositions for a vigorous resistance.*

Within a few minutes the conflict began. Marlborough at first intended to penetrate through the Boschberg, and form a double attack against both faces of the intrenchment; but this design being frustrated by the thickness of the wood, the principal effort was made on the portion stretching from the fort to the point of the Boschberg. At six in the evening the signal was given, and the assailants advanced with a firm and deliberate step, under a heavy fire from every point of the enemy's works commanding the line of their approach. When they arrived within the range of grape, the carnage became dreadful: General Goor and many brave officers fell, and a momentary pause ensued. Order was speedily restored: other leaders supplied the places of the killed and disabled, and the assailants again moved forward with incredible firmness. On reaching the ravine, the foremost troops mistook it for the ditch of the intrenchment, and threw in their fascines; but being unable to pass, and the fire of the enemy increasing in vivacity and effect, they began to give way. The Gallo-Bavarians took advantage of the confusion, rushed from their works, and charged the broken ranks with the bayonet. They were repulsed principally by a battalion of English guards, who

* *Memoires du Marquis de Maffei.*

had almost singly maintained their ground, although most of the officers were either killed or wounded.

The assailants, however, continued to draw near the foot of the works; but the enemy, who had at first distributed their force along their whole front, recalled their troops from the right and left to the principal point of attack. By this combined effort their resistance was vigorous and obstinate, and sallying forth from the trenches, they more than once became the assailants. Exhausted by repeated struggles, and thinned by a destructive fire, the allied infantry began once more to give way, when General Lumley, with equal gallantry and decision, led forward the horse, closed up his ranks to sustain the discouraged and suffering troops, and by his example and support prevented a repulse.

However heavy the loss of the allies, the strength of the enemy was equally shaken by this protracted conflict. The accidental explosion of some powder which had been brought forward for distribution, spread a sudden panic; and, though the troops were led back to their posts, their numbers were rapidly diminished, and their spirits sank under an assault which was continually renewed. At length the English and Dutch were on the point of breaking into the intrenchment, when they were cheered by the advance of the Imperialists, led forward by the Margrave in person. These troops, passing the Wernitz below Berg, to prolong the attack on the right, drew up under the walls of Donawerth with little annoyance from the scattered fire of two Bavarian battalions, who were unskilfully posted on the ramparts, instead of lining the covert way. Advancing against the unfinished portion of the works between the fort and the town, they easily dispersed two French battalions left on the spot. The infantry experienced a trifling check from a charge of French cavalry; but the horse, rushing forward, repulsed the assailants, while the foot, wheeling to the left, bore on the flank of the troops engaged with the English and Dutch.

While the attention of the enemy was thus called to another quarter, the final effort was made at the principal attack. The regiment of dragoons, commanded by Lord John Hay, dismounted to aid the infantry; but before they could scale the intrenchment, the Gallo-Bavarians disbanding,

fled in the utmost disorder, some towards the village of Ziricksheim, some towards the bridge on the Danube, and others towards Donawerth.

Marlborough, who had greatly exposed his person in the conflict, and given his orders with his usual calmness, entered the works at the head of the first squadrons. He recalled the foot, who were in pursuit of the fugitives, and ordered the horse to charge and complete the victory. The rout and carnage which ensued may be more easily conceived than described. Many were intercepted in their way to Donawerth, while many, hurrying to the bridge, broke it down by their weight, and were lost in the Danube. Others, dispersing on every side, came in as deserters to the victorious army. D'Arco himself escaped with difficulty, and his son was among those who perished in the river. Of the whole body only 3,000 men rejoined the Elector; sixteen pieces of artillery and all the tents were taken; the equipage and plate of the commander fell into the hands of the victorious soldiery.

In this desperate conflict the allies had no less than 1,500 killed, and 4,000 wounded, and their loss was particularly heavy in officers; the killed amounting to eight generals, eleven colonels, and twenty-six captains. Besides General Goor, the Dutch general Beinheim was among the slain; the Prince of Bevern and Count Stirum were mortally wounded, and the Margrave of Baden himself received a contusion in his foot. Marlborough particularly regretted the fate of Goor, who, to great military talents and bravery, added equal zeal and integrity, and had rendered himself eminently useful during the preceding operations.

Scarcely was the conflict terminated before the night set in with a heavy rain. The Duke paid particular attention to the state of the wounded, whose sufferings were greatly aggravated by this unfavourable change of weather. He then left a considerable body of troops to maintain possession of the intrenchments, and withdrawing with the remainder to the camp on the Wernitz, took up his quarters at Obermorgen.*

By this one victory the house of Austria was saved. The

* Archdeacon Coxe, *Memoirs of Marlborough*.

grateful emperor wrote to Marlborough,—“This will be an eternal trophy to your most serene queen in Upper Germany, whither the victorious arms of the English nation have never penetrated since the memory of man.”*

* The original letter, in the emperor's own hand, is preserved among the archives in Blenheim-palace.

BLENHEIM.

A. D. 1704. August 13.

To his infinite joy, and incalculable advantage, the Duke of Marlborough had got rid of the old Margrave of Baden, and had been joined by Prince Eugene of Savoy, the only general on the side of the grand alliance that was at all fit to share military authority with him. Nearly at the same moment, Eugene, with 18,000 men, joined the duke; and Marshal Tallard, with another French army, joined the Elector of Bavaria. The duke and prince were determined to fight the enemy wherever they might find them. They found them in and about Blenheim, in numbers superior to their own.

Archdeacon Coxe, from a description and plan of the valley of the Danube, drawn up by Major Smith, has given a very clear view of the ground which was the theatre of this for-ever-memorable conflict.

The valley of the Danube, which stretches from the Kessel north-west to Dillingen, is seven English miles in length, and irregular in breadth. The widest part is from the sources to the mouth of the Nebel, a distance of nearly three miles, the narrowest part near Dapfheim, where the wooded eminences advance within half a mile of one branch of the Danube. On one side, the Danube winds in a tortuous bed, 300 feet broad, in no point fordable, and between banks either precipitous or swampy. On the opposite side, the valley is bounded by a series of wooded eminences, which vary its outline, by spreading into different ramifications. From these flow numerous rivulets, which descend into the Danube; and the whole space is intersected by ravines, and dotted with towns, villages, and dwellings.



ALLENHEIM

In reference to the events of this memorable day, the whole valley may be divided into three parts: the first, from the Kessel to the Nebel; the second, to the Schwanbach; the third, to Dillingen. For the features of the first and last, we shall refer to the plan, only calling the attention of the reader to the defile of Dapfheim, where a narrow pass might have enabled the enemy to oppose considerable obstructions to the advance of the allies, had they been sufficiently prompt in seizing the advantage.

The middle portion, which was the scene of conflict, merits a more particular description. Here the valley is not only more capacious, but more thickly dotted with villages and dwellings. Nearly in the middle runs the Nebel, or Hasel, which derives its waters from several sources rising in the heights above Schwenenbach and Lutzingen, and from Oberglauch flows into the Danube in a single channel. At the mouth the breadth is no more than twelve feet. Near the confluence is Blenheim, which is divided from the Nebel by a narrow slip of swelling ground; while behind the village commences a flat eminence or table land, which, expanding as it bends towards Oberglauch, slopes gently on the right, and is bounded on the north-west by the range of woody hills above Lutzingen. In the lower, or south-eastern part of this eminence, rises a streamlet called the Meulweyer, which, flowing through Blenheim in a double channel, is soon lost in the Danube.

Nearly two miles above Blenheim is Oberglauch, seated on the acclivity, about musket-shot from the Nebel, and on the opposite side is Unterglauch, standing on the very brink of the stream. The ground bordering the Nebel, particularly between Oberglauch and Blenheim, is generally marshy, and in many places impassable. Below the Unterglauch, the morass expands to a considerable breadth, and nearer Blenheim is a species of islet formed by a channel cut into the boggy soil, for the purpose of receiving the superfluous water from a spring which rises near the foot of the acclivity. On the main stream, a little above Blenheim, are two water-mills, which were adapted to serve as redoubts for impeding the passage. Between Unterglauch and Blenheim, near the point of the islet, is a stone bridge, over which runs the great road from Donawerth to Dillingen.

Higher up, in the gorge of the mountains, about a mile to the east of Oberglauh, is Lutzingen, bordered on the north and east, within musket-shot, by woods and ravines.

On the left of the Nebel the plain is uneven, and partly covered with brushwood. In the vicinity of Schwenenbach and Berghausen, the ground becomes more undulating. Near Weilheim, it rises into a gentle elevation, and consists of arable land as far as the village of Kremheim, which borders on the Danube.

In this great battle it is difficult to discover the respective numbers of the two armies, which in some degree arises from the uncertain mode of computation by battalions and squadrons.

The order of battle, which is preserved in the king's library, states the confederate army at 66 battalions and 166 squadrons; but of these, some are admitted to have been absent, and others unaccounted for.

Tallard computes the army of Marlborough at 49 battalions of 500 men each, and 88 squadrons of 160; and that of Eugene at 18 battalions and 78 squadrons; in all, 67 battalions and 166 squadrons, or 38,000 infantry and 26,560 cavalry—a total of 64,560 men. This exaggeration is evidently intended to extenuate his defeat.

Marlborough, in his letter to the States, computed the combined troops at 64 battalions and 166 squadrons, of which 1,500 horse were not present at the battle, making 32,000 infantry, and 18,420 cavalry, allowing 500 for each battalion, and 120 for each squadron; to which number we may add about 1,500 men, in consequence of the superior strength of the German squadrons. This statement justifies us in estimating the whole confederate force at 52,000 men. Of all arms, the enemy had about 56,000.

On the memorable 13th of August, at two in the morning, the allied generals, having detached their baggage to Rietlingen, broke up their camp, leaving the tents standing; and at three, the troops, amounting to 52,000 men, passed the Kessel in eight columns. The right wing was commanded by Eugene, the left by Marlborough, and the aggregate force amounted to 52,000 men, with 52 pieces of artillery, and a train of pontoons.

The army of Eugene, filing by the right, was divided

into two columns of infantry, and two of cavalry, the artillery following the infantry, and the cavalry closing the march. The army of Marlborough, filing by the left, broke also into two columns of infantry and two of cavalry, the cavalry being on the left, and the artillery following the infantry.

On reaching the bank of the Reichen, they came into parallel order, and halted. Here the outposts joined their respective corps. The two brigades of Wilkes and Rowe, which on the preceding evening had been stationed in front of Dapfheim, were formed into a ninth column, and reinforced with eleven battalions from the first line, and fifteen squadrons of cavalry. This column was designed to cover the march of the English and Dutch artillery along the great road, and to attack the village of Blenheim, the possession of which would facilitate the passage of the main army over the Nebel, and open the right flank of the enemy.

The troops of Marlborough were directed to form on the ground stretching from Weilheim to Kremheim, while those of Eugene, passing along the skirts of the hills in the rear of Wolperstetten, Berghausen, and Schwenenbach, were to prolong the line to the extremity of the valley, as far as Eichberg. From these general arrangements it appears that the allied commanders intended to make their first efforts against Blenheim and Lutzingen, which covered the flanks of the enemy. The subsequent changes arose from the locality of the ground, and the order adopted by their antagonists. After these preliminary dispositions, the troops resumed their march in silence. Meanwhile, Marlborough and Eugene, escorted by forty squadrons, rode forward to observe the situation of the enemy. They were accompanied by the Prussian general Natzmer, who had been made prisoner in the battle fought here between Stirum and Villars, in the preceding year, and was acquainted with the local peculiarities. About six they descried the advanced posts of the enemy falling back on their approach, and at seven, reaching the higher ground near Wolperstetten, they came in full view of the hostile camp. From hence they could trace the course of the Nebel, and learned that it might be traversed at the houses and water-mills, near the

right of the enemy ; but that the islet and the banks towards Oberglauh were deemed too swampy to be passable. They observed, also, that the ground on the hither side, as far as Unterglauh, was sufficiently high to protect the passage of the rivulet, but that the plain beyond the farther bank, on which the troops must form for the attack, was commanded by the eminence occupied by the enemy. To these peculiarities they adapted their plan.

The morning being hitherto partially hazy, the Gallo-Bavarians did not even suspect the approach of the enemy. Deceived by the intelligence which they had obtained from the prisoners taken on the preceding evening, they detached their cavalry to forage, and being persuaded that the allies were falling back on Nordlingen, they considered the guard which attended Marlborough and Eugene, as a body of cavalry pushed forward to cover this retrograde movement. But at seven, the fog dispersing, the heads of Eugene's columns were descried behind Berghausen, and the alarm was instantly given. Signal-guns were fired to recall the foragers, and the advanced corps, committing Berghausen, Schwenenbach, and Weilheim, to the flames, fell back to the main body. Confusion pervaded the lines, the artillery was hurried forward, and the troops were observed hastening to form at the head of the camp.

The Gallo-Bavarian army consisted of 56,000 men, and was drawn up in front of the tents, according to the order of encampment.

The united troops of the Elector and Marsin formed on the left with the cavalry on their right, the army of Tallard on the right with the cavalry on the left, so that the centre consisted of horse and the wings of foot. This order was adopted on the supposition that the Nebel was impassable from Oberglauh to the mills. The lines extended from the commencement of the acclivity behind Blenheim, along the crest of the eminence to the rear of Oberglauh, and from thence, crossing a branch of the Nebel, to the woods above Lutzengen.

As every moment afforded fresh indications of the approaching contest, Tallard proceeded to make ulterior arrangements. Hastening to Blenheim, he ordered a brigade of dragoons under the Count de Hautefeuille to dismount, and

form between the village and the Danube, behind a barricade of waggons. He then directed all the infantry of the first line, and part of the second, to enter the village, and placed the three brigades of Navarre, Artois, and Gueder, with their right joining the left of the dismounted dragoons, behind the palisades which enclosed the gardens. The openings between the houses and gardens were closed with boards, carts, and gates. Behind the hedges to the left of the village, he posted the brigade of Zurlauben; in the centre, among the houses, that of Languedoc, to the right; in the rear, the royal brigade; and behind the Meulweyer, that of Montroux, to act as a reserve. Two hundred men were also thrown into the castle and churchyard, and small bridges formed across the Meulweyer to facilitate the communications. The mills on the Nebel, and adjacent houses which were likely to favour the approach of an enemy, were set on fire. A battalion of artillery was distributed on different points, and Lieutenant-General De Clerambault was enjoined to maintain the village to the last extremity.

Eight squadrons of gens-d'armes drew up to the left of Blenheim, and from thence the line, including the right wing of the electoral army, amounting to about fifty squadrons, was prolonged to near Oberglauh. Behind this village was the infantry of Marsin, consisting of the brigades of Champagne and Boubonnois, and the Irish brigade, in all about thirty battalions. Beyond were more battalions extending to the left, and covering the flank of the cavalry, who were drawn up in front of Lutzingen. Strong pickets of infantry occupied Oberglauh, and eighteen French and Bavarian battalions, who had at first been posted in Lutzingen, were drawn out to form an oblique flank among the woods, on the extreme left of the cavalry. The second line of the united troops under the Elector and Marsin, was formed in the same order as the first; but in that of Tallard, were stationed three brigades of infantry in the centre of the cavalry. Behind was a reserve of horse, which could not find a place in the lines. Tallard, observing the increasing mass of the allies in the centre, sent an aide-de-camp to his colleague, requesting that his reserve might likewise be posted behind the centre, to resist the attack which he foresaw was meditated on that point; but this proposal was

declined by Marsin, from an apprehension that his whole force would be required to withstand the attack of Eugene.

The artillery was distributed with judgment. Four twenty-four pounders were planted on the high ground above Blenheim, to sweep the plain of Schweningen. Four eight-pounders were also pointed against the columns of Marlborough, as soon as they appeared about the high road leading towards Unterglauch. Before the *gens-d'armes* was another battery of twenty-four pounders, and the other pieces were disposed along the front of the different brigades. Zurlauben, who commanded the right wing of Tallard's cavalry, was directed to charge the allies whenever a certain number should have crossed the Nebel. Tallard rode along his lines to the left, and communicated his arrangements to the Elector and Marsin. The three generals then visited the other points of their position, to mature the preparations against the attack of Eugene, whose columns continued to stretch along the elevated ground behind Berghausen.

About seven the troops of Marlborough reached their respective points of formation, and began to deploy. Officers were detached to sound the Nebel, and indicate the spots which were most passable, and the different generals assembled round the commanders to receive their orders.

Two defects in the position of the enemy did not escape the vigilant eyes of the confederate generals. Blenheim and Oberglauch were too distant from each other to sweep the intervening space with a cross-fire, and the lines of cavalry on the elevated ground were too remote from the rivulet to obstruct the passage. Of these defects they prepared to take advantage. While Eugene bore on the front and left flank of the troops under the Elector and Marsin, Marlborough was to push his cavalry across the Nebel, under the protection of his foot, and to charge the hostile cavalry at the same time that the effort was made to carry Blenheim. With this view he ordered General Churchill to draw up the infantry in two lines—the first of seventeen, and the second of eleven batalions—in the direction of Weilheim; and between them an interval was left for the two lines of cavalry, the first of thirty-six, and the second of thirty-five squadrons. Novel as this disposition may appear, it was skilfully adapted to the ground; for the first line of infantry, by traversing the

Nebel, would cover the passage of the cavalry; while the second, acting as a reserve, would support the manœuvre from the hither bank. The pontoons being brought forward, the construction of five bridges was begun, one above Unterglauch, and four between that village and the mills, while the stone bridge, which had been damaged by the enemy, was repaired.

As a short interval of time was yet left, each squadron of the second line was ordered to collect twenty fascines to facilitate the passage of the fords.

During these preparations, the ninth column, destined for the attack of Blenheim, had filed through Schweningen, and inclining to the left above Kremheim, drew up in four lines of infantry and two of cavalry. The first line consisted of Rowe's brigade, the second of Hessians, the third of Ferguson's, and the fourth of Hanoverians. The first line of cavalry was formed by the dragoons of Ross, and the second by part of Wood's brigade. At eight a heavy cannonade was opened from every part of the enemy's right wing. Marlborough therefore ordered Colonel Blood, who had just arrived with the artillery, to plant counter-batteries on the most advantageous spots, particularly on the high ground below Unterglauch. He himself visited each battery as it opened, to mark the effect.

Meanwhile the Imperialists had continued filing to the right, and the presence of Eugene became necessary to direct his attack. On taking leave of his colleague, he promised to give notice as soon as his lines were formed, that the battle might begin on both wings at the same instant.

While Marlborough waited for this communication, he ordered the chaplains to perform the usual service at the head of each regiment, and implore the favour of Heaven; and he was observed to join with peculiar fervour in this solemn appeal to the Giver of Victory. After this act of devotion, he showed his usual humanity in pointing out to the surgeons the proper posts for the care of the wounded. He then rode along the lines, and was gratified to find both officers and men full of the most elevated hopes, and impatient for the signal. As he passed along the front, a ball from one of the opposite batteries glanced under his horse, and covered him with earth. A momentary feeling of alarm

for the safety of their beloved chief thrilled in the bosoms of all who witnessed the danger; but he coolly continued his survey, and finding his dispositions perfect, sat down to take refreshment, while he waited for the reports of Eugene.

At this period the cannonade grew warm and general. On the left the fire of the enemy was answered with spirit and effect; but on the right great difficulty occurred in bringing up the artillery; for the ground being extremely broken, covered with brushwood, and intersected by ravines and rivulets, the troops of Eugene were obliged to make a considerable circuit before they could gain their intended position, and during their formation were exposed to a long and destructive fire. Unaware of these obstacles, and impatient of delay, Marlborough sent repeated messengers to learn the situation of his colleague. He was apprized that Eugene had formed his lines with the infantry on the right and the cavalry on the left; but as the enemy presented a more extensive front, he had found it necessary to fill up the interval with the reserve. This change of disposition was not only difficult in itself, but, to the regret of Marlborough, retarded the attack at the moment when the arrangements on the left were completed, and the troops were anxiously expecting the signal to engage.

About mid-day an aide-de-camp arrived with the joyful intelligence that Eugene was ready. Marlborough instantly mounted his horse, and ordered Lord Cutts to begin the attack on Blenheim, while he led the main body towards the Nebel, where the bridges were nearly completed.

At one the attack on Blenheim commenced. The troops selected for this service inclined to the right, and descending to the bank of the Nebel, took possession of two mills under a heavy fire of grape. Having effected their purpose, they drew up on a farther bank, where they were covered by the rising slip of ground. They then deliberately advanced towards the enclosures, and at the distance of thirty paces received the first discharge of the enemy. Many brave officers and soldiers fell; but the gallant General Rowe, who commanded the leading brigade, struck his sword into the palisades before he gave the word to fire. In a few minutes, one-third of the troops composing the first line were either killed or wounded, and all efforts to force their way against

an enemy superior in number, and advantageously posted, were ineffectual. General Rowe himself was mortally wounded by a musket-ball. His own lieutenant-colonel and major were killed in attempting to remove the body, and the line, discouraged and broken, fell back on the Hessians, who were advancing. At this moment three squadrons of *gens-d'armes* charged the right flank of the disordered troops, and seized their colours, but were repelled by the Hessians, who, after recovering the colours, drove the assailants back to their line. Lord Cutts observing new squadrons preparing to advance, sent an aide-de-camp for a reinforcement of cavalry to cover his exposed flank; * and General Lumley, who commanded nearest the spot, detached five squadrons under Colonels Palm and Sybourg, across the Nebel.

Having cleared the swamp with difficulty, they had scarcely formed, before five squadrons of *gens-d'armes* saluted them with a fire of musketoons. The allied horse, instantly charging sword in hand, drove them back through the intervals of the brigade of Silly, which was in the second line. They, however, suffered severely; for, being galled in flank by the musketry from Blenheim, and assailed by the brigades in front, they were repulsed in disorder, and must have recrossed the Nebel, had not the brave Hessians a second time repelled the French horse.

The enemy having placed four additional pieces of artillery upon the heights near Blenheim, swept the fords of the Nebel with grape-shot. But notwithstanding this destructive fire, the brigades of Ferguson and Hulsen crossed near the lower water-mills, and advanced in front of the village. The enemy, therefore, withdrew the guns within their defences, and met the attack with such vigour that, after three successive repulses, the assailants halted under cover of the rising ground.

From the border of the Nebel Marlborough anxiously surveyed this unequal conflict. Finding that Blenheim was

* Lord Cutts, a lieutenant-general, was one of the very best of the English officers of this period. He had had good experience in war. He began his apprenticeship in Hungary, under the Duke of Lorraine. He served in the wars of William III., and contributed, if not to the victories, to the glorious retreats of that sovereign. William gave him the second regiment of foot guards, and the rank of general. Cutts was vigilant, intrepid, and sagacious.

occupied by a powerful body, instead of a detachment of infantry, and observing that the enemy were drawing down towards the Nebel, to prevent his cavalry from forming on the farther bank, he ordered the troops of Lord Cutts to keep up a feigned attack, by firing in platoons over the crest of the rising ground, while he himself hastened the dispositions for the execution of his grand design.

During this interval the passage of the Nebel was already begun by General Churchill, who had pushed a part of the infantry over the bridges in the vicinity of Unterglauch, which was still in flames. As soon as they began to form on the farther bank, the first line of cavalry broke into columns, and descended to the fords. Some threw fascines into the stream, or formed bridges with the planks of the pontoons, while others plunged into the water, and waded through the swamp towards the point of the islet. The enemy observed them struggling for a passage, and removing a part of the guns from Blenheim, enfiladed their crowded columns.

Scarcely had the confederate horse disengaged themselves, and begun to advance their right beyond the front of the infantry, before they were attacked by Zurlauben with the first line of cavalry, supported by the fire of artillery and musketry from Blenheim. Exhausted by their preceding efforts, and unable to present a connected line, they were borne down by the weight of the charge, and several squadrons on the left were driven to the very brink of the rivulet. Fortunately a part of the infantry was now sufficiently formed to check the pursuit of the enemy by a heavy fire, as soon as the broken troops had cleared their front, while the second line of cavalry advancing, several squadrons wheeled on the right of the French, and drove them behind the sources of the Meulweyer. These were incorporated with the first line; five additional squadrons were instantly led up to prolong the left; and the whole body in compact order halted on the hither bank of the Meulweyer, with the left flank stretching towards the outer hedges of Blenheim. They did not, however, long maintain their advantage; for two battalions of the royal brigade filing along the inclosures to the left of the village, opened a galling fire on their flank. The nearest squadrons gave

way, and the hostile cavalry, except the *gens-d'armes*, resumed their original position.

Meanwhile the passage of the Nebel was nearly completed in the centre. The broken squadrons again rallied, notwithstanding the concentrated fire of the enemy on the fords; and by the exertions of General Lumley, the whole left was drawn up beyond the Nebel.

Hompesch, with the Dutch cavalry, was likewise in line, and the Duke of Wirtemberg began to extend the Danes and Hanoverians in the direction of Oberglauh. The remaining battalions of infantry were also rapidly moving into the assigned position.

In proportion as the lines extended, the conflict, which had commenced in the vicinity of Blenheim, spread towards Oberglauh. The Danish and Hanoverian cavalry being charged by the right wing of Marsin, many squadrons were driven across the Nebel; and, though they resumed the attack, yet being outflanked and enfiladed by the fire of the troops in and near Oberglauh, they were again repulsed. While the battle fluctuated on this point, the Prince of Holstein Beck, who had cannonaded the enemy from the elevation near Weilheim, descended to the Nebel, and began to pass with eleven battalions above Oberglauh. Scarcely, however, did the head of this column appear beyond the rivulet, before it was charged by nine battalions, including the Irish brigade, which particularly distinguished itself. Application was made for support to the contiguous squadrons of imperial horse, which were drawn up within musket shot; but the demand being refused, the two foremost battalions were nearly cut to pieces, and the Duke of Holstein Beck himself mortally wounded and made prisoner.

Marlborough observed the disaster, and was conscious that not a moment was to be lost in gaining a point upon which the success of his plan depended. He galloped to the spot, led the brigade of Bernsdorf across the rivulet below Oberglauh, and posted them himself. He then ordered the artillery to be brought down from Weilheim for their support, and directed some squadrons of Danes and Hanoverians to cover their left. As the cavalry of Marsin evinced a disposition to charge, he led forward several squadrons of the Imperialists, and finally compelled the enemy to retire into Oberglauh, or to

fall back beyond. By this prompt and masterly movement, he established a connection with the army of Eugene; for while this small body of infantry divided the attention of the enemy, and protected the left of the Imperialists, who were forming above Oberglauch, they covered the right of our great line of cavalry, and masked the offensive movement which Marlborough meditated against Tallard.

It was now three in the afternoon, and Marlborough returned to the centre, after despatching Lord Tunbridge to announce his success, and learn the situation of his colleague.

Having described the progress of the battle on the left, we turn our attention to the army of Eugene.

About one the first onset commenced. The Prince of Anhalt, who commanded the infantry, prolonged his line towards the gorge of the mountains, to take the enemy in flank, and traversed the main stream of the Nebel. Being, however, obliged to halt for the arrival of the artillery, his troops were exposed to the destructive fire of a battery in front of Lutzingen. At length a counter battery being placed near the verge of the wood, the troops again moved forward in columns, filing across the stream, and forming as they advanced. The Danes attacked the enemy posted near the skirt of the wood, and the Prussians, driving back the hostile infantry, after a sanguinary conflict, carried the battery, which had spread destruction through their ranks. At this moment the imperial horse, breaking into columns, forded the stream, and drove the first line of the Bavarian cavalry through the intervals of the second. Being, however, broken in their turn by the second, they were pursued across the Nebel, to their original position on the border of the wood. Some of the hostile squadrons then wheeled to the left, fell on the flank of the Prussian infantry, recovered the battery, and forced them to retreat.

At the distance of two hundred paces, the broken infantry made a stand, but being assailed by increasing numbers, were driven back with a heavy loss. The Danes, discouraged by the fate of their companions, relinquished the ground which they had gained, and a total rout might have ensued had not the Prince of Anhalt rushed into the thickest of the combat, animated the drooping spirits of the men, and drawn them back to the point where they were covered by the wood.

Meanwhile, Eugene, rallying the cavalry, led them again to the charge. They were at first successful, but being unsupported by the infantry, and enfiladed both from Oberglauch, and the battery in front of Lutzingen, were a second time broken, and fell back in disorder across the Nebel. Fortunately, the Dutch brigade of Heidenbrecht, which formed part of Marlborough's right, had now taken up a position above Oberglauch. As these troops masked the movements of the Imperialists, Eugene, after restoring order among his cavalry, again led them across the Nebel, and advanced towards the enemy.

Both parties being equally exhausted, they paused before they came in contact, at such a small distance as enabled every individual to mark the countenance of his opponent. In this awful suspense, the Elector was seen emulating the conduct of Eugene, riding from rank to rank, encouraging the brave, and rousing the timid by his voice and example. At the same time, the Prince of Anhalt, after changing the front of the infantry, advanced obliquely, stretching the right of his line towards the wood to take the enemy in flank. As soon as he had reached the proper point, the signal for a new charge was given. But the imperial cavalry were discouraged by the double repulse; their onset was feeble, momentary, and indecisive; their line was again broken, and they fled in utter confusion a third time beyond the Nebel. In a transport of despair, Eugene left the Prince of Hanover and the Duke of Wirtemberg to rally the horse, and flew to the infantry, who still maintained the attack with incredible resolution. Stung by the prospect of defeat, he rashly exposed his person, and was in danger of being shot by a Bavarian dragoon, but was saved by one of his own men, who sabred the trooper at the very moment he was taking the fatal aim. The daring example of the chief exciting the emulation of his troops, they at length turned the left flank of the enemy, and, after a sanguinary struggle, drove them back through the wood, and across the ravine, beyond Lutzingen. Still, however, their situation was perilous in the extreme. Unsupported by the horse, their very success had placed them in a position from which it was difficult to retreat, and dangerous to advance, had the enemy been enabled to resume the attack.

In the midst of this protracted contest, the battle drew to a crisis on the left. The troops of Marlborough had finally effected the passage of the Nebel, and at 5 P.M. his dispositions were complete. The cavalry were formed in two strong lines, fronting the enemy, and the infantry ranged in their rear towards the left, with intervals between the battalions to favour the retreat of such squadrons as should experience a repulse. In the course of the successive efforts made by one party to maintain their ground, and by the other to advance, Tallard had interlaced the cavalry with nine battalions of infantry, originally posted in the second line. This skilful disposition being instantly perceived by the officers commanding on the correspondent points of the allied front, to counteract it three battalions of Hanoverians were brought forward, and placed in a similar manner, supported by several pieces of artillery. Amidst a tremendous fire of cannon and musketry, the allies, moving up the ascent, made a charge, but were unable to break the firm order of the enemy, and fell back sixty paces, though they still maintained themselves on the brow of the acclivity. After another awful pause, the conflict was renewed with artillery and small arms; the fire of the enemy was gradually overpowered, and their infantry, after displaying the most heroic valour, began to shrink from the tempest of balls which rapidly thinned their ranks. Marlborough seized this moment to make a new charge, and the troops pressed forward with so much bravery and success, that the French horse were again broken, and the nine battalions, being abandoned, were cut to pieces or made prisoners. The consequence of this shock was fatal, for the right wing of Marsin's cavalry fell back to avoid a flank attack, and left an interval in the centre of the line.

Tallard, perceiving his situation hopeless, made a desperate effort, not for victory, but for safety. He drew up the remainder of his cavalry and the nearest squadrons of Marsin, behind the tents, in a single line, with their right extended towards Blenheim, to extricate the infantry posted in the village, and despatched an officer with orders for its immediate evacuation. At the same time he sent messengers to the left, pressing his colleague either to support him with a reinforcement, or make an offensive movement to divide

the attention of his antagonists. But the mischief was irreparable. The Elector and Marsin were too closely pressed to comply with his request; and Marlborough, observing the weakness of his line, and the exposed situation of his right flank, saw that the decisive moment of victory was arrived. The trumpet sounded the charge, and the allied horse rushed forward with tremendous force. The hostile cavalry did not await the shock; but, after a scattered volley, fled in the utmost dismay—the left towards Hochstadt, and the right, reduced to thirty squadrons, in the direction of Sonderheim. Marlborough instantly detached Hompesch, with thirty squadrons, in pursuit of the first, and himself, with the rest of the cavalry, following the remainder, drove many down the declivity near Blenheim into the Danube and the Schwanbach. Numbers were killed or taken in the rout, and many perished in the attempt to swim across the Danube.

A crowd of fugitives slipped under cover of the bank, and crossed the Schwanbach, hoping to reach Hochstadt; being entangled in the morass bordering the Brunnen, and cut off from the high road by the dragoons of Bothmar, they took refuge in a coppice. In the terror of the moment, some forced their way through the dragoons, and others, plunging into the Danube, perished in the sight of their terrified companions. Among those who escaped was the Marquis de Hautefort. Joining the brigade of Grignan, which still remained in a body on the bank of the Brunnen, he advanced against the dragoons of Bothmar, and extricated the remnant of the *gens-d'armes* who were yet mounted. But fresh squadrons of the allies advancing, the French fell back to the height beyond Hochstadt, and withdrew the wounded, who had been carried thither in the heat of the engagement.

Still, however, Marshal Tallard and several of his principal officers, with a body of cavalry who had followed them in the rout, remained near Sonderheim. Cut off on one side by the allied horse, and on the other unwilling to encounter almost certain death by plunging into the Danube, they had no alternative but to submit to the fate of war. Tallard delivered his sword to the aide-de-camp of the Prince of Hesse, and with him surrendered many officers of distinction.

They were immediately conducted to the victorious commander, and received with all the attention which was due to their character and misfortune.

During these events Hompesch had continued to press on the broken squadrons of the retreating enemy. They attempted to rally after crossing the Brunnen near Diessenhofen; but on the approach of their pursuers, were seized with a panic, and fled towards Morselingen. At the same time two battalions of infantry, who had formed with them, purchased their safety by yielding up their arms.

From the verge of the wood above Lutzingen, where Eugene had halted after his last attack, he witnessed the advance of his colleague, and the final charge, which ended in the wreck of Tallard's army. Observing the right of Marsin filing towards the rear, and the Bavarian infantry pouring into Lutzingen, he rightly judged that his opponents were preparing to retreat. He instantly renewed the conflict with the infantry, though supported only by two squadrons, and forced his way through the woods and ravines towards Lutzingen. After an arduous struggle, his troops emerged into the plain, and he halted for the approach of the cavalry, who had pressed on the Bavarian horse in their retreat. The flames which burst forth at Oberglauch and Lutzingen, proved that the enemy had abandoned those places, and were hastening to withdraw from their perilous situation.

The attention of Marlborough was now turned to the movements of the Elector and Marsin. Perceiving the advance of Eugene, and the conflagration at Oberglauch and Lutzingen, he recalled the cavalry of Hompesch, and joining them with additional squadrons, prepared to charge the enemy, who were rapidly filing in good order along the skirt of the wood towards Morselingen. Such an attack would probably have terminated in the utter ruin of their whole army; but it was prevented by one of those accidents which often occur in the confusion of battles. The troops of Eugene appeared behind those of the enemy, in a situation to bear on the flank of the victorious cavalry; and as the fall of night, and the clouds of smoke which hung over the field, rendered the view indistinct, they were mistaken for a part of the electoral army. Marlborough, therefore, countermanded the order for harassing the Gallo-Bavarians in their

retreat; and although closely pursued by the cavalry of Eugene, they drew up under cover of the wood between Lutzingen and Morselingen. Having collected the remnant of the defeated wing, they fell back on the approach of night in the direction of Dillingen.

The fate of the troops posted in Blenheim still remained undecided. They had witnessed the effect of the battle without making any attempt to escape, because the officer despatched with the order had been prevented from reaching the village by the last fatal charge. Finding themselves insulated by the defeat of the cavalry, they used the utmost exertion to maintain their post to the last extremity. The commander, Monsieur de Clerambault, being lost in the Danube, they were left without a chief and without orders, but awaited their destiny with a firmness which merited a better fate.

As soon as the plain was cleared, General Churchill left his infantry towards the rear of the village, and extended his right flank to the Danube; while General Meredith, with the Queen's regiment, took possession of a small barrier which had been formed to preserve a communication along the bank with Hochstadt. These movements roused the enemy from a sullen desperation. They first attempted to escape by the rear of the village, and being repulsed, rushed towards the road leading to Sonderheim. Here they were again checked by the Scots Greys, who had been led forward to the crest of the acclivity by General Lumley. They finally attempted to emerge by the opening towards Oberglauh, when eight squadrons of horse under General Ross compelled them again to take refuge behind the houses and inclosures.

Though encompassed by inevitable perils, they obstinately maintained their post, and it became necessary to recur to a general attack on every accessible point of the village. Lord Cutts was ordered to occupy their attention on the side of the Nebel, while Lord Orkney, with eight battalions, attacked the churchyard, and General Ingolsby, with four more, supported by the dragoons of Ross, endeavoured to penetrate on the side of the opening towards Oberglauh. Several batteries, planted within musket shot, co-operated in these

attacks, and one of the howitzers set fire to several houses and barns.

A vigorous conflict appeared likely to ensue. But on one side the prospect of a sanguinary, though successful attack, and on the other of a fruitless, though destructive defence, induced the contending parties to spare the effusion of blood. A parley took place, and the French proposed a capitulation; but General Churchill, riding forward, insisted on an unconditional surrender. No resource remained: to resist was hopeless, to escape impossible. With despair and indignation the troops submitted to their fate; and the regiment of Navarre, in particular, burned their colours, and buried their arms, that such trophies might not remain to grace the triumph of an enemy. Twenty-four battalions and twelve squadrons, with all their officers, surrendered themselves prisoners of war; and thus closed the mighty struggle of this eventful day.

The field being cleared of the enemy, and night approaching, the Duke ordered the army to be drawn up, with the left extending to Sonderheim, the right towards Morselingen, and the soldiers to lie all night under arms, on the field of battle. They quickly possessed themselves of the enemy's tents, with great quantities of vegetables. Nearer the Danube lay about a hundred oxen, which were to have been distributed to the hostile troops. These were no unwelcome booty to the victorious soldiers, after their long and hard services.

After this, his Grace gave orders for dressing the wounded, and putting them under cover. Then he made a repartition of the prisoners, who amounted to eleven or twelve thousand men. The enemy had at least as many more killed or wounded. These prisoners, with their generals, being divided and disarmed, were ordered to the adjacent villages, in the rear of our army, guarded by several squadrons of horse and dragoons.

Such a battle was not to be gained without heavy loss on the side of the victors. The French and Bavarians had been strongly posted, and had fought well. In the armies of Marlborough and Eugene about four thousand five hundred were killed, and about seven thousand five hundred wounded.

With the exception of the Prince of Holstein Beck, and the brave Brigadier Rowe, few officers of high rank were killed; but Lord North and Lord Mordaunt were among the wounded.

During the whole of this tremendous conflict, the Duke of Marlborough exerted himself with his characteristic coolness, vigilance, and energy, superintending the manœuvres in every part, and appearing in every point where the presence of the general was necessary, to revive the courage, to restore the order, or to direct the attacks of his troops.*

Following so closely on the disaster of Schellenberg, the great battle of Blenheim quite destroyed the confident French *prestige*; and the name of Marlborough became in France a watchword of fear.

According to their own confessions, as contained in letters that were intercepted by Marlborough's troopers, the French and Bavarians lost in the battle, and the consequent flight, nearly *forty thousand* men. Thousands were drowned in the Danube; thousands were lost in the precipitate retreat to the Black Forest, either by desertion, or by the pursuit of hussars and vindictive peasants, who made a great slaughter of the stragglers. So decisive an action had not been fought for ages: the Gallo-Bavarian army may be said to have been annihilated.

* Archdeacon Coxe, *Memoirs of Marlborough*. Dr. Hare's *Journal*.

RAMILIES.

A. D. 1706. Whitsunday, May 23.

THROUGH the short-comings of our allies, the war was again transferred to the Low Countries, and was even there languidly conducted for some time. But even in the year 1705, Marlborough, with rare skill and promptitude, broke the celebrated French lines, which were held by Marshal Villeroi and the Elector of Bavaria, and which had been carefully fortified. The whole of that year's campaign proved how well our great general knew the art of war, and really did him as much honour as the more brilliant campaign of 1704.

In 1706, the opposing armies took the field rather more early than usual. The exertions of Marlborough to get all the confederate troops in readiness were painfully long. But once ready he felt sure of success.

“With courage on he goes: doth execute
With counsel; and returns with victory.”*

On the 22nd of May, having drawn towards the Lower Gheet, the Duke of Marlborough encamped with his right at Borchloen, and his left at Corswaren. He received intelligence that the Danish troops he expected to join him, were arrived at a point not three miles off. This accession would bring up his army to seventy-three battalions, and one hundred and twenty-three squadrons, making a total of about sixty thousand men; which so nearly approached the force of the enemy, as to leave very little cause for apprehending the result of a battle. In the mean time, the French had crossed the Great Gheet, and were moving on Judoigne, where they could draw no great advantage of position either from nature or from art. Marlborough re-

* Daniel.

solved to attack them there, and gave orders to march by the left, in eight columns, intending to pass round the sources of the Little Gheet.

On the morning of the 23rd, the army was again in motion, but a heavy rain, which had fallen during the night, much retarded the advance of the infantry. Thus the enemy had time to anticipate the Duke's design, and to take up the very ground he had hoped to occupy. Through a thick fog Marlborough saw their squadrons traversing the plain of St. André, and stretching by Ramilies towards the Mehaigne. For some time it could not be ascertained whether the squadrons in sight were pushed forward to cover the advance of the main body of the French, or merely to protect a side movement towards their now fortified lines. But when the fog dispersed, this doubt was removed: the two armies were in sight of each other, and the enemy were making dispositions to receive the attack in the strong camp of Mont St. André. This is the ground that was rendered memorable by the battle which decided the fate of the Netherlands. The country, in some respects, was not unlike that which so perplexed good Uncle Toby, being much cut up with little rivers, canals, ditches, and sluices.

The most elevated part in the plains of Brabant, is the tract of land between the sources of the two Gheets, the Mehaigne, and the Dyle. These streams, finding at first but little descent, render the ground marshy towards their rise, partially swampy along their whole course, and in some places even impassable. The banks of the Great Gheet are steep; those of the Mehaigne and Little Gheet less abrupt. The ground rising suddenly above them, forms a plain the surface of which is dotted with coppices. That portion which was the scene of conflict, is divided into two parts by the Little Gheet: the eastern is called the plain of Jandrincœuil; the western, the position of Mont St. André, from a village on the Gheet, which forms nearly an equilateral triangle with Autreglise, or Anderkirk, and the old tomb of Ottomond. From this tomb, or barrow, which crowns the highest point of the plain, and overlooks the marshes bordering the Mehaigne, the position extends as far as Ramilies, near the head of the Little Gheet; and then, following the marshy course of the rivulet, is continued to the rising ground on which Offuz

is situated. From Offuz, bending forward on the left bank of the stream, it proceeds along the verge of the eminence to Autreglise, where it terminates in the fork, made by the confluence of the Jauche and the Little Gheet.

When the heads of the allied columns had cleared the village of Mierdorp, they diverged into the open plain of Jandrincueil, preparatory to formation. The first and second marched along the Chaussée de Brunchault; the third and fourth towards the heights of Ottomond; the fifth and sixth upon the steeple of Offuz; and the seventh and eighth kept those of Foulz and Autreglise in a direct line. They then formed in order of battle, between Boneffe and Foulz, in two lines, the infantry in the centre, and the cavalry on the wings, except twenty squadrons of Danes, who were posted behind the left centre as they arrived. This formation began at ten in the morning, and was completed at one.

The enemy's light troops having gradually fallen back before the advancing columns, the allied commanders proceeded to reconnoitre more closely the hostile position, and found them posted in two lines. The left, consisting of infantry, stretched nearly from Autreglise to Offuz, between the two branches which form the Little Gheet; the centre, in similar order, extended from the inclosures of Offuz to the high ground behind Ramilies; and the right, comprising almost the whole cavalry, in number one hundred squadrons, in two lines, with intervals between, occupied the open space in front of the tomb of Ottomond, between Ramilies and the Mehuigne. The first line was composed of gardes du corps, gens-d'armes, mousquetaires, and horse grenadiers, with the Bavarian cuirassiers on the left extremity; the second entirely of French horse. Into Ramilies, which is surrounded by a drain and inclosures, were thrown twenty battalions; and Offuz and Autreglise were likewise occupied. To protect their right, the enemy posted a brigade of infantry at the bridge of Tavieres, situated about a quarter of a mile in front, amidst marshes and enclosures; and scattered parties of light infantry lined the hedges about Franquinay; the marsh of Mehuigne being everywhere impassable, excepting at the bridge.

Although this order of battle was formidable, the defects of the position were too obvious to escape the penetrating

eye of the British commander. From its concave shape, it afforded great advantages to an assailant who, performing his manœuvres on the chord, while the enemy must traverse the arc, could bring a superior force into action on a given spot and in a given time. He saw, also, that the left wing would be cramped in its movements by the nature of its situation, and prevented from attacking by the morass which protected it from aggression. He perceived, likewise, that the tomb of Ottomond was the key of the field, and that Tavieres was too far in advance either to give or receive protection. He judged therefore that, to facilitate an attack upon the hostile right, it would be requisite to induce the enemy to derange their dispositions by making a feint against their left: a manœuvre which would compel them to strengthen the point menaced, and weaken that which was the real object of attack. Finally, by carrying Tavieres, he would uncover the flank of the horse, and, by gaining the commanding point, which is crowned by the tomb of Ottomond, enfilade the whole position.

With these objects in view, he formed his plan. He ordered the British, Dutch, and German infantry, composing the right, to march down from the heights of Foulz in two lines, sustained by the cavalry, and form a demonstration of attack against the villages of Autreglise and Offuz. The stratagem produced the desired effect; for no sooner did Villeroi discover his left to be menaced, than he drew a very considerable corps of infantry from his centre, which marched with the greatest celerity to reinforce the detached troops about Autreglise. While these were replacing by part of his infantry of the right, and the hasty movement had somewhat disordered the hostile lines, Marlborough directed his own right to face about, and reascend the high elevation, from whence the first line alone would be visible to the enemy. As soon as the second, now foremost in retiring to the first position, had passed the crest of the ground, and was no longer in view, he directed most of the battalions to march rapidly to the left, and to form in rear of the left centre. The twenty squadrons of Danes were placed in a third line, behind the cavalry of the left wing. Four battalions, including the Dutch guards with two pieces of cannon, were detached from the left of the infantry, and formed near Boneffe, with orders

to march parallel to the cavalry, and dislodge the enemy from Franquinay and Tavieres; and twelve battalions, under General Schultz, were also selected from the infantry on the left to form an attack on Ramilies.

About half-past one, the artillery of the confederate army opened fire, and was immediately answered by that of the enemy. Colonel Wertmuller, who commanded the detachment against Tavieres, dislodged the hostile parties of infantry lining the hedges near Franquinay; and, as he advanced along the valley of the Mehaigne, the horse of the left wing, headed by Overkirk, moved gradually and perpendicularly upon the right of the enemy. On approaching Tavieres, the Dutch guards encountered considerable resistance, the enemy being covered by the enclosures, and encouraged by the prospect of a reinforcement.

The vigour of the assault on Tavieres having now convinced Villeroi that the real design of the allies was to gain his right flank, he ordered fourteen squadrons of dragoons to dismount, and leaving their horses on the rise, behind a streamlet opposite the tomb of Ottomond, to hasten to the support of the troops in the village. To these were joined two battalions of Swiss infantry. But before they could arrive, the confederates carried Tavieres by storm, and the Danish horse wheeling round, intercepted, and either cut them in pieces, or drove them into the Mehaigne.

In the midst of this masterly movement, which frustrated the enemy's reliance on the protection of a flank fire from Tavieres, Overkirk charged their cavalry. His troops, pressed into compact order by their advance, overbore the first line of the enemy, which was weakened by intervals between the squadrons. But being assailed in his turn by the second line, the foremost ranks were driven back on those behind, and the whole body thrown into confusion. The Bavarian cuirassiers profited by the disorder to bear on their right under the protection of the battery at Ramilies; but the Duke of Marlborough in person coming up with seventeen squadrons from the right, and the Danes who returned from the defeat of the reinforcement prolonging the left, the efforts of the enemy were checked by the danger which menaced both their flanks.

In the height of this conflict, the twelve battalions under

General Schultz, supported by the contiguous lines of infantry, commenced the attack on Ramilies, the fire from which had hitherto impeded the movements of the left wing. Advancing his troops in four columns, on the front and flank of the village, he drew the concentrated fire from the batteries on his own corps, and thus enabled the left wing to regain their order.

Marlborough, perceiving the confusion of the horse, ordered up from the right wing every remaining squadron except the British, to give efficiency to the attack, which still continued in suspense, and hurried forward himself to encourage his soldiery. In this effort he was exposed to the most imminent danger. His person being recognized, some of the French dragoons, advancing from their ranks, closed round him, while he was entangled with his own recoiling troops. Attempting to disengage himself by leaping a ditch, he was thrown to the ground, and in danger of being made prisoner. At this moment his aide-de-camp, Captain Molesworth, dismounted and supplied him with his own horse. On this, as on many other occasions, it seemed as if Providence specially protected the days of this extraordinary man; for while he was remounting, a cannon-ball struck off the head of Colonel Bingfield, his equerry, who held the stirrup. He, however, succeeded in escaping, and regained his own lines in safety, though severely bruised. His danger redoubled the energy of his troops, and in full gallop they returned to the charge.

At this crisis twenty squadrons arrived in full speed from the right, and formed a fourth line on the right flank in the rear. The view of so powerful a reinforcement rushing across the plain, produced an evident pause in the hostile lines, and gave a new advantage to the assailants. Before this reinforcement could come into action, the Danish squadrons, led on by the Duke of Wirtemberg, penetrated between the morass of the Mehaigne, and the right flank of the household troops; while the Prince of Hesse Cassel, with the Dutch guards, and Opdam and Dopff dragoons, pressing upon their rear, drove them round Ramilies towards Geest à Gerompont, although both Villeroi and the Elector exposed their persons, and used their utmost exertions to rally the fugitives.

After this, the allied horse crowned the height of Ottomond, and the success of the day was no longer doubtful. General Schultz, meantime, had advanced with his columns under the protection of a heavy fire of shot and shells. He first forced back some battalions of Swiss, and gained the skirts of the houses. He then took the Bavarian grenadiers, who were on the right, in flank, and drove them, together with their foot guards, through the centre of the village; yet the two battalions of the Cologne guards still stood firm, and the Marquis de Maffei, who commanded the Bavarians stationed in the valley, ordered them to occupy the reverse of the hollow road which leads out of Ramilies towards Ottomond, in hopes that the Gallo-Bavarian cavalry was still in possession of the high plain behind him. By this manœuvre he regained part of the village; but the allied infantry, reinforced with twenty battalions of their centre, pressed with redoubled vigour upon the disordered troops, and the whole took to flight. Coming on the plain, Maffei mistook the allied horse for his own, and was taken prisoner.* At the same time his infantry was intercepted, and cut to pieces or captured, except the French and Swiss guards, who being more towards the left, escaped the general destruction.

The battle had now lasted three hours and a half, and it became necessary for the victorious cavalry of the left wing to pause and restore order. Of this interval the enemy availed themselves. The Elector and Villeroi, with part of the cavalry of their left, endeavoured to make a movement between Geest à Gerompont and Offuz, to cover the formation of the broken troops; but they were impeded by their train and baggage, which had been suffered to remain too close to the rear of their first position.

The British commander saw the confusion and dismay which pervaded their ranks, and seized the moment to strike the final and decisive blow. By his direction, the troops who had made or sustained the attack on Ramilies, penetrated through the swamp towards Offuz, and were supported by General Wood, who had been ordered up from the right, with part of the British horse. The enemy, however, gave way without waiting their approach; and Wood, finding

* *Memoires du Marquis de Maffei.*

Offuz evacuated, advanced upon the rising ground behind the village.

In the midst of this rout, the infantry regiments of Churchill and Mordaunt, who, with five squadrons of Lumley, Hay, and Ross, had hitherto continued on the heights of Foulz, did not remain idle spectators of the conflict. They boldly forced their way through the morass, ascended the acclivity between the Jauche and the Gheet, and coming in the rear of Autreglise, charged and defeated the troops which remained on the left flank of the enemy. The five squadrons who accompanied them now joined in the pursuit, and overtaking the Regiment du Roi, compelled them to throw down their arms, and surrender. This regiment counted five strong battalions, and had not yet fired a shot in the battle.

Meanwhile the regiments of Wyndham, with General Wood at their head, continued to press the retreating army. Approaching the farm of Chantrain, they came in view of the Spanish and Bavarian horse-guards, who, being animated by the Elector in person, preserved a firm countenance, and were endeavouring to cover the retreat of the artillery belonging to the left wing. With his own regiment General Wood instantly charged the Bavarians, who formed the left, while that of Wyndham attacked the Spaniards. The shock was fatal: numbers were killed or made prisoners; the standards and kettle-drums became the trophies of the victors; and even the Elector himself escaped with difficulty.

The fate of the regiment struck such consternation in the waving mass of the French army, which was retiring with some vestiges of order, that, regardless of the security which they derived from the depth of their front, and the protection of the Great Gheet, they suddenly burst from all control. Throwing themselves headlong down the descent leading to the river, they strove to gain Judoigne, or spread in all directions like a scattered swarm. As the baggage-wagons, broken down, overturned, and locked into each other, obstructed the roads, the crowd could not escape along the direct way to the rear, and the British cavalry, being quite fresh, overtook and captured vast numbers. Almost all the cannon, and the whole of the baggage, fell into the hands

of the victors, who continued the pursuit with unabated vigour, through Judoigne, till two in the morning. At this time the Duke and Overkirk, with the main army, halted at Meldert, five leagues from the field of battle, and two leagues from Louvain.

Lord Orkney, however, with some squadrons of light horse, continued the pursuit to the vicinity of Louvain, the enemy still flying in the greatest confusion, dropping their heavy baggage, flinging away their arms, and not deeming themselves safe though they were covered by the Dyle.

This surprising victory was principally owing to the skilful dispositions of the Duke, to his presence and activity in every quarter where danger threatened, or disorder began to take place, and to the firmness and perseverance of the Dutch infantry and cavalry, who bore the brunt of the first onset. The German infantry also sustained their national character in the attack of Ramilies; and the horse of the right, who came late into the action, are entitled to the merit of having rendered the victory complete and decisive.

The gallant old Marshal Overkirk vied with his illustrious colleague in deeds of skill and valour. He fought at the head of the Dutch troops, and continued on horseback till one in the morning, when he narrowly escaped from the treachery of a Bavarian captain of horse, whom he had taken prisoner. Having kindly returned his sword, saying, "You are a gentleman, and may keep it," the villain abused his mercy by an attempt to stab his benefactor in the back, and was only prevented from perpetrating the infamous deed by the marshal's groom, who rode up and shot him dead on the spot.

The event of the day cost the enemy 13,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, among whom were several officers of distinction, particularly the Princes of Soubise and Rohan, and a son of Marshal Tallard, who was mortally wounded. The desertion which followed the engagement swelled their loss to 15,000 men. The spoils of this memorable day amounted to eighty colours and standards, and almost the whole French artillery, with the baggage which had not been sent to the rear. The allies acknowledged 1,066 killed, and 2,567 wounded. Of these, 82 officers were killed, and

283 wounded ; but none of distinction fell, except the Prince of Hesse Cassel, and five colonels.

The Elector and Villeroy, after escaping from the perils of the field, fled to Louvain. Holding a council in the market-place by torch-light, they hastily resolved to abandon the fortified towns and open country, and to save their discomfited army by a rapid retreat behind the canal of Brussels.

The humanity displayed by the victorious general towards his prisoners deserves to be recorded. The sick and wounded were lodged in hospitals, and treated with the same care and attention as the troops of allies. The prisoners were conveyed into Holland with the sympathy due to their misfortune, and supplied with all comforts which their situation required. To the beneficent example which he displayed on this, as on other occasions, we are indebted for the refined tenderness which has taken place in the intercourse of hostile armies. This virtue extorted the admiration even of the enemy ; and a French writer pays a just eulogium to our great commander, for a quality which could not be said to distinguish the chiefs of his own and preceding ages. "The Duke of Marlborough always showed the utmost attention to his prisoners, and set the example of that humanity which has since soothed the horrors and calamities of war." *

Some of the general officers who were taken prisoners, told Marlborough that they had thought themselves quite sure of victory, as they had all the King of France's household, and with them the best troops of that kingdom.

The fruits of the victory of Ramilies were immense. Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, and all the principal towns of Brabant, surrendered to the conqueror.

" Thus, when the rescued Danube, Rhine, and Scheld,
Immortal Churchill ! thee in arms beheld,

* Archdeacon Coxe, "Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough." This industrious and correct writer collected and compared all the good contemporary accounts of these great battles of the reign of Queen Anne. There is nothing to be added to the archdeacon's descriptions, except some gleanings from the Marlborough Letters and Despatches, edited by the late General Sir George Murray.

The face of war soon took a brighter turn,
And fainting squadrons with new vigour burn!
Thy courage, like the universal soul,
Darts through the troops and animates the whole,
And Victory, yielding to thy stronger charms,
Caress'd thy standard, and embrac'd thy arms,"*

* Imitation of Boileau's "Lutrin." London, 1708. Rowe, the author of the tragedies, prefaced the imitation, but does not mention who wrote.

OUDENARDE.

A.D. 1708. July 11.

AMONG other important results, the battle of Ramilies led to the recall of Marshal Villeroy, and the substitution of Marshal Vendome, who was then considered the bravest, the most skilful, and in all things the greatest of the living generals of Louis XIV. Vendome had taken the field brim full of confidence. The French army had been reinforced, and fresh corps, who had been accustomed to victory and not to defeat, were gathered in Flanders.

Vendome had assumed the offensive. Aided by the treachery of the inhabitants, he had surprised and captured the important towns of Ghent and Bruges, and was now laying siege to Oudenarde, the connecting link for our alternate defence of Flanders and Brabant. Marlborough and Prince Eugene resolved that Oudenarde should not be taken, and it was this resolution which led to the great battle. After a series of rapid and most skilful marches and manœuvres, they got Marshal Vendome in a situation where he could not refuse or avoid the combat. In order that this memorable conflict may be more clearly understood, we extract from Marlborough's best biographer a full survey of the surrounding country and field of action.

From the frontier of France to the confluence of the Scheld and Lys, the surface consists of low hills and bold undulations, which contract the valley of the Scheld in various places, till they gradually subside in the vicinity of Ghent. Human industry here exerts unremitting efforts, and the eye nowhere rests on a patch of heath, or even on a single acre in repose. On the bolder swells of the upland, which are generally denominated couters, corn predominates; on the lower, flax, clover, peas, and buckwheat. Woods or coppices are

found only on the steep acclivities, where the plough cannot act, or in patches of plantations, except towards France, where the country is shaded by forests. Numerous villages and hamlets enliven this rich and varied surface; small farms and cottages are scattered in every direction; and at intervals appear the turrets of a castellated mansion, a convent, or abbey. Of the roads which form the communications between these countless dwellings, those across the couters are usually bare, and the others are mostly fringed with underwood, or bordered with avenues. Towards the Scheld, which winds along a valley comparatively low, are ranges of meadows, intersected with numerous drains and water-courses.

At the distance of a mile north of Oudenarde, is the village of Eyne. Here the ground rises into a species of low, but capacious amphitheatre. It sweeps along a moderately-sized plain, southward, to near the glacis of Oudenarde, where it is crowned by the village of Bevere, and numerous windmills. Turning westward, it then rises into another broad hill, under the name of the Boser Couter, and the highest point is near a tilleul or lime-tree, and a windmill overlooking the village of Oycke. From thence the ground curves towards Marolen; and the eye, glancing over the narrow valley watered by the Norken, is arrested by another upland plain, which trends by Huyse, gradually sinking till it terminates near Asper. A line, representing the chord of this semicircle, would commence about a league above the confluence of the Norken with the Scheld, and traverse the plain of Heurne, which is nearly as high as the amphitheatre itself. Within this space, two scanty rivulets, gushing from the base of the hill of Oycke, at a small distance asunder, embrace a low tongue of land, the middle of which rises into a gentle elevation. The borders of these rivulets, and a part of the intervening surface, are intersected with inclosures, surrounding the farms and hamlets of Barwaen, Chobon, and Diepenbeck. At the source of one is the castellated mansion of Bevere or Brian; at that of the other, the hamlet of Retelhoeck, situated in a woody and steep recess. These streams, uniting near a public-house called Schaerken, proceed partly in a double channel along a marshy bed to the Scheld, near Eyne. The Norken, rising near Morlehem, beyond Oycke, runs for some distance almost parallel to the Scheld; then

passing by Lede, Mullem, and Asper, it meets another streamlet from the west, and terminates in a species of canal, skirting the Scheld to a considerable distance below Gavre. The borders of the Norken, like those of the other rivulets, are fringed with the underwood, coppices, and thickets; and from Mullem to Herlehem the roads are skirted with avenues. Behind are inclosures surrounding a small plain, which terminates beyond the mill of Royegem. Between these is a hollow road, which leads up to the hill of Oycke.*

During the night of the 10th of July, Marlborough and Eugene prepared for the engagement, although they had a space of no less than fifteen miles to march, and a broad and rapid stream to cross.

The French commanders, relying on the apparent anxiety of Marlborough to cover the great towns in his rear, were astonished and disconcerted by his having boldly placed himself between them and their own frontier. A prince of the blood, the Duke of Burgundy, had been sent from Paris to join Vendome; and this produced a discord in the military counsels of the French, which was not unknown to the confederate chiefs. Disappointed and perplexed, the French commanders gave up the investment of Oudenarde, and directed their march to Gavre, where they had prepared bridges for crossing the Scheld.

On this occasion, Marlborough and Eugene evinced the same promptitude, decision, and spirit which had marked their operations on the Danube; and they were ably seconded by their veteran colleague, Overkirk. Aware that an army which is attacked in retreat, or in crossing a river, loses all the advantage of order and discipline, they pushed forward to the Scheld, to come in contact with the enemy at the moment of their passage.

Preparatory to this movement, Cadogan and Rantzau were detached with a strong advanced guard of sixteen battalions, consisting of the brigades of Sabine, Plettenberg, and Evans; and eight squadrons of the dragoons of Bulau, Leibregement, and Schulemburg, with the quarter-colours and thirty-two pieces of artillery. They were directed to clear the roads, and throw bridges over the Scheld, in the vicinity of Oudenarde. Departing at the dawn of the

* Archdeacon Coxe.

11th, they were followed at eight in the morning by the whole army. The order of march was again in four columns, by the left, each line forming two columns, the cavalry leading the way, and the artillery in the rear.

At half-past ten in the morning, Cadogan reached the right bank of the Scheld, between the town and abbey of Eename, and immediately commenced the construction of bridges. About the same time, the hostile columns drew towards Gavre, two leagues below. Their bridges being already prepared, the French advanced guard, led on by the Marquis de Biron, passed leisurely over, without suspecting the approach of the allies; and some of the soldiers were even detached to collect forage. The bridges were completed about midday. As the heads of the columns of cavalry were drawing near, Rantzau passed the Scheld with the horse and quarter-colours, and was followed by Cadogan with twelve battalions, the other four being left to guard the pontoons. They advanced to the top of the high ground, between Eyne and Bevere, and formed at the extremity of the amphitheatre, the infantry opposite Eyne, and the cavalry extending on the left towards the inclosures near Schaerken.

Cadogan, proceeding to reconnoitre, saw several squadrons of the enemy on the farther side of the plain, and observed their foraging parties scattered about Heurne and Ruybroek. He instantly sent the cavalry to attack them, who drove them towards Synghem, and took several prisoners. But the alarm being given, Biron advanced with twelve squadrons, repulsed all the assailants, and advanced to the windmill behind the village of Eyne. Here he saw the allied detachment in position, and, observing at the same time the battalions posted near the bridges, and the columns of cavalry in the act of crossing, he withdrew, to avoid the shock of the whole confederate army, the greater part of which, he supposed, had already traversed the river.

The celerity of Marlborough, indeed, gave colour to this conjecture; for, hearing on his way that the enemy were crossing at Gavre, he became alarmed for the safety of his advance. Directing the flank column of cavalry to guard against the movements which he supposed the enemy might make on his line of march, he and Eugene pressed forward at the head of the second column, which consisted entirely

of Prussians. They proceeded part of the way at full gallop, and reached the bridges at the moment when the Marquis de Biron had advanced to reconnoitre the assailants by whom his foragers had been so unexpectedly attacked.

The apparition of the allies created a general sensation throughout the French ranks. Vendome, however, did not partake of the alarm which seems to have seized the rest of the commanders. From the distant clouds of dust which marked the course of the moving columns, he judged that the main body was yet half a league from the Scheld, and that there was still sufficient time to attack the confederates before they could form in order of battle. To secure the plain of Heurne, and cover the deployment of his lines, he directed seven battalions of the Swiss regiments of Pfeffer, Villars, and Gueder, to occupy the village; and the cavalry of the right, consisting of part of the household troops, to draw up near the windmill. Under cover of this preliminary disposition, he intended to form his left on the plain of Heurne, and extend his right across the Boser Couter, towards Mooreghem. The Duke of Burgundy, however, countermanded the order, either from persuasion that an army so numerous as that of the confederates could not make so rapid a march, or from the opinion that the high ground of Huyse, with the Norcken in front, would afford a more eligible position. The altered direction of the French columns was visible to the allied detachment; it appeared doubtful whether they would risk an engagement, or hasten towards their lines between Tournay and Lille.

Meanwhile, Pfeffer, with his seven battalions, instead of occupying Heurne, advanced and took post at Eyne, either from inadvertence or from a mistake caused by a similarity of names. Although this post was advantageous, the change in the direction of the French army placed him beyond the reach of protection; and the household horse, who had orders to cover him, were not only too far in the rear, but were afterwards recalled, and only a few squadrons left in their stead.

Marlborough and Eugene lost no time in taking advantage of the enemy's indecision. While the march of the infantry was accelerated, they jointly superintended the passage of the Scheld, and posted the troops as fast as they

arrived. Soon after two o'clock, the second column of cavalry was formed in front of Bever, and a battery of six field-pieces placed on the hill above Schaerken. About 3 p.m., the head of the first column of cavalry, and the whole infantry of the right wing, reached the bridges. To hasten the passage, the horse of the left column passed through Oudenarde, and began likewise to appear. The four battalions, who had hitherto guarded the bridges, marched to join the advanced guard, and General Cadogan seized the favourable moment to strike the first blow. Having observed the insulated position of Pfeffer's brigade, and the diminution of the corps of cavalry left to protect him, he advanced with twelve battalions and the cavalry of Rantzau. Brigadier Sabine, at the head of four English battalions, led the attack. They descended the hill, and forded the rivulet near Eyne, while the cavalry passed above, and turned the rear of the village. A sharp conflict ensued, but the enemy were soon forced, and three entire battalions, with the brigadier, were made prisoners. The rest were either killed or intercepted in their flight near the windmill. Rantzau, with his eight squadrons of Hanoverians and the quarter-masters of the army, then advanced upon the plain of Heurne, to charge the cavalry, who, perceiving the destruction of the infantry, endeavoured to retire into the enclosures behind; but before they could effect their purpose, they were overtaken, routed, and driven across the Norken among the columns of their own army, which were forming on the farther side. Twelve standards fell into the hands of the victors, and the colonel of the regiment of La Breteche was made prisoner. The Electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards George the Second, with General Schulemburg, Count Lusky, and several volunteers of distinction, animated the troops by charging at the head of a squadron. Count Lusky was killed in the struggle, and Prince George himself had a horse shot under him.

The French commanders were now convinced that to retire without a general action was impossible, and many general officers who had thwarted Vendome, from blind deference to the Duke of Burgundy, now loudly clamoured to be led against the enemy. Active preparations were accordingly made by the French commanders to repel a general attack,

and the army drew up on the high ground of Lede, Huyesse, and Maldeghem, in two lines, with a reserve. The greater part of the cavalry were posted on the right, opposite Oycke, the left extended to behind Mullem, the front being covered by the Norken, and the defiles along its banks. Had they remained firm in this position, it is doubtful whether the confederate forces, after a long march of five leagues, would have ventured to risk an attack that evening, and they might have retired in the night. But the Duke of Burgundy and the clamorous officers were now as impatient to attack, as they were before desirous to remain on the defensive.

It was four in the afternoon, and the allies were not formed, when the Duke of Burgundy directed General Grimaldi to lead sixteen squadrons across the Norken, apparently for the purpose of reconnoitring whether the right wing could advance and occupy the space between the two rivulets at Diepenbeck and Chobon. Grimaldi came to the brink of the first rivulet, but made no attempt to pass; for, observing the Prussian cavalry already formed, and the British advancing, he fell back to the small plain near the mill of Royeghem. Vendome, who disapproved of this movement, which he foresaw would produce a conflict in the very manner the allies wished to engage, had, nevertheless, directed his left to advance at the same moment, with a view of bringing both wings into action together. But the Duke of Burgundy again countermanded his order, under pretence that an impassable morass separated the two armies on that side, although Vendome had himself traversed the pretended swamp only an hour before. Whatever was the cause, the left wing of the French remained in position, and another invaluable hour was lost in useless movements.

Marlbrough observing the right wing and centre of the enemy passing the defiles in their front, and forming irregularly, judged that they intended to attack him by the right. He conjectured that they would speedily advance towards the castle of Bevere, line the rivulets to Diepenbeck and Herlehem, and under cover of this manœuvre, bring their left into the plain of Heurne, where the squadrons of Rantzau, and some battalions of Cadogan, were yet unsupported. Two battalions of the four, who had covered the bridges, had been already posted in the hedges near Groene-

velde, where the first attack was expected. To keep the hostile right in check, they were reinforced by the twelve battalions of Cadogan, who had partly occupied Eyne and Heurne. Marlborough himself advanced by Heurne, with the Prussian horse, and drew them up in front of the enemy. While this movement was in progress, the whole first column of the first line of the right wing, consisting entirely of British, formed rapidly on the height of Bevere.

At this moment thirty battalions of the enemy's right, among whom were the French and Swiss foot-guards, the brigades du Roi, Picardie, and Royal Roussillon, debouched, as had been expected; and after some hesitation attacked the four battalions posted at Groenevelde, before the corps of Cadogan could arrive to sustain them. This small force, however, disputed the edge of the streamlet, and maintained their ground until the other battalions arrived on their right, and boldly attacked the enemy's centre. The Duke of Argyle, who led the British infantry, hastened also into action with twenty battalions. His left took post near Schaerken, and his right joined the infantry already engaged near Ruybroek and Groenevelde. A heavy conflict of musketry ensued, each battalion being engaged separately in the fields and enclosures which border the rivulet. The remaining part of the enemy's right, following the direction of the corps engaged, gradually prolonged their line, till they outflanked some Prussian infantry on the left of the British, and after pushing them back, occupied Barwaen and the farm of Banlancy. But Count Lottum, with the second column of infantry, consisting of Prussians and Hanoverians, had now likewise formed, and at six o'clock advanced in his turn, recovered the lost ground, and drove the enemy across the rivulet. As the lines extended, and the number of troops augmented, partial conflicts gradually increased into a general roar of musketry, which spread along the outer portion of the semicircle, formed by the two rivulets winding near Schaerken.

Marlborough and Eugene, who had hitherto remained together, now separated. The Duke complimented the Prince with the command of the right, comprising the British troops whose valour he had often witnessed and

applauded. He foresaw that the stress of the action would lie in this quarter, and therefore ordered Count Lottum, with twenty battalions to prolong his right, and strengthen the wing under Eugene. The opening which this movement occasioned, between the castle of Bevere and Schaerken, was filled up by eighteen battalions, drawn from the right of the left wing, who had just reached the scene of action, and formed across the Boser Couter. Thus nearly sixty battalions fought under Eugene, while only twenty remained under the direction of the Duke himself, in the centre.

The Prince was hotly pressed, when the reinforcement arrived; for the corps of Cadogan, occupying a kind of focus in the centre of the hostile position, had been driven out of the coverts and avenues near Herlehem into the plain. With this accession of strength, Eugene, however, again advanced and broke the first line of the enemy. General Natzmer took an immediate advantage of the disorder; and at the head of the Prussian gens-d'armes and cuirassiers, charged through the second line into the small plain, near the chapel of Royeghem. But his career was checked by the household squadrons, and his ranks swept away by the fire of musketry which flashed from every hedge. After losing half his men, and receiving himself several sabre and gunshot wounds, he escaped with the utmost difficulty, by leaping over a broad ditch.

While the action thus raged with various success on the right, Marlborough, with the Hanoverian and Dutch battalions, pressed forward from the farm of Banlancy, and the hamlet of Barwaen. The enemy disputed every inch of ground, and set fire to some houses which they could no longer defend; but the gallant commander passed the nearest rivulet, and forced one enclosure after another, until he reached the hamlet of Diepenbeck. Here he encountered such obstinate resistance, that his troops were compelled to pause. His quick eye, however, discovered that the right of the enemy extended only to the steep acclivity of the hill of Oycke, and that they had quite neglected to occupy the commanding ground above. Of this error he did not fail to profit. Concluding that their right might be turned and cut off from the main body, he requested Marshal Overkirk, who had brought up the rear, with nearly all the cavalry of

the left, and twenty battalions of Dutch and Danes, to execute this bold and decisive manœuvre.

The veteran hero, unmindful of his age and bodily infirmities, roused his energy, and obeyed with equal alacrity and spirit. The last column of infantry having reached its ground, and deployed for battle, he directed General Week, with the brigade of Dutch guards, and of Nassau Woudenburg, to force the ravines near the castle of Bevers. The troops moved rapidly to the attack, and after a vigorous conflict drove back the enemy into the coppices which fringe the banks of the rivulet. The Prince of Orange and General Oxenstiern instantly followed with the remainder of the twenty battalions, ascended the Boser Couter, sustained by the cavalry under Overkirk and Count Tilly, and formed with the left behind the mill of Oycke. Finding no enemy on the summit, the whole mass changed front to the right, and extended their left towards De Keele. The allied army thus formed a vast semicircle round the right wing of the enemy, who could only partially communicate with their centre and left, through the ravines and passes of Marolen, and by the mill of Royeghem.

This manœuvre being announced to the Duke, he urged Marshal Overkirk to make a farther effort with his left, and cut off the remaining communications of the enemy. The execution of this movement was entrusted to the young Prince of Orange, whose impetuous spirit panted for distinction. Accompanied by General Oxenstiern, he rushed with the infantry down the height overlooking Marolen, penetrated through the defiles, and forming in two lines, was sustained by twelve squadrons of Danes, under Count Tilly. Here they encountered a corps of French grenadiers, supported by the household cavalry, and covered by the hedges which skirted the extremity of the plain. A series of volleys and charges ensued, and the enemy were evidently dismayed by so unexpected an attack on their rear.

The onset was visible from the right and centre. The frequent volleys of musketry re-echoed by the woods, and heightened by the growing darkness, infused new ardour into the ranks of the allies, and equally damped the courage of the enemy. Cut off from their own army, the hostile troops slackened in their resistance, and were at length

broken and driven back on each other. At this moment the French dragoons made a noble effort to favour the escape of the infantry, and cover the retreat of the household squadrons; but their valour was fatal to themselves; for the greater part of seven regiments were either killed or taken, and the gendarmerie suffered no less severely from the charge of the Danes.

Meanwhile Marlborough had continued to gain ground, and at length established his line between Chobon and Diepenbeck. Vendome indeed made a personal effort to avert the fate of the army which was intrusted to his care, by dismounting from his horse, and leading the infantry near Mullem, to the rescue of their companions. But his exertions were unavailing. This body, inferior in numbers, subdued in spirit, masked by Eugene, and entangled by the intricacy of the ground, could make no impression; while the left wing was thrown out of action by the defiles and rivers in their front, and held in check by the British cavalry, which was drawn up in perfect order on the plain of Heurne.

In this crisis, darkness enveloped the contending hosts, and the positions were discernible only by the flashes of musketry which rolled round the narrowing circle of the devoted army, till the right of Eugene and the left of the Prince of Orange approached the same point. They mistook each other for enemies, and their conflict might have produced deplorable effects amidst the victorious ranks, had not the generals exerted themselves to put a timely stop to the fire. About nine, orders were given for the troops to halt as they stood, and suffer the enemy to escape, rather than expose themselves to mutual destruction.

To this order numbers of the enemy owed their safety. Favoured by the obscurity, the broken corps forced their way in tumultuous crowds, as they were impelled by fear or despair. Some thousands slipped unperceived through an opening in the allied lines, near the Castle of Bever, and directed their flight towards the French frontier; others endeavoured to rejoin their left wing, in the direction of Mullem; and a considerable number wandered to the posts of the allies, and were captured. In the midst of this tumultuous scene, Eugene ordered several drummers to beat the French retreat, and the refugee officers to give the rallying

word of the different corps, who were known to be in the enclosures; they thus succeeded in capturing crowds of fugitives without resistance.

When Vendome perceived the destruction of his right wing inevitable, he retired with the infantry, which was still posted on the bank of the Norken, near Mullem, and joined the left wing at Huyse and St. Denast. With his characteristic presence of mind, he proposed to the Duke of Burgundy, and a crowd of panic-struck generals, to take advantage of the night for restoring order among the troops, so as to retire regularly; but his representations were fruitless. Finding, therefore, that his arguments could not persuade the reason, or allay the fears of the surrounding multitude, he consented to order a retreat. The word was no sooner given, than generals and privates, horse and foot, hurried in the utmost disorder towards Ghent. He could only persuade twenty-five squadrons and some battalions to remain united, and with these he covered the flight of the crowd in person.

The allies, meantime, impatiently paused on the field; but dawn was no sooner visible, than Marlborough detached forty squadrons from the right wing, under Generals Bulow and Lumley, and a corps of infantry, commanded by Major-General Meredith, to pursue the enemy.

With the return of day opened a scene of the most distressing nature, which gave scope to the humanity of the British general. Among several thousand corpses, lay a prodigious number of wounded of different nations, enveloped in carnage, and surrounded with the wreck of war. By his orders, the utmost exertion was instantly made to collect the survivors, and to bestow on all, without distinction, the care and relief which circumstances would permit. The agonies of suffering nature were thus soothed, and many were snatched from a lingering and painful death to acknowledge the beneficence, and bless the name of their conqueror.

Various and contradictory accounts have been given of the loss of the two parties in this memorable battle. But we may estimate that of the allies at about 3,000 killed and wounded, and that of the enemy at no less than 4,000 killed, 2,000 wounded, and 9,000 prisoners, including 700 officers.

In a letter to the Lord-Treasurer Godolphin, Marlborough

said that the enemy were in as strong a post as it was possible to find; but that, knowing that a great battle was indispensable to the good of the Queen of England, and the common cause, he had resolved to endeavour by all means to bring them to action. He admitted that he had given them too great an advantage; but there are moments when the ablest commander must overstep his caution, or the fixed rules of military science.*

The battle of Oudenarde entirely dissipated the confidence of Marshal Vendome, and so cut up and disheartened the French infantry that they were not able to fight again during this campaign.

It was a battle fought with muskets, bayonets, and sabres. Neither of the contending parties had more than a very few pieces of light artillery on the ground, and of these few, owing to the nature of the country, they made no use.

* Archdeacon Coxe. "Memoirs of Marlborough."

WYNENDALE.

A.D. 1708. September 28.

AFTER the battle of Oudenarde, the allies penetrated into France, and laid siege to the amazingly strong and ably defended fortress of Lille. With a skill which has never been surpassed, an immense convoy of artillery stores and ammunition were brought up from Brussels to the allied camp without any loss. But the siege was protracted, and more ammunition must be obtained, or failure must await the whole enterprise.

There was abundance of powder and ball at Ostend, but our troops there were weak, and the French general, Count de la Motte, with 12,000 men, stood between Ostend and Lille, in the hope of capturing any convoy that might attempt to pass. Marlborough, who continued in the camp of the besiegers, first detached two bodies of troops, consisting of twelve battalions of foot and 1,500 horse, under Generals Landsberg and Els, to protect the passage of the convoy. On learning the movements of Count de la Motte, he, on the 26th, sent a new detachment of twelve battalions, under General Webb, to advance as far as Tourout, in order to protect the march of the convoy from Cochlaer, through the wood of Wynendale; and, soon afterwards, twenty-six squadrons and twelve battalions, under Cadogan, marched to Hoghede, to cover its passage between Tourout and the camp.

On the 27th of September the convoy departed from Ostend, crossed the canal of Nieuport, at Leffinghen, during that night and the morning, and directed its course by Slype and Moerdyke, to defile through Cochlaer, behind the wood of Wynendale. The moment it commenced its march the utmost vigilance and activity were displayed by all the

officers on the line of its passage. General Webb detached 1,600 infantry, under the command of Brigadier Landsberg, to strengthen the corps posted at Oudenburg, with orders, after covering the convoy, to rejoin him at Tourout. This force arrived in time to prevent the occupation of Oudenburg by the enemy. Meanwhile, the horse under Cadogan had reached Hoghede, and Count Lottum, with 150 dragoons, was sent forward to explore the road by which the convoy was advancing, and join the escort. Approaching Ichteghem, however, he discovered several French squadrons, and returned to Tourout to give the alarm.

On this intelligence, General Webb moved forward with the infantry, Count Lottum, with his small party of cavalry, forming the advanced guard, with orders to gain Ichteghem, by the way of Wynendale. Reaching Wynendale, they perceived the enemy, through the opening of the plain, between a low coppice and the wood. The quarter-masters and grenadiers were instantly formed, and posted in the coppice, while General Webb, with the 150 horse, advanced to reconnoitre, and amuse the enemy. As fast as the infantry arrived they were posted in order of battle, in the opening between the wood of Wynendale and the coppice where the quarter-masters and the grenadiers were stationed. Scarcely had six battalions formed before the enemy commenced a heavy cannonade; but the small party of horse kept its ground with such firmness, that General Webb had time to complete his dispositions.

The troops formed two lines—the left wing extending beyond the coppice, to prevent the enemy from turning that flank, and the right resting on the wood and castle of Wynendale. In the wood, on the right, was the regiment of Heukelom, forming an ambuscade, and another regiment was thrown into the coppice on the left. Parties of grenadiers were posted among the brushwood on each side, for the same purpose, with orders not to discover themselves till they could take the assailants in flank. The regiments which escorted the convoy were formed in a third line as they arrived.

On the first news that the convoy had departed, Count de la Motte advanced to Oudenburg, but the post being already occupied, he hastened by Ghistel, to intercept it in the defile

of Wynendale. Finding himself anticipated by the allies, whom he descried at five o'clock in the afternoon, he opened a cannonade, which lasted two hours. In the interval he formed his troops in several lines, the infantry in front, the cavalry in the rear; and, this done, advanced, in full confidence, to overwhelm a force which did not amount to one-half of his own. Within a few minutes the enemy began the attack, but approaching the allied lines, they were received by such a fire from the ambuscade in the wood, that their left wing gave way on the centre. The fire of the opposite ambuscade was then opened, and soon threw their whole line into confusion. They, however, still advanced, and broke two battalions; but reinforcements being drawn up from our rear, they were repulsed. They made a third attempt, but our fire in front and flanks again throwing back their wings on the centre, they retired in the utmost dismay. Neither the threats nor example of their officers could induce them to return to the charge, but after some distant and scattered volleys, they feebly relinquished the contest.

Towards the close of the action, Major-General Cadogan came up with some squadrons of horse, and offered to charge the retreating enemy, but it was not deemed advisable to molest so superior a force of cavalry; and the commanders contented themselves with securing the convoy, which, during the action, had passed in rear of the wood, and arrived the same evening at Rousselaer. The next day it reached Menin, where it was welcomed with exultation; and on the last day of September, Marlborough was gratified by its passage through the lines of his camp.* It was an enormous train, consisting of not fewer than 700 waggons, and, of necessity, covering an immensely long line of road. Its opportune arrival in camp decided the siege of Lille in favour of England and her allies.

A French writer says—"De la Motte was obliged to fly after losing at least 2,000 men. It is reported that the French general displayed very great personal valour: it is not so much arm as *head* that is required in a commander. It is added that he had given orders to reconnoitre the wood and the coppices. If so, why did he march to the attack before a report was made to him? Without taking any pre-

* Coxe.

caution, without feeling the ground either to the right or to the left of the road by which he must pass, he rushed madly on—to be surely beaten.”*

But few troops, so weak in numbers as the English, would have kept their ground at his first impetuous onset. Marlborough was enthusiastic in expressing his admiration of the conduct of officers and men in this affair. Generals Webb and Cadogan, who achieved the brilliant victory, had always done well, but at Wynendale they surpassed all their former exploits. Like Wellington, a century later, Marlborough diffused his genius in the service, and formed lieutenants quite worthy of himself.

* Rapin, Thoyras “Histoire d’Angleterre.”

MALPLAQUET.

A. D. 1709. September 11.

THIS was the Duke of Marlborough's last battle, and in point of numbers and hard fighting, it was the greatest of them all.

The allies mustered 93,000 men with 100 pieces of artillery; the French 94,000 men and 105 guns. The forces were thus all but equal; but the enemy had an immense advantage in strong prepared lines and fortified positions. As Marlborough and Eugene had beaten so many of his generals, one after the other, Louis XIV. had now sent Marshal Villars to try his skill and fortune.

As the morning of the eventful eleventh of September began to dawn, a mist overspread the woods, and concealed the armies from each other.

In the camp of the allies, divine service was solemnly performed at three in the morning, with the usual marks of devotion. Silence and order reigned through all the ranks, as they steadily marched from the bivouac to their posts. Under cover of the fog, the pieces composing the grand battery of the centre were conveyed to the appointed spot, and covered with an epaulement, to prevent an enfilade, while the Dutch likewise moved forward their heavy guns on the left.

The grand guard of the enemy, giving instant notice that the allies were making their dispositions for the attack, the French soldiers discontinued working at the intrenchments, and stood to their arms. The troops, on both sides, though harassed by fatigue, and want of rest, manifested no diminution of their usual spirit, at the approach of this long-expected engagement. The French gave signal proofs of

unbounded confidence in their new general, whom they adored, and in whose abilities they confided. They resumed their national ardour, which they testified, as he rode along the ranks, by exclaiming, "Vive le Roi! vive le Maréchal de Villars!" Many of the soldiers, though ill supplied with provisions for several days, even threw away their rations of bread, in their eagerness to begin the engagement. At seven, Villars mounted his horse, and requested Marshal Boufflers to assume the command of the right wing, while he himself superintended the movements of the left.

In the allied camp, the national character of the troops was more sedately expressed, by the punctuality of obedience, by the stern frown, or contemptuous sarcasm; and by the general exclamation, in allusion to the French intrenchments, "that they were again obliged to make war upon moles!"

The whole army was in readiness to advance before dawn. The commanders-in-chief, with the Prince Royal of Prussia, and the Deputy Goringa, surveyed the execution of the preparatory dispositions in every part of the field.

The fog, still lingering on the ground, protracted the moment of onset; but at half-past seven the sun broke forth, and, as soon as the artillery could point with precision, the fire opened on both sides, with an animation and effect indicative of the ardour which reigned in every bosom. In a moment, the French household troops, in the rear of the lines, had several killed and wounded; and the allied chiefs witnessed similar effects, as they rode along their own ranks, although the two armies were almost concealed from each other by the intrenchments and inequalities of the ground. Soon after the opening of the cannonade, Villars and Boufflers repaired to their respective posts; and the two confederate generals also separated, Eugene to direct the movements of the right, and Marlborough those of the centre and left. The attack commenced on the side of the allies, against the right and centre of the French, in two dense columns: the first under the Prince of Orange, and the other under Count Lottum. Suddenly, the Dutch column halted, according to orders, and drew up in several lines beyond the reach of grape; while that of Lottum moved forward, regardless of the fire, to the rear of the principal allied battery, and, wheeling to the right, formed in three lines. As these

columns took their stations, Schulemburg advanced at the head of forty battalions, ranged in three lines.

After a short pause in the cannonade, the signal of onset was given at nine, by a general volley from the grand battery. Schulemburg instantly advanced along the edge of the wood of Sart, direct upon the projecting point of the enemy's left wing, while Lottum marched round the grand battery, to attack the other face of the angle; and, as he cleared the ground, Lord Orkney deployed his fifteen battalions to cover his left, and face the hostile centre. Three battalions, drawn from the blockading corps before Mons, likewise pressed forward, under the orders of Gauvain, and entered the wood of Sart unperceived. At this moment, Eugene came up to the troops of Schulemburg, and found them passing several streamlets, and entering the wood. They were suffered by the enemy to approach within pistol-shot, and then received a volley which forced several battalions to recoil more than two hundred yards. A furious storm of musketry ensued, and the French brigade of Charost, being partly advanced in an abatis, was either driven from its station, or withdrew, to avoid a flank attack. The Austrian battalions on our right, being impeded by a morass in front, made a circuitous movement, and fell in with the brigade of Gauvain. These corps, thus fortuitously united, began to penetrate into the wood, as fast as the obstructions which they encountered would permit, but they were checked by the troops of Charost.

Scarcely was this attack begun before Marlborough, advancing towards the centre, led on in person the troops of Count Lottum. At some distance they were greeted by volleys of musketry from the brigade Du Roi, which could not shake the firmness of their ranks; they passed some enclosures, descended the hollow bank of the rivulet, and waded through the swamp, under a galling fire. Reaching the foot of the intrenchment, though disordered by the difficulty of the approach, and the loss they had sustained, they made the most furious effort to ascend the breastwork, but they were repulsed by the French troops, now encouraged by the presence of Villars.

Meanwhile, General Withers advanced in silence through the woods, in the direction of La Folie, and by this demon-

stration distracted the attention of the enemy; but as yet not a single shot was fired on that side. Both the first lines of attack on the right having suffered severely, Eugene and Schulemberg filled up the intervals, and extended the flanks with part of the second; they then advanced again, and dislodged the brigades of La Reine and Charost, but could not force those of Picardie and La Marine, notwithstanding the great exertions of the Danes, Saxons, and Hessians. Count Lottum now returned to the attack, while Marlborough placed himself at the head of d'Auvergne's cavalry to sustain him. At this moment the Duke of Argyle ordered a British brigade of the second line to extend the left, and the whole renewed the charge. As the attacks embraced a wider front, this fresh brigade came opposite an opening in the intrenchment; but the access was through a marshy spot, almost impassable. While they were entangled in the swamp, the active Chemerault, with twelve battalions drawn from the second line of the French left centre, passed the intrenchments, and prepared to charge their left flank. But Villars, who was on the border of the wood, remarking Marlborough, with his staff, at the head of d'Auvergne's cavalry, galloped forward, and stopped them at the moment when their farther advance would have been fatal. Free on the flank, the left of Count Lottum then penetrated the intrenchment, turned the right of the brigade Du Roi, and forced the French gradually back in the wood.

The brigades of Champagne and Picardie, pressed by the double assault of Schulemberg on one side, and of Lottum on the other, found a momentary asylum behind an abatis; and the Royal Marine, after a vigorous stand, was compelled to follow their example. The rest retired in disorder through the wood, which was so close that the lines were broken into parties, and every tree was disputed.

Meanwhile the appointed half-hour of the first onset had elapsed, when the Prince of Orange, impatient of delay, resolved to attack, although not supported by the corps of Withers, and without waiting the consent of Marshal Tilly.*

* Marshal Tilly is scarcely mentioned by historians, and seems to have been little more noticed by his officers. Although he commanded the Dutch, all the officers obeyed the young Prince of Orange. The

In obedience to the particular disposition, issued the preceding evening, the left of the whole front was led by Major-General Hamilton and Brigadier Douglas, with four battalions, among whom was the Scottish brigade, in four lines, with orders to enter the wood and attack the grenadiers, who covered the right flank of the enemy. Nine battalions, commanded by Lieutenant-Generals Spaar and Oxenstiern, were to advance against the salient angle of the intrenchment next the wood; and, to the right of these, six battalions, in three lines, led by Lieutenant-Generals Dohna and Heyden, were to carry the battery on the road to Malplaquet. Generals Welderen and Rank, with four battalions, in two lines, received directions to skirt the hedges of Bleron, and force the intrenchment to the right of the battery. Beyond these, in the inclosures of Bleron, seven battalions, part of which had been destined at first to act defensively under Major-Generals Pallant and Ammama, were now to advance in three lines, and attack the point of the projecting intrenchments, defended by the brigades of Laonois and Alsace.

The whole was supported by the hereditary Prince of Hesse Cassel, with twenty-one squadrons, in two lines, and preceded by the cannon allotted to that corps. A few squadrons remained between Aulnoit and the farm of Nivergies, to observe the opening in rear of the left. On the word to march all were instantly in motion, led on by the aspiring Prince of Orange, at the head of the first nine battalions, under a tremendous shower of grape and musketry. He had moved only a few paces when the brave Oxenstiern was killed by his side; and several aides-de-camp, and attendants, successively dropped as he advanced. His own horse being killed, he rushed forward on foot; and as he passed the opening of the great flanking battery, whole ranks were swept away; yet he reached the intrenchment, and, waving his hat, in an instant the breastwork was forced at the point of the bayonet, by the Dutch guards and Highlanders. But, before they could deploy, they were driven back from the post by an impetuous charge from the troops of the French left,

marshal was a brave officer, the creature of the party in opposition to the House of Nassau, and consequently jealous of, if not hostile, to the young prince.

who had been rallied by Marshal Boufflers. At this moment the corps under Dohna moved gallantly against the battery on the road, penetrated into the embrasures, and took some colours; but ere they reached the front of the breastwork, were mowed down by the battery on their flank. A dreadful carnage took place among all the troops in this concerted attack: Spaar lay dead upon the field; Hamilton was carried off wounded; and the lines, beginning to waver, recoiled a few paces. Deriving fresh spirit from this repulse, the heroic Prince of Orange mounted another horse, and when that was shot under him, his native energy was not shaken; he rallied the nearest troops, took a standard from the regiment of Mey, and marched on foot, almost alone, to the intrenchment. He planted the colours on the bank, and called aloud, "Follow me, my friends; here is your post." Foremost among the assailants was the heir of Athol, the gallant Marquis of Tullibardine, followed by his faithful Highlanders;* he sought honour in a foreign service, and he died the death of heroes. Lieutenant-General Week shared his glorious fate, and the Swiss Brigadier Mey was severely wounded. Again the onset was renewed, but it was no longer possible to force the enemy; for their second line had closed up, and the whole breastwork bristled with bayonets and blazed with fire. The brigade of Navarre, which had been sent to reinforce the centre, was recalled; and the French soldiers, disregarding the control of their officers, opened the intrenchment, and made a furious charge. The disordered ranks of the Dutch battalions were beat back, over heaps of slain companions; they lost several colours, and their advanced battery fell into the hands of the French.

In this moment of confusion, though pursued by the horse grenadiers, whom Boufflers had sent forward to improve the advantage, they presented so firm a front as to awe their assailants, and were supported by the Prince of Hesse and his brave squadrons. In these attacks near 2,000 men were killed, and the number of wounded still greater; two battalions of Blue Guards being nearly annihilated.

In the midst of the conflict, Baron Fagel led on the seven battalions, under Lieutenant-General Pallant, to storm the projecting intrenchment, near the farm of Bleron, through

* The regiments of Tullibardine and Hepburn.

the enclosures which covered the front. Notwithstanding a heavy fire, they reached the breastwork, and drove the brigade of Laonois from the parapet, till, meeting with an obstinate resistance from the veteran Brigadier Steckemberg and his valiant corps, they were compelled to relinquish the post.

During this unequal conflict, Goslinga had led on the troops with unexampled courage, and, witnessing the danger of his gallant countrymen, galloped toward the right to demand assistance. Meeting Lieutenant-General Rantzau, who, with four battalions of Hanoverians, was posted on the edge of the rivulet, near the wood of Tiry, he represented to him the critical situation of the Dutch; and when the General stated his positive instructions not to move without orders, he extorted, after much importunity, a reinforcement of two battalions.

While the deputy, not satisfied with this relief, hastened across the field in search of Marlborough, the attack on the left was renewed with the aid of this reinforcement, and the intrenchment carried; but, mowed down, as before, by grape-shot, and charged by Steckemberg, the assailants were again repulsed with prodigious loss. All the Hanoverian officers, except three, were killed or wounded; and the French maintained their post, though with the sacrifice of their best soldiers, and, among others, of their veteran chief, who here closed his long and honourable career.

In this anxious crisis, Goslinga met Marlborough, who, leaving Lottum to continue his successful attack, was himself hastening to remedy the disorder on the left. As they rode together to join the Prince of Orange, the Duke perceived that Rantzau with his two battalions had attacked a party of the enemy, who quitted the intrenchment to occupy an advanced ravine. He likewise remarked the shattered remains of the Dutch infantry reluctantly measuring back their steps to the first enclosures, beyond the reach of grape shot. He accordingly ordered Rantzau to retire to his former post, and not to move again till he should receive directions from himself. With a heavy heart he beheld many victims of inconsiderate valour, and witnessed with equal concern and admiration, numbers of the wounded Dutch returning from the hands of the surgeons to resume their station in the

ranks. Here he was joined by Eugene, bending likewise his course to the left with no less solicitude. While they were giving precautionary orders to that wing, a British officer arrived from the right, to inform them that the enemy were attacking in turn, with great fury and evident advantage.

During this time Villars had ineffectually summoned reinforcements from his right; for Boufflers was too much weakened, even by his successful resistance, to detach a part of his infantry. Thus reduced to the necessity of drawing troops from his own centre, he reluctantly called the Irish brigade and that of Bretagne to his assistance, and was soon afterwards joined by the brigade of La Sarre. With the aid of these and other reinforcements, a furious charge was made into the wood of Taisniere upon the British and Prussians, who recoiled a considerable way before the impetuous onset of the Irish. But the nature of the spot upon which they fought, soon divided their ranks and retarded their progress.

At this moment the allied troops were cheered by the return of Marlborough, who, on the intelligence of their critical situation, again hastened to the right of his centre, to co-operate with the attack from the army of Eugene. Meanwhile, Schulemberg, having forced his way round the marsh, pushed the enemy gradually before him; and from the thickness of the wood, the fight became rather a multiplicity of skirmishes and single combats, than a regular engagement; the sight of the contending parties being impeded by a thick foliage, and a dense smoke.

The troops of the right were also animated by the return of Eugene, who, as he was rallying his men, and gallantly leading them to the charge, was struck by a musket-ball behind the ear. His attendants pressed him to retire that the wound might be dressed; but the hero replied, "If I am fated to die here, to what purpose can it be to dress the wound? If I survive, it will be time enough in the evening;" and instantly rushed into the thickest of the fire. His presence roused the brave German battalions, and they recovered the lost ground, pressing forward in great numbers by a kind of opening* between the woods of Sart and Taisniere, along the road to the wood of Jean Sart. His efforts were now seconded by General Withers, from his station at

* This the French call *une coulée*.

La Folie. As soon as this corps reached the debouché of the woods of Blangies and Jean Sart, the squadrons drew up behind the hamlet of La Folie, while four battalions covered their left flank and secured the avenues on the side of Sart. With the remaining fifteen, Withers passed the little rivulet, crossed a small coppice, and took post in the hedges of La Folie. The Danish and Saxon squadrons, who composed part of his corps, then advanced, with the intention of flanking the left of the position of Villars; but only six squadrons had formed when the Chevalier du Rosel, at the head of the Carabineers, charged and drove them back.

Notwithstanding this repulse, it was the progress of the corps under Withers which hastened the retreat of the enemy's left out of the wood of Taisniere, and alarmed Villars. In the carnage, Chemerault and Pallavicini fell; and the several brigades, fluctuating through the marshes and thickest parts of the wood, were mingled together in considerable disorder. Villars had hastened to sustain them with the Irish brigades drawn from the centre, while Albergotti had posted those of Charost and Du Roi, to check Withers, in the nearest hedges of the farm of La Folie. To their right was the brigade of Champagne, forming a flank in the last copses, with the left to the marshy streamlet which passes near the farm; in the rear of Champagne the brigades of Gondrin and Tourville drew up, and behind them was the cavalry on the plain. The regiments of La Reine and Xaintonges supported the brigade Du Roi, and covered its left flank. Before this disposition was arranged, Villars also formed a corps of twelve battalions, in two lines, at fifty paces from the wood.

At this moment, Eugene advanced at the head of five German regiments, and opened a destructive fire. They were charged by the French with bayonets, under the immediate direction of Villars; but, in the heat of the combat, his horse was shot, and a second musket-ball struck him above the knee. Unable to move, he called for a chair, that he might continue in the field, till, fainting from the anguish of the wound, he was carried senseless to Quesnoy. Notwithstanding his loss, the allied battalions were driven back to the edge of the wood of Taisniere, from whence they did not again attempt to advance.

Thus, after an obstinate conflict of four hours, the confederate forces only obtained possession of the intrenchments and roads on the enemy's left, but realized so much of their plan that, while they compelled their opponents to employ almost all their infantry on both flanks, they were at liberty to execute the ulterior object of the disposition, by attacking the hostile centre.

The right of Marlborough, forming the centre of the allied army, had coolly waited the proper moment of onset. As soon as the enemy began to draw their cannon out of the intrenchments, he ordered Lord Orkney to make a decisive effort upon the redans in the centre. This gallant officer, assisted by Rantzau, Vink, and other generals, had gradually advanced in proportion as Lottum gained ground; and behind him was the Prince d'Auvergne, with thirty squadrons of Dutch cavalry in two lines. In their rear was the British cavalry, under Lieutenant-General Wood; the Prussians and Hanoverians, commanded by General Bulau; and the whole Imperial cavalry, under the Duke of Wirtemberg and Count de Vehlen, stood formed in columns, ready to move at the first order. Lord Orkney, advancing in one line, at a single onset took possession of all the redans, overpowering the Bavarian and Cologne guards, who were left almost unsupported, in consequence of the draughts from the centre to re-inforce the left. The heavy battery of the British centre had likewise been brought forward, and turned against these troops.

As soon, therefore, as the allies were masters of the redans, the guns of the central battery, which had been directed upon them, moved rapidly to the right and left, and opened a tremendous cannonade across the rear, upon the lines of hostile cavalry drawn up along the plain. The French horse receding, Rantzau, with his two battalions, turned the left flank of the French and Swiss guards, and dislodged them. At the same moment, the Prince of Orange, not daunted by his former repulse, renewed the attack; and the brigades of Laonois and Alsace were driven out of the projecting intrenchment. Meanwhile, the Prince d'Auvergne passed the French works, and began to form his cavalry.

The crisis of this sanguinary battle was now arrived. The intrepid d'Auvergne was charged by the hostile cavalry; and,

though only a part of his front was in line, he withstood the shock, and repulsed them. The foremost squadrons of the enemy were dispersed only to make room for nobler champions, who advanced in gallant order—the gay, the vain, yet truly valiant gendarmerie of France, headed by Bouffiers. The marshal had remained with his wing, till he received the alarming intelligence that the allies had broken through the centre. Ordering the household horse to follow, he flew to the spot, and found the gens-d’armes ready to charge. After a short and cheering address, he placed himself at their head, and darted upon his antagonists, who were extending their lines, in proportion as they came up, through the openings of the redans. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the gallant d’Auvergne, the allied squadrons were driven back to the intrenchments; but Lord Orkney, having taken the precaution to post his infantry upon the parapets, poured in a most destructive fire, which repulsed the gens-d’armes in their turn. Thrice these charges were repeated, and thrice the impetuous assailants were repulsed, by the combined fires of the musketry and the cross batteries on the flanks.

In the midst of this arduous struggle, Marlborough came up, and led forward a second line of British and Prussian cavalry, under the command of Bulau and Wood. They fell on the discomfited squadrons, who were attempting to withdraw, and would have swept them from the field, but for the advance of a formidable body of 2,000 men, consisting of the gardes du corps, light horse, mousquetaires, and horse grenadiers of the royal household.

These brave horsemen had hastened from the right to share the dangers of the centre, and were also led to the charge by Marshal Bouffiers. Their onset was irresistible; they broke through the first and second lines, and threw the third into confusion. But the force of the allies on this point was now opportunely augmented, the whole of Eugene’s cavalry having followed, at a full gallop, in rear of Marlborough’s right wing. The presence of this illustrious hero animated his troops; and, by the judicious dispositions of the two commanders, the assailants were out-flanked, and, being galled by a cross fire from the infantry, retreated to the plain. Their spirit, however, was not subdued; for they still rallied, and renewed the charge several times, though without making any consider-

able impression. Glowing with zeal to encounter an enemy worthy of their valour, the allied cavalry moved forward with redoubled ardour, equal in spirit, but superior in numbers, and drove this intrepid and distinguished body behind the rivulet of Camp Perdu.

Before this charge took place, the Prince of Hesse had watched with eager impatience the proper moment to act. Observing Lord Orkney's advance, and Rantzau's manœuvre upon the flank of the French guards, he pushed forward in column, passed the redans, and wheeling to the left, took the right of the hostile infantry in flank. This daring manœuvre had the desired effect; the enemy crowded to their right, and were again attacked by the Prince of Orange, who had re-occupied the intrenchments with little resistance.

While the Marquis de Valiere and his noble comrades rallied the household troops and the rest of the cavalry on the plain, Boufflers cast an anxious and scrutinising eye over the field of battle. He beheld his centre pierced, his right dislodged, the communication with his left cut off, and the ablest officers under his command killed or wounded. Still, however, his gallant spirit was unwilling to recede, till he received advice that Legal, who commanded the left, was in full retreat with his cavalry, and about fifty battalions under Puysegur; he therefore reluctantly ordered a general retreat in the direction of Bavai. D'Artagnan* marched off in close columns through the woods; Boufflers crossed the Hon at Taisniere and the neighbouring hamlet; Luxembourg covered the rear with the reserve. Beyond the woods, on the plain in front of Bavai, the infantry and cavalry rejoined, and after halting to collect the stragglers, and break down the bridges, passed the Honeau in the vicinity of that town. Their left withdrew towards Quevrain, and effected their retreat with little loss, because the allies were too much

* This brave general, Pierre d'Artagnan, a veteran in the service of Louis XIV., had three horses killed under him in the battle, and was deservedly raised to the rank of marshal. Having, soon after this engagement, by the death of a relative, succeeded to the title of Montesquiou, he is from that time distinguished as Marshal Montesquiou, a change of title which has occasioned some confusion in military annals.—Dubois, Dict. de la Noblesse Française; Art. Montesquiou.

exhausted and reduced, to pursue them in force. They passed the Honeau at Audrignies and Quevrain, where a brigade of their infantry was posted. In the course of the night they traversed the Ronelle, and gradually re-assembled at a camp between Quesnoy and Valenciennes. This has been justly considered as a masterly retreat, and was applauded by Eugene and Marlborough.

The allied forces, exhausted with fatigue, halted near the field of battle on the plain, stretching from Malplaquet beyond Taisniere. The engagement being so desperate, and little quarter given on either side, not more than 500 prisoners were taken by the allies, except those who were left wounded on the field, and who amounted to about three thousand. Few cannon or colours were captured, and the victory was only manifested by the retreat of the French, and the subsequent investment of Mons.

The respective losses in this desperate engagement have been, as usual, erroneously stated. Villars, with his wonted exaggeration, estimates the number of killed and wounded at 35,000 on the side of the allies. The official accounts, however, return, of infantry alone, 5,544 killed, and 12,706 wounded and missing, making a total of 18,250; and among these 286 officers killed, 762 wounded. But when we take into account the loss of the cavalry, and consider the obstinate resistance of the French behind their intrenchments, we may conclude that the killed and wounded on the side of the confederates did not fall short of 20,000 men.

Of course the French endeavour to extenuate their loss. In one of his letters to the king, Villars limits it to 6,000 men,* and the highest estimate by other French writers gives only 8,137 killed, wounded, and prisoners; but from a comparison of their own authorities, we may reasonably calculate their loss at not less than 14,000 men, exclusive of deserters.

* We quote this passage from the valiant and skilful, but gasconading marshal: "Si Dieu nous fait la grace de perdre encore une pareille bataille, votre majesté peut compter que ses ennemis sont détruits: enfin comme me le manda M. de Voisin, ce qui avoit paru une bataille perdue, devint une victoire glorieuse, apres qu'on en eut connu les circonstances; puisque nous ne perdîmes pas six mille hommes."—Mem. de Villars.

By all the accounts, both of themselves and their opponents, the French displayed prodigious gallantry, and Marlborough himself allows that they fought with great spirit, and made a most obstinate resistance. Though we cannot say with Villars, that "the enemy would have been annihilated by such another victory," or with Boufflers, "that the French officers performed such wonders as even surpassed human nature," yet we do not wish to derogate from their valour and intrepidity. Nor ought we, on the other hand, to withhold a candid eulogium of the two confederate generals, and of the brave troops who acted under them, extracted from the letter of a French officer of distinction, written soon after the battle. "The Eugenes and Marlboroughs ought to be well satisfied with us during that day; since, till then, they had not met with resistance worthy of them. They may say with justice, that nothing can stand before them; and, indeed, what shall be able to stem the rapid course of these two heroes, if an army of 100,000 of the best troops, posted between two woods, trehly intrenched, and performing their duty as well as any brave men could do, were not able to stop them one day? Will you not, then, own with me, that they surpass all the heroes of former ages?" *

It must always be borne in mind that the French fought within an intrenched camp, partially covered by thick woods. Had the combat taken place in a fair and open field it would assuredly not have lasted one-half of the time, nor have cost the allies one-fourth of their heavy loss. Entrenchments, if steadily defended, are not to be carried without great sacrifices in killed and wounded. Such an attack resembles storming at a siege, where the loss of the assailants as compared with that of the assailed, is generally estimated as more than three to one. Many of the French officers boasted that, seeing how much the allied forces were reduced, they might have returned in a day or two and have won a battle. Why then did they not return and try?

* Archdeacon Coxe. Memoirs of Marlborough.

ALMANZA.

A. D. 1707. Easter Sunday, April 25.

THIS battle, fought upon Spanish ground, ended in one of the most memorable defeats that a British army has ever sustained in the field. Almanza and Dettingen are, indeed, considered, by an eminent military writer, the only two battles in which an English army has been fairly beaten from its ground by sheer fighting.*

Our native forces in Spain, during the war of the Succession, though always inconsiderable in numbers, had scattered the Spanish troops, who took part with the French, wherever they had met them; and they had beaten the French troops themselves in nearly every encounter. The sieges and short campaigns of the Earl of Peterborough read to this day like a romance of war. But Peterborough, with brilliant valour and wit, and other high qualities, was not the man to carry an extensive, lengthened contest to a successful issue; for he was vainglorious, impatient, much given to intrigue, and woefully wanting in discretion. After shining for a season, like an eccentric meteor, he had disappeared from that country, and had left some noxious exhalations behind him. He had quarrelled with the Austrian Archduke Charles, who was claiming the Spanish succession; he had quarrelled with all the German ministers and generals; and, in fact, with the leading men of all our allies in Spain. His loud talk, his witty sayings, and keen sarcasm, had indisposed the minds of our officers and soldiers, not only towards the foreign commanders, with whose troops they were acting, but also towards Lord Galway, and the other generals, who commanded after his own departure. Peterborough had set them all down as asses—as blunderers—who

* Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell. "Fall of Bonaparte."

would be sure to lead the allied army to destruction. When the minds of soldiers are haunted by such a belief, a catastrophe may safely be anticipated. Lord Galway, moreover, though a brave man and stout soldier, bearing on his person the marks of the wounds he had received in fighting our battles, had the disadvantage (with our soldiery) of not being a born Englishman.* He was one of the foreign generals brought over to our country by William III., who had raised him to the English peerage for his faithful services in Ireland, and in the Low Countries. He was far advanced in years; but older men than he, with a proper spirit in their troops, have fought good battles. But one of Peterborough's jokes, which ran through the army, was, "That men were great fools to fight at all for two such blockheads as the Austrian Charles and the Bourbon Philip."

In the preceding year (1706), Galway, moving from the Portuguese frontier, with his united army of English and Portuguese, had taken possession of Madrid. But the Bourbon prince, rallying upon the frontier, and receiving great reinforcements from France, turned back upon the Spanish capital, and compelled Galway to evacuate it. The retreat to the frontiers of Portugal must have been conducted with great skill; for, although the French, in far superior force, followed Galway, his army received no damage from them.

It had been resolved, in the preceding winter, that the allies should unite all their forces in the spring of 1707, and march again to Madrid by the way of Aragon. But the Archduke Charles was deterred by intelligence of the great reinforcements that had joined, or were to join, his rival, Philip; and, instead of remaining with the main army, he marched away, with some strong detachments, into Catalonia, in order to defend that province, which seemed really and steadily attached to his cause, against an attack which the French threatened from the side of Roussillon. Charles proposed that Lord Galway, with the English and Dutch troops, and the Marquis Das Minas, with the Portuguese,

* His name was Rouvigny. He descended from a French Protestant family who had been driven from their country by the intolerance of Louis XIV. In 1705, when advancing into Spain with an English and Portuguese army, he had lost a hand at the siege of Badajoz.

should dispose their forces so as to cover the frontiers of Aragon and Valencia, remaining on the defensive till fresh troops and supplies should arrive from England, or from Italy.

But Galway and Das Minas would not act upon the Archduke's plan—very probably they could not, with safety to themselves, adopt it; they were badly supplied in all respects, and the frontier line allotted to them offered little for the subsistence of the troops. Tempted by the easy prey of some of the enemy's magazines, they marched to the frontiers of Castile. Then they turned, and laid siege to the town of Villena, in Valencia. Before they could make a breach in those walls, they were warned of the approach, by forced marches, of the redoubtable nephew of Marlborough, the quick-marching, skilful, and hard-fighting Duke of Berwick.

[Thus, in one of our two signal defeats, the commander of the hostile force was an Englishman, and the son of an English prince, who had afterwards worn the crown as James II.]

Galway and Das Minas raised the siege of Villena, and boldly advanced to meet Berwick. They met on the plain of Almanza, on Easter Sunday, the 24th of April (N. S.), and one of the hardest fought battles of this war was the consequence.

The English, Dutch, and Portuguese, commanded by Galway and Das Minas, were far inferior in number to the French and Spaniards; they were deficient in cavalry, and what they had was not good; but the English and Dutch infantry kept the battle undecided for six sanguinary hours. According to Berwick's own account, his horse were repeatedly repulsed by those steady columns of foot—charge after charge was ineffectual, and, even when the French and Spaniards seemed victorious on both wings, their centre was cut through and broken, and the main body of their infantry completely beaten. But in the end victory remained with Berwick; Galway and Das Minas were both wounded, 5,000 of their men were killed, and, in the course of that and the following day, nearly all the rest of their little army, to escape starvation, surrendered. The victory of Almanza was, indeed, complete. Without any force to oppose him, and with fresh reinforcements, brought up by the Duke of Orleans, Berwick

entered Valencia, and took a number of towns; while the Duke of Orleans went to lay siege to Saragossa, which city, after a strange exhibition of superstition, surrendered to his royal highness without firing a shot.

At Almanza the English and the Dutch had all the fighting: badly disciplined, and badly fed, their allies, the Portuguese, were not to be depended upon, and really counted for little or nothing. The disparity of force was therefore immense, and no honour was lost in losing such a battle. Old Galway headed a bold charge made by the English dragoons, and displayed the skill of a general, as well as the unflinching valour of a veteran soldier. The reader may conceive what sort of a general was Das Minas, when he is told that the Portuguese don had taken his mistress into the field with him.*

"The English," says a French writer, "certainly fought like lions, and perfectly maintained their reputation for bravery. They might also have the satisfaction of saying, that they were commanded by a Frenchman, and beaten by an Englishman."

We learn from a letter, written by the Duke of Marlborough, that most of our English cavalry consisted of raw recruits. The Duke was indignant at the aspersions cast upon Galway by the Opposition party in Parliament, and by others at home. "It is somewhat strange," said he, "that generals, who have acted to the best of their understanding, and have lost their limbs in the Service, should be examined like common criminals, about insignificant things."†

* This woman, dressed *en Amazone*, was killed at his side.

At the second charge made by the enemy, all the Portuguese cavalry ran away. One Portuguese regiment of infantry is, however, said to have behaved nobly, the men submitting to be cut to pieces in their ranks rather than surrender.

† Pictorial History of England. Memoirs of the Duke of Berwick. Rapin Thoyras, Marlborough Letters and Dispatches.

DETTINGEN.

A. D. 1743. June 27, N. S.

THE two great battles fought on the Continent during the reign of George II.—Dettingen and Fontenoy—though not very creditable to those who commanded our forces in the field, were highly honourable to the troops. Both of them proved that the men only wanted a Marlborough to lead them, and that our soldiers had in no way degenerated since the days of Queen Anne, when they had marched from one decisive victory to another.

In 1743, Louis XV. sent the Duke de Noailles into Germany to reinforce Marshal de Broglie, who was advancing to the neighbourhood of Frankfort, then threatened by a united army of English, Hanoverians, Hessians, and Austrians. When the French commanders joined their forces they had from 50,000 to 60,000 men. The supreme command of the confederates was in the hands of the Earl of Stair, who had fought with bravery and distinction under the Duke of Marlborough, but who had grown aged since the days of Ramilies and Oudenarde.

Being far outnumbered, Stair retreated before the French, with the view of establishing communications with other Austrian forces, and of obtaining some good corps from Hanover. Noailles followed him so closely, and so completely out-manceuvred him, that he cut him off from his magazines at Hanau, and left him almost wholly without bread for his men or forage for his horses.

To render still worse the condition of Lord Stair, the Duke d'Aremberg, who commanded some of the allied troops, disagreed with him as to what was to be done; and the French, after depriving them of the resources collected at Hanau, succeeded in intercepting their communications



DETTINGEN

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with Franconia, whence they might have derived sufficient supplies of provisions. Affairs were in this critical state—the English and their allies being cooped up in a narrow valley that runs along the river Maine from the town of Aschaffenburg to the large village of Dettingen—when King George II., with his son the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Carteret arrived at head quarters from Hanover. The force of the allies was reduced to 37,000 men, and these were put upon half rations, while the horses of the cavalry were starving; the Hessians and Hanoverians that were to join them had marched upon Hanover, and there remained cut off from the main army, and in great danger of starvation.

Still, however, the soldiers were full of heart, and George II. who, in his young days had seen hot service under Marlborough, was remarkable, at least, for his personal bravery. After holding several councils of war, the king resolved to get out of that narrow valley at all hazards, and to force his way to Hanau and its well stocked magazines. According to a French authority, if he had stayed only two days longer in that position, he would have been obliged to sacrifice his horses from want of forage.

But King George was watched by a far superior force, and by a general who was exceedingly quick-sighted. Noailles, as soon as he saw the allies in movement, altered his dispositions so as to point on the flank, and also on the rear of the allies, and he detached his nephew, the Duke de Grammont, with 23,000 men, to secure the defile of Dettingen. He also threw up batteries on the opposite bank of the river Maine, having previously thrown two bridges across that river, which served for the advance of de Grammont, and kept open the communication between him and his uncle.

It was on the 27th of June that the allies marched towards Dettingen in two columns. George commanded in person in the rear, which he considered the post of danger, being as yet ignorant of the movement of the Duke de Grammont; nor did he find out his mistake till he saw the heads of his columns suddenly halting, and his advanced posts running back from the defile of Dettingen. The French now showed themselves in great force in that pass. George instantly rode from the rear to the front, the real post of danger, and

made his arrangements for the battle, placing his infantry in front and the cavalry behind them. He was by this time completely shut up in the valley, for a French division of 12,000 men had pushed into Aschaffenburg, in his rear, and his flank was now exposed to the French batteries on the other side of the Maine. Nothing was left but to surrender, or cut his way through the defile, which was fully occupied by Grammont, and covered in front by a morass and a small rivulet.

But the rashness of Grammont relieved King George from this jeopardy; while his uncle, Noailles, who had given him strict orders not to move, was bringing up other divisions, from the opposite side of the Maine, to make the pass of Dettingen still more terrible, Grammont rushed from the village in the ravine, crossed the rivulet, deployed in the plain, and engaged the allies in front. As the French approached with a tremendous noise, George's horse took fright, and, with the bit in his teeth, nearly carried his Majesty into the midst of the enemy. A lucky hand stopped him in time. Then, dismounting, the king put himself at the head of his British and Hanoverian infantry, flourishing his sword, and addressing a few encouraging words to his men—"Now, my boys, now! for the honour of England! Fire! Behave bravely, and the French will soon run!" The Duke of Cumberland was also in front, on the left wing, and behaved as staunchly as his Father. At the first onset Grammont and his impetuous cavalry threw the allies into some confusion; but the steady foot soon rallied, and, at this critical moment, the French batteries across the Maine suspended their fire, which they could not continue without striking their countrymen as well as their enemies, for they were mixed.

George in person formed his infantry into one dense column, and charged with them till they broke de Grammont's squadrons, and pushed both horse and foot before them. Noailles, from the opposite side of the river, beheld the fatal mistake of his nephew, and tried to redeem it; but, before he could get to Dettingen, the affair was decided, and Grammont's men were in headlong retreat, and so panic-struck that he could not rally them. The French made for the bridges across the Maine; the English pursued them with sabre and bayonet in their loins; multitudes were killed

before they could reach the bridges; others, in their mad speed, rushed into the river, or fell over the choked-up bridges and were drowned; others, throwing down their arms, tried to escape by running up the hills on the opposite side of the valley, and were for the most part taken prisoners without a blow. Altogether, the loss of the French, in killed and wounded, was about 2,000 men, including many officers of rank. Generals Clayton and Monroy were killed; the Earl of Albemarle, General Huske, and others were wounded. The king, who had exposed his person as much as any of them, was not touched. This much-famed battle of Dettingen lasted till four o'clock in the afternoon, and George remained on the ground till dark at night. The Duke of Cumberland, though wounded in the leg, had refused to quit the field. Both father and son displayed the greatest personal bravery; but, as for generalship, there was none in the allied army. The great merit rested with the unflinching infantry of England, and the steady Hanoverian foot. Not long after, Voltaire met the Earl of Stair at the Hague, and coolly asked his lordship what he thought of the battle of Dettingen. "I think," said the Scottish nobleman, "that the French made one great mistake, and the English two; yours was, not standing still; our first, entangling ourselves in a most dangerous position, our second, failing to pursue our victory."

But when the battle was over, the allies were still without victuals. The road to the well-furnished magazines of Hanau was now opened, and thither they marched, after a short rest, leaving most of their wounded behind them on the field of battle, to the mercy of the French. To his honour, Marshal Noailles treated these unfortunate men in a most humane manner; but the leaving the wounded behind has continued to be severely censured. Lord Stair, though wounded in the shoulder, proposed that instead of going to Hanau, the army should pursue the enemy; but provisions were indispensable, and, though Grammont had been so thoroughly defeated, nearly one half of the French army had not been engaged at all, and the junction of such as might rally on the retreat with those who had not fought and were fresh for action would still have presented a force far superior to that of the allies. There remains, however, to be con-

sidered the demoralizing effect of a panic, on the one side, and of a closely pursued advantage on the other; but, as some time was lost in deliberation, and as the stomach arguments were so strong, it was generally considered that King George did well in rejecting the advice of the brave old Scotch lord.*

Without any other battle on the part of the King, Noailles was soon obliged to burn his magazines, to cross the Rhine, and to return, in a lamentable condition, to his own country. The campaign was much more criticised in England than it was abroad. The French certainly were very far from laughing at the condensed charge of our half-famished infantry: their veteran officers said that the qualities of our troops were unchanged; that these were the same men who had fought in the Netherlands, with the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene.

The battle of Dettingen is noticeable as having been the last battle in which a crowned king of England ever commanded, or took the field. There had also been a very long interval, during which none of our kings had served in person, with an army on the continent; the unhappy Charles I. having fought only in England, and against his own subjects. William III. had, however, fought in several battles, and commanded in several sieges, after his accession. Thus (with the exception of William), before the appearance of George II. at Dettingen, Henry VIII., who figured at the melodramatic Battle of the Spurs, was the last English crowned king that had fought a battle on the Continent.

* Pictorial History of England. Tindal's Continuation of Rapin's History. Milner's Journal of Marches and Battles. Military History of Great Britain.

FONTENOT.

A. D. 1745. May 11, N. S.

GEORGE II. remained at home, intrusting the command of our troops on the Continent to his son, the Duke of Cumberland, who had manfully conducted himself at Dettingen, and who, shortly after the present affair, commanded at Culloden.

In the month of April, 1745, a French army of 76,000 men were collected in Flanders by Louis XV., who was intent on carrying out the conquest and aggrandizement schemes of his predecessor on the throne, and grandfather, Louis XIV., who had been, in good part, rescued from the effects of the Duke of Marlborough's glorious victories by English factions, court intrigue, and the dishonourable peace of Utrecht, concluded in 1714. The French army was under the command of Marshal Saxe, a natural son of Augustus, who had been Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. The marshal was an enthusiastic soldier, and, as a boy of fourteen, had joined the Duke of Marlborough, during that great man's wars in Flanders, and on the French frontiers: his morals were very questionable, but there was not the least doubt as to his bravery, activity, energy, and military genius. From this period, down to the time of the wars of the great French Revolution, there was no leader of a French army whose name now stands so high as that of Marshal Saxe. The little he wrote on military affairs proves him to have been a man of high military genius. To this distinction the Duke of Cumberland appears to have not the slightest claim. His royal highness, according to established rules of war, could bravely lead brave men; but there his qualifications as a general began and ended. Still, with such troops as he had, he would never have known defeat, even at the hands of

Marshal Saxe, if he had not been basely abandoned by some of his allies.

In the beginning of May, Saxe marched suddenly upon Tournay, and invested that place. England had furnished all the troops she had promised the confederates, and had about 28,000 brave men under arms, on the old battle-field of Europe. But the Dutch, instead of sending 50,000, and keeping 10,000 in garrison at Tournay, had scarcely sent 23,000; and the Austrians, who had promised great things, mustered no more than eight or nine squadrons of horse. If the Austrian Government, in keeping away troops, had only kept away their old marshal, Konigsegg, the campaign would have gone better. This pedantic, obstinate chief despised the comparative youth of Cumberland, and had always a will of his own, which was not the will of the commander-in-chief. Moreover, his royal highness was hampered and thwarted by the Dutch general, Prince Waldeck, and by the field deputies of the States General—those dead-weights in war, who had pressed like incubi on the Duke of Marlborough, and had repeatedly deranged the most skilful combinations of that great warrior.

At the earnest instances of Prince Waldeck and the States General, the Duke of Cumberland moved, with his inferior forces, to relieve Tournay, which, had the Dutch kept their engagements, ought to have been quite strong enough to defend itself. Having come to this resolution of relieving Tournay, the allied forces ought to have been quick and sudden in their movements; but they lost time, they went at parade pace, and, when they got near the destined point, they found that Saxe was before them, and well prepared for battle. That skilful general, leaving 5,000 of his infantry to block up the fortress, had moved with the rest of his army of 60,000 horse and foot to an excellent position between Tournay and Fontenoy, and had had time to occupy and strengthen Fontenoy with various works. And while he had been lying there, Louis XV. and the Dauphin had arrived post from Paris, and joined him, to the great joy and encouragement of the French army.

When the allies came up, they found the French encamped on the gentle heights which rise from the right bank of the Scheld, with that river and the village of Antoine on their

right, Fontenoy and a narrow valley in their front, and a small wood on their left. As at Dettingen, the French had a free passage across the river by means of a bridge; and this bridge was defended by a *tête de pont* and by a strong body of reserve. Fontenoy and Antoine were fortified and well garrisoned; strong redoubts were thrown up between these two villages, and there were abbatis on the left, in front of the wood. This sight was formidable, but it did not deter Cumberland and the allied troops. Driving in the French picquets and outposts, they pressed on in gallant style. But night fell, operations were suspended, and the troops lay under their arms till the following morning, the 11th of May.

At about four o'clock in the morning a brisk cannonade began on both sides, the French batteries having triple our weight of metal. Before six the two armies were closely engaged.

With the English and Hanoverians the Duke of Cumberland advanced against the left of the French, detaching General Ingoldsby to clear the wood there and carry a redoubt a little beyond the wood. Ingoldsby did his duty ill; coming up to the wood he found it partially occupied by some detachments of sharpshooters, whom he mistook for an entire French division; and, after hesitating and losing precious time, he rode back to his royal highness to ask for fresh instructions. This was a very sad blunder; but on the other side Prince Waldeck and the Dutch, who had moved against the French right to attack Fontenoy and Antoine, gave unequivocal proofs of cowardice; for, after failing in their first assault, and suffering a little from the enemy's batteries, they gave ground, and remained little more than spectators of the rest of the fight. A regiment of brave Highlanders was sent at the beginning of the movement to support the Dutch; and we have the account of what followed from the pen of two officers of that gallant corps. One of these officers says—"We were to support the Dutch, who, in their usual way, were very dilatory. We, the Highlanders got within musket-shot of the batteries at Fontenoy, where we received three full fires from batteries and small arms, which killed us forty men and one ensign. Here we were obliged to skulk behind houses and hedges

for about an hour and a half, waiting for the Dutch, who, when they came up, behaved but so so. Our regiment being in some disorder, I wanted to draw them up in the rear of the Dutch, which their general would scarce allow of; but at last I did it, and soon marched them again to the front. In half an hour after this the Dutch quite gave way, and Sir Robert Munro thought proper we should retire; for we had then the whole of the batteries from the enemy's ground playing upon us, and 5,000 foot ready to fall upon us. We retired; but before we had marched fifty yards we had orders to return to the attack; which we did; and, in about ten minutes after, had orders to march directly with all expedition, to assist the Hanoverians, who had got by this time well advanced upon the batteries on the left.*

The other Highland officer says that the Dutch very confidently undertook to make themselves masters of Fontenoy early in the morning; but, not having rightly reconnoitered it, found, to their surprise, a fosse round it, and that the French, by cutting the roofs of the houses and letting them fall in, had raised so many cannon upon the rubbish as made the place impregnable.”*

To increase the shame, Appius, the colonel of a regiment of Hesse-Homburgers in the pay of the States General, galloped away with most of his men to the town of Ath, and thence wrote a letter to the Dutch government to inform them that the allied army had been cut to pieces. In more than one quarter there was a strong suspicion of treachery as well as of cowardice.

Still, however, Cumberland, with his brave British and Hanoverian troops, persevered in his attack on the left. Leaving the cavalry in the rear, and dragging some pieces of artillery with the strength of their own muscular arms, the foot crossed a ravine, and advanced full in front of the wood, the batteries, and the abbatis, and of the best part of the enemy's army, for Saxe had been allowed time and opportunity to gather strength from his right wing. The combat soon became close, and was terrific: our men were

* Culloden Papers. Letter from Colonel John Munro to the Lord President Forbes.

+ Culloden Papers. Letter from Lieutenant John Forbes to Captain Hugh Forbes.

killed in heaps by the enemy's artillery ; but still they went closer, sweeping away the French foot and the sturdy Swiss guard, and giving back death for death. The Duke de Grammont, who had lost the day at Dettingen, was killed early in the day, and many French officers better than he bit the dust.

When the British and Hanoverians finally carried the French position on the left, and looked with the eyes of conquerors to the right, they could see nothing of their allies the Dutch ; and they were soon charged where they stood by masses of the French cavalry. But charge after charge was wasted upon them, and, instead of retreating, they passed on in the view of cutting the enemy off from their bridge across the Scheldt. "If," says Voltaire, "the Dutch had moved at this moment, and joined the British, there would have been no resource, nay, no retreat for the French army, nor, in all probability, for the king and his son." Louis, in fact, had been advised to seek safety in flight ; but either because he thought flying more dangerous than staying where he was, or from some nobler motive, he refused to quit the field, though repeatedly urged to it by Marshal Saxe, who, it is said, was actually preparing to retreat himself.

Old Konigsegg congratulated the Duke of Cumberland as a conqueror—but his compliments were premature. Marshal Saxe, who could not at first credit the fact, or the evidence of his own senses, now clearly saw that Waldeck and the Dutch were determined to keep aloof, and leave the English and the Hanoverians to their fate : and thus, calling away all the French troops that had held Fontenoy and Antoine, laying bare the right of his position (which ought to have been instantly occupied by our scandalous allies, but was not), bringing up the household troops, and the entire body of his reserve, he tried to crush Cumberland by a last desperate effort. The Irish brigade in the service of France were the foremost and most furious of all that fell upon the English. From the necessity of the ground they now occupied, which was hollow and narrow, the British and Hanoverian foot were huddled together in compact masses. Saxe, by the advice of the Duke de Richelieu, brought four pieces of heavy artillery to play upon them in this condition ; and while the cannon roared and inflicted death in the front,

they were attacked in flank by fresh troops, both foot and horse. Meanwhile our own cavalry did little or nothing. An attempt was afterwards made to account for this inactivity by the roughness of the ground; but surely English horses could go where the French horses could; and it is natural to conclude that, as usual, our cavalry was far inferior to our infantry. But this matchless force was at last compelled to give way, and to fall back, which they did, for some time, slowly and with their faces to their foes. The Duke of Cumberland was the last in the retreat: he called upon the men to remember Blenheim and Ramilies, and he threatened to shoot one of his officers whom he saw running. Thus retreating, the English and Hanoverian infantry came to their horse, who then presented a front to the French, and checked their pursuit. They were joined by the Dutch *faineans*; and then they all hastened together back to the sheltering walls of Ath. If the English soldiers had had their will, and no enemy in their rear, it might have been difficult to prevent, that evening, a new kind of combat, for their fury against the Dutch amounted almost to madness.

In this battle of Fontenoy, the British lost, in killed and wounded, more than 4,000 men, and the Hanoverians nearly 2,000; they left behind them a few pieces of artillery, but no standards, and scarcely any prisoners except the wounded. The French, on their part, owned to a loss of 7,000 men. It is believed that on both sides the numbers were underrated. Among the English officers of distinction who fell were, Lieutenant-General Campbell, and Major-General Ponsonby. "The action," says a Highland officer engaged, "will, I believe, be found to be the bloodiest as to officers that has happened to the British in the memory of man. The Hanoverians behaved most gallantly and bravely; and had the Dutch taken example from them, we had supped that night in Tournay." *

Another Highland officer, who was present, speaks of the battle somewhat more in detail. "I will not describe the cause of our failure, although I know it; but sure never troops behaved with more intrepidity than the English; nor

* Culloden Papers. Tournay, the cause of this slaughter, was delivered up to the French, a few days after the battle, by the base treachery of Hertsall, a principal engineer officer in the Dutch service.

never have troops suffered so much. In short, there was but one way of marching into the ground where we were to form our line, which was through the village of Vezon. The opening would not allow above fourteen or twenty abreast; and from thence to the French batteries, a rising ground like a glacis, and they at half cannon-shot distance. General Campbell, with twelve squadrons, was ordered through the defile first, as a corps to cover the mouth of the opening, whilst the infantry marched in: which, as they marched from the right, formed as soon as they went in; so one regiment covered another till they formed all the way to the left. You may believe this took up a great deal of time; in which the French batteries played incessantly on the twelve squadrons, and on the troops as they formed; but, as it is impossible to describe a thing unless you had a plan before you, I shall only say we formed with all the regularity in the world, and we marched up towards the enemy, who were all along upon the height with their different batteries, the whole length of which run a hollow way, that they made a very good entrenchment. Off we beat them out of this hollow way, and gained the height, whence we had the first view of their bodies, at about 200 paces distance;—an immense number of them, and numberless cannon still played upon us. Here we dressed our lines, and began to march towards them: when pop they went into another intrenchment, extremely well provided and flanked with batteries of cannon. Nevertheless, on we went, drove them from that, which was the first small shot we had an opportunity to make use of from the beginning, which was now near six hours.”*

Fontenoy and Almanza are the only two battles in which British infantry have been quite beaten and swept from the field by any enemy. We have seen the nature of the contest at Almanza; at Fontenoy the struggle was still more unequal. The positions of the enemy were very formidable; they could make a good use of their artillery, while the allies could make very little use of theirs; even counting the Dutch as combatants—which they scarcely were at all—their number nearly doubled that of the confederates.

* Culloden Papers. Letter of Lieutenant Forbes. Pictorial History of England, with the authorities there cited. Tindal's continuation of Rapin. Military History of Great Britain.

Marshal Saxe had 60,000 men, while the whole confederate army amounted only to 33,000 men. If we take off the Dutch, who so scandalously took themselves off, it will be found that the British and Hanoverians fought against more than triple their own numbers. The loss of such a battle certainly carried with it no disgrace to the pride of our army, and long enduring, dauntless infantry.

Nothing that has been said in this brief recital is to be considered as reflecting on the courage of the Dutch—as brave and steady a people as any. The forces at Fontenoy, as at numerous other battles, were not so much composed of native Dutch as of hired troops, taken from every part of Germany and from other countries, as they could be found. Mercenaries do not usually fight like national troops engaged in their own country's cause; but discipline, and a judicious treatment, has done and can yet do wonders with such troops. Under Marlborough and Overkirk they had been as faithful and as steady under fire, as any portion of the allied army, ever ready to follow their chiefs or to go wherever they might be directed. But in the time of Marlborough every care was taken of the food, pay, accommodation and discipline of these mercenaries as of all the other portions of the army. These things had been notoriously neglected since the peace of Utrecht, or for a period of more than thirty years, and an inevitable consequence was such unsoldierly conduct as the so-called Dutch troops displayed at Fontenoy. The Prince of Waldeck may have merited serious censure; but these facts will sufficiently account for the loss of the battle without taxing him either with treachery or personal cowardice.

CLIVE, AND VICTORIES IN INDIA.

1746—1752.

BUT during the reign of George II., while our army was so managed as not to add much to our military reputation on the continent of Europe, a handful of Englishmen, led by one extraordinary man, were gaining romantic successes in the East, and laying the broad foundations of our Indian Empire.

Robert Clive belonged to an ancient but a decayed family of Shropshire. He had entered the service of the East India Company in a civil capacity as a writer, and the duties of a junior writer were, in those days, strictly limited to trade. Clive soon grew weary of copying invoices and making out accounts of sales; and, at the very first opportunity, he threw down the pen and took up the sword.

At that time although we had had settlements in India for more than one hundred and thirty years, our possessions were mere strips upon the coast, at Salsette, Fort St. George (Madras), Masulipatam, Calcutta, and a few other places. And these possessions, all held upon sufferance, were but slightly defended from hostile attack, and were in fact very little more than *factories*, the commercial name by which they were designated. It was always in the power of the native princes to interrupt our trade and reduce the resident servants of the Company to a humiliating condition. The Dutch were as strong in India as we were, and the French, the first to hire and discipline natives as sepoys, were far stronger.

It soon became a problem whether the French or the English should have the dominion of the East. During a long series of years France was most ably served by M. Dupleix, and M. Bussy, who extended their influence among

the Indian potentates, and who, in their diplomacy and intrigues, were never hampered by any scruples of conscience, or by any want of cunning and ability. Pondicherry, their chief city and their stronghold, was well and regularly fortified, and a place of far greater strength than any we possessed. In military genius, in perseverance, and in other high qualities, M. Bussy proved himself a rival worthy of Clive.

From the time of their first settlements in the country both the French and the English had, of necessity, been drawn into treaties and alliances with various native princes. When we supported one nabob, the French invariably espoused the part of another, and we were always as ready to place ourselves in opposition to the confederate of the French. These nabobs and khans were incessantly plotting or waging war against each other. Brother often armed against brother, son against father: a death among the chiefs hardly ever took place without being immediately followed by a disputed succession. Every claimant courted the support either of the French or of the English. If the Europeans joined them they were liberal in granting privileges and extension of territories, but if their help was refused, their trade was interrupted, and they were subjected to all the evils which a native despot could inflict. It was impossible that the two rival European nations should long co-exist in the same country. In 1745 the French, strongly reinforced from Europe and from the isles of France and Bourbon, made a strenuous effort to drive us out of every part of the Carnatic. Madras and Fort St. David were captured by Labourdonnais; but they were restored at the short peace of 1748. In the following year the English being reinforced, and having increased the number of their sepoy, took the field as the ally of Sahujee, a dethroned prince of Tanjore; and gained several important advantages, including the permanent possession of Devi Cottah, a strong fortress on the river Coleeroon. It was at the siege of Devi Cottah, that Clive, who had distinguished himself the preceding year in an attempt upon Pondicherry, first attracted universal attention and admiration. He was, at this time, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and a lieutenant in the Company's service, poor and comparatively friendless, with all his hopes of patronage, fame, and fortune, lying in his sword.

At the same time, the French were not inactive : they had struck up an alliance with Chunda Sahib, who claimed the succession of the Carnatic, and who aimed at dispossessing Mohammed Ali, an ally of the English, of the important town and fortress of Trichinopoly. This immediately brought the rival Europeans into fierce conflict : neither the English nor the French had any orders from Europe to recommence the war in Asia ; but both frequently dispensed with any such orders, representing themselves as auxiliaries to the native princes, and not principals in the war. Various encounters took place, now favourable to the French, and now to the English. Having gained a victory at Volconda, the French laid siege to Trichinopoly ; and our Government at Fort St. David and Madras were thrown thereby into great consternation.

In a lucky hour, the Council promoted Clive to the rank of Captain, adopted a plan which his daring genius had suggested, and confided to him the execution of it. This was nothing less than to relieve Trichinopoly by making a sudden attack upon Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic. The gallant young soldier had justly attributed the disgraceful defeat at Volconda to the commanding officer, Captain Gingen, a weak, undecided man, and the preceding reverses to the incompetency and timidity of a certain Captain Cope, who must have been of the same stock as the hero of Preston Pans—of that Sir John Cope who preferred lying in his warm bed at Dunbar to getting up to fight on a cold morning. Clive had won the thorough affection of the sepoys, and knew that they might be trusted ; as for the English soldiers, he said that they would do everything, if only properly led. He had well drilled his men, since the time of his promotion, and they were no longer raw recruits, but staunch, practised, and well-formed soldiers.

CLIVE AT ARCOT.

1751.

FORT ST. DAVID and Madras were emptied of their troops, and left with the weakest garrisons, and yet Clive's detachment, when completed, did not exceed 200 Englishmen and 300 sepoys. His whole staff of officers counted no more than eight, six of whom had never been in action, and four of these six being young men in the mercantile service of the Company, who, inflamed by Clive's example, took up the sword to follow him. The artillery attached to this force consisted of three light field pieces. But Clive had learned something while acting as commissary, and had taken good care to provide supplies of provisions and abundant ammunition. He had already the forethought of a great commander. On the 26th of August, 1751, he started from Madras with a confidence of success. On the 29th, he reached a pagoda, about forty miles inland; and there received intelligence that the fort of Arcot had not been drained of its troops for the siege of Trichinopoly, but was actually garrisoned by 1,100 men. Nothing daunted, he wrote to Madras for two eighteen-pounders to be sent after him without delay; and, continuing his march, he halted, on the 31st, within ten miles of Arcot. The country people, or the scouts employed by the enemy, reported with consternation that they had seen the English marching, without concern, through a terrible storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. This was considered as a fearful omen by the native garrison, who instantly abandoned the fort. A few hours after their departure, Clive and his men entered the city, which had no walls or defences; and, marching through the streets in the midst of tens of thousands of timid spectators, they took possession of the fort, where they found eight pieces of

cannon, from four to eight pounders, a great heap of lead for shot, and abundance of gunpowder. The merchants of Arcot had for security deposited their goods in the fort: Clive scrupulously respected this property, and allowed some three or four thousand persons to remain in their houses, or dwellings, which were situated within the fort. All this procured him many friends among the natives, who cared little for either of the parties contending for dominion over them; and it enabled him to obtain provisions and such materials as might be wanted to sustain a siege, for he could scarcely hope to be left with such a scanty force in undisturbed possession of his enemy's capital. But, before the besiegers should gather around him from afar, this precocious and self-taught general resolved to scatter the ex-garrison of the fort, who lingered in the neighbourhood, and who might recover from their panic. On the 4th of September, he marched out with the greatest part of his men and four field pieces; and he soon discovered 600 horse and 500 foot drawn up in battle array. They had a field-piece, managed by two or three Europeans, from which they fired at a great distance. They killed a camel, and wounded a sepoy; but, as soon as the English got within musket-shot, they fled to the hills in their rear. Clive then returned to the fort of Arcot.

The glorious affair of Arcot was not so much a siege as a fighting within old crumbling walls, and in the country outside.

On the 6th, Clive made another excursion into the country, and found the enemy nearly at the same spot where he had found them before; but their number now appeared to be nearly doubled, and they had two field-pieces with them instead of one. Moreover, they had chosen their ground with some skill, in a grove enclosed with a bank and ditch, and having in front an old tank, almost dry and choked up. They fired their field-pieces smartly, as Clive advanced, and killed three English soldiers. But the line, with Clive at its head, advanced more briskly; upon which the enemy, not thinking themselves safe in the grove, ran into the old tank, the banks of which were strong and high. Well under cover, they could scarcely be touched by the fire of the English line, and they were enabled to wound several of Clive's people. He, therefore, withdrew his troops to the rear of some buildings, and then detached a platoon to attack the

tank on one of its sides, and threw forward another platoon in its front. Both gained the ridge of the bank, and gave their fire at the same instant, amongst numbers crowded together in the tank. The next minute there was no one in that enclosure, except the killed—the enemy were in headlong flight!

Close to the scene of action, stood a village, and the Indian fort of Timery. Clive took possession of the village, and summoned the fort; but the governor knew he had no battering cannon, and refused to surrender; and, after throwing a few shells into the fort from a cohorn mortar, Clive marched back to Arcot, and employed his men in repairing the works of that crazy fortress. The enemy, seeing that he made no more sallies, conceived that he was beginning to be afraid of them; and, having raised their force to 3,000 fighting men, they encamped within three miles of the town. On the night of the 14th of September, when they were buried in sleep, Clive burst into their camp, committed a great slaughter, and put them all to flight, without losing a single man.

At this time, the two eighteen pounders which he had demanded, were on their way from Madras, escorted only by a few sepoy. Knowing that the enemy had occupied part of the road, and taken possession of a strong pagoda, in the intention of intercepting this escort, Clive sent out thirty Englishmen and fifty sepoy, with a field-piece, to dislodge them from the pagoda. The detachment found that the pagoda was abandoned, but that the enemy had retreated to a fort on the road, where they were continually reinforced.

Upon this intelligence, Clive sent on nearly his whole force, remaining in the fortress with only thirty Europeans and fifty sepoy; while there were from 3,000 to 4,000 natives within the same walls. The enemy hereupon changed their design; and, quitting all the positions they had occupied on the road, they returned hastily to Arcot, hoping to carry the fort by assault.

During the night, they completely surrounded the fort with horse and foot; and, on the following morning, they opened a fire of musketry upon the ramparts from some adjacent houses, which overlooked them. As this attack produced no effect, a large body of horse and foot, mixed and in disorder, advanced to the outer gate of the fort, with a terrific

din of voices and warlike music; but a few hand-grenades thrown in amongst them frightened the horses, which knocked down and galloped over the foot; and cavalry and infantry soon disappeared.

About an hour after, a similar attack was followed by an equally quick repulse; and, between night and morning, the mass of Clive's little force, with the sepoys and the two precious battering-cannon from Madras, appeared on the skirts of the town. The enemy then packed up and fled, and Clive quietly opened his gates to receive his people. During the attack, the natives in the fort, well satisfied with his kind treatment, remained perfectly quiet.

As had been expected, Chunda withdrew the greater part of his forces from Trichinopoly: he did not march with them himself, but sent his son, Rajah Saheb, who entered the town of Arcot, with 4,000 horse and foot, and 150 French from Pondicherry, and fixed his head-quarters in the palace of the nabob. Being joined by the forces previously collected in the neighbourhood, Chunda found himself at the head of 10,000 men, and with these he prosecuted a siege against a contemptible fort, defended by Clive's little band. Yet, on the 24th, the English commander made a sally, with the view of driving Rajah Saheb from the palace and the town; or, if he failed in that, of striking terror into the native troops by the excess of his audacity. But, after a fight in the streets, he was compelled, by the artillery of the French, to fall back into the fort. Had there been none but native troops, both palace and town would have been cleared. In this day's sortie, Clive lost fifteen of his English soldiers, and one of his best officers, who sacrificed his own life in protecting that of his commander.* Moreover, Lieutenant Kevel, his only artillery officer, was disabled.

He was now cooped up within the walls of the fortress, which were, in many places, falling to ruin. These walls were more than a mile in circumference; the rampart was too narrow to admit the firing of artillery; the parapet was low and weak; the towers were only capable of receiving one cannon each; and the ditch was fordable in most places, and per-

* This was Lieutenant Trenwith, who, seeing a sepoy from a window taking aim at Clive, pulled him on one side; upon which the sepoy, changing his aim, shot Trenwith through the body.

fectly dry and choked ap in others. The houses, already mentioned as overlooking the ramparts, were soon filled with troops, and good French marksmen picked off several of the English garrison.

At midnight, when the enemy had retired from their advanced positions, an attempt was made to blow up these houses, but it failed, and was the cause of depriving Clive of the services of another of his officers. He had now only four officers fit for duty. In order to husband the provisions within the fort, he sent away all the natives except a few artificers. For fourteen days the enemy prosecuted the siege with musketry from the houses and a bombardment from four mortars. Several of the English were killed, and more were wounded on the ramparts, though they only showed their heads above the parapet.

Clive himself had several hair-breadth escapes; three sergeants, who at different times singly attended him in visiting the works, were killed at his side.

On the 24th of October the French, who had hitherto had no battering cannon, received from Pondicherry two eighteen-pounders and seven pieces of smaller calibre. A well-served battery was then opened, and at their very first shot the French dismounted one of Clive's eighteen-pounders, and at the next entirely disabled it. The English mounted their other eighteen-pounder, but this too was soon dismounted, and was employed afterwards only in those parts of the fort where it was not exposed to the French artillery. In six days the French beat down all the wall between two of the towers, and made a practicable breach fifty feet wide. But, while they were making this breach, Clive, with remarkable ingenuity, was making a deep trench, and erecting palisades and a strong parapet behind it; and he planted one of his field-pieces on one of the towers which flanked the breach, and two small pieces of cannon on the flat roof of a house within the fort, and just opposite to the entrance which the French guns had made. The besiegers, aware of these preparations, would not venture into the breach until they should effect another in an opposite direction. They ~~one~~ of their eighteen-pounders, but they carried ~~me~~, with a nine-pounder, to a new battery ~~d~~ erected on the opposite side of the fort.

Within that precinct Clive had found one of those enormous cannons which Turks, Persians, and other Orientals have always so much admired. According to the local tradition, this monster gun had been sent from Delhi by the Emperor Aurungzebe, and had been drawn by 1,000 yoke of oxen.

Clive raised a mound of earth to such a height as commanded the nabob's palace over the roofs of the houses that lay between; he hoisted the great gun on this mound, and, having found some iron ball which had been cast for the gun, he loaded and fired. The ponderous ball went right through the palace, to the terror of the Rajah Saheb and his principal officers there assembled. But, as every charge took thirty pounds of powder, Clive ordered that the gun should be fired only once a day. On the fourth day the monster burst.

Both in imitation and retaliation the enemy raised a mound opposite one of the gates, and put two pieces of cannon upon it; but, before they could well begin their fire, Clive brought his reserved eighteen-pounder to bear upon it, and in less than an hour the mound gave way and tumbled down with the fifty men perched upon it. The Company's agents at Madras and Fort St. David, informed of the desperate contest in which Clive was engaged, determined to make an effort to relieve him, but so limited were their means, that all they could do was to send 100 English soldiers and 200 Sepoys, under the command of Lieutenant Innis. This party, who had no cannon, were attacked on the road between Madras and Arcot by 2,000 native troops, who had with them two field-pieces served by Europeans; and Innis, after a sharp contest, in which he lost twenty English soldiers and two officers, thought it prudent to face about and return to Madras. Clive and his reduced garrison thus seemed left alone to their fate; but the gallant defence they had made had produced a deep impression far and near, and the fickle nature of Indian alliances and compacts soon gave him more than a gleam of hope.

At the distance of about thirty miles from Arcot, there lay encamped a body of 6,000 Mahrattas, under the command of Morari Rao, a chief of more energy than conscience. Clive, surrounded as he was, found means to send a messenger to this chief; and the messenger soon returned safe to the

fort with a letter, in which Morari Rao stated that he would not delay a moment to send a detachment to the assistance of such brave men as the defenders of Arcot, whose behaviour had now, for the first time, convinced him that the English knew how to fight. Yet all that these Mahrattas did when they came, was to plunder and set fire to some houses in the outskirts of the town, for they would not venture to attack the barricades which had been erected in every street and in every avenue leading to the besieged fort. In their advance or in their retreat they, however, intercepted some ammunition destined for the besiegers. In the mean while, the French guns had made a second breach, and Clive had counterworked it as he had done the first. This second breach was nearly thirty yards wide; but the ditch there was deep and full of water. On the 14th of November, the great festival in commemoration of the murder of the holy brothers Hassan and Hussein, when the Mohammedans of India quicken their fanaticism with opium and with bang, Rajah Saheb and his French allies resolved to storm the fort through its two opposite breaches. Elephants with large plates of iron fixed on their foreheads, were driven up to the gates as if they could have battered them down; and in the rear of these ponderous animals marched or scrambled a multitude of men on foot.

This first essay was signally unfortunate, for the elephants, being wounded by the men on the ramparts, rushed madly round, threw down the rabble rout, trampled a good many of them to death, and then went off with their probosces in the air. The work in the breaches was more serious. In front of the first (to the north-west) the ditch was fordable, and there hundreds upon hundreds, drunk and furious with their wild devotion, and the drugs working on their stomachs and brains, rushed across and entered the mortal gap. Some of these aspirants after the higher paradise even got across the trench which Clive had dug behind the breach. He let them come on almost to the palisade before he gave fire; but then he opened upon them with two pieces of cannon and with his musketry, and every shot and bullet told on their confused mass. They went back shrieking; but others crowded through the breach, and when these were driven off they succeeded by others. The fire of small arms from

the palisade and parapet never slackened for a moment, for Clive's men who were behind kept loading the muskets and handing them to the front rank as fast as they could discharge them. The musketry, the two cannon, and some bombs which Clive had prepared with short fusees, at length drove back the bravest or maddest of the assailants, and strewn nearly every foot of ground with their dead or wounded. But in the mean time they were attempting the other breach. To cross the deep water of the ditch they had prepared a raft, which they launched with seventy men upon it. This breach, like the other, was flanked on either side by a tower, and in each of the towers there was one field-piece. Observing that his men were firing with bad aim, and that the raft was drawing near without injury, Clive ran into one of the towers, took the management of the field-piece into his own hands, and fired with such precision that in three or four discharges the raft was broken to pieces and the seventy men tumbled into the ditch—of whom some were drowned, some killed by shot in the water, and some enabled to escape by swimming. All further attempts at storming were abandoned. The enemy had lost 400 in killed and wounded, few of whom were Europeans, for during the storm most of the French troops were observed drawn up and looking on at a distance. As for Clive he had only four English killed, and two sepoys wounded. So many of his garrison being previously disabled by wounds or sickness, the number which repulsed the storm was no more than 80 English, officers included, and 120 sepoys, and these, besides serving five pieces of cannon, expended 12,000 musket cartridges during the attack. The enemy, after a pause of two hours, renewed their fire upon the fort with musketry from the houses, and with their cannon; but this was a mere waste of powder and shot, and at two o'clock in the afternoon they requested leave to carry off and bury their dead. Clive allowed them two hours. At four o'clock they once more opened their fire, nor did they again cease till two hours after midnight, when of a sudden a dead silence ensued. When day broke Clive learned that the whole army had abandoned Arcot in haste and confusion. He instantly threw open the gate, and marched into their deserted quarters, where he found four pieces of artillery, four mortars, and a large quantity of ammunition.

Thus ended the siege of the fort of Arcot, which had lasted fifty days, and which, in a military point of view, had been highly honourable to all engaged in the defence. It established Clive's character as a soldier, and it raised the reputation of English arms in India from the lowest to the very highest pitch.

It has been said by a competent judge that Clive, who, it was thought, at this time, had neither read military books, nor conversed with men capable of giving him much instruction in the art of war, had employed all the resources which are dictated by the best masters—that he acted like an experienced general from the beginning—that he was born a soldier.* It may, however, be suspected, that since his arrival in India, Clive had assisted his natural genius with some careful study of a few good books. It is mentioned, indeed, that in the governor's house, at Fort St. George, there was a good library open at all times to the young writer; and that Clive, during the first year or two of his residence in India, through poverty and pride, shyness, and a sense of his deficient education, led a very secluded life.

The English troops engaged had never been under fire before this campaign. The sepoy acting with them behaved with great gallantry, and testified a warm affection for their white comrades. When provisions were becoming scarce in the fort, the sepoy proposed that Clive should limit them to conja, the water in which the rice is boiled, and which resembles very thin gruel. "It is," said they, "sufficient for our support; the Europeans require the grain."†

Clive returned to Fort St. David to report his successes. On his way 600 sepoy, who had been serving the French, deserted with their arms and accoutrements, and joined him.

Early in the month of February of the following year, 1752, the enemy re-assembled in the field, and with 4,500 natives, horse and foot, 400 French, and a long train of artillery, began to ravage the Company's territories. Clive, having been reinforced from Bengal, went out to meet them with 380 English, 1,300 sepoy, and six field pieces. Such was now the terror of his name that they retreated before him,

* Major Lawrence. "Narrative."

† Sir John Malcolm, *Life of Lord Clive*.

abandoning one strong position after another. But, after a good chase, he came up with them near the village of Covrepauk, and thoroughly defeated them, after a hard-fought battle. The French then fled to the protecting walls of Pondicherry, and Clive, with nine pieces of their cannon, and some prisoners, returned to Fort St. David.

After other exploits, in this same year, 1752, Clive, with 200 recruits, who had just been landed from England at Madras, 500 newly raised Sepoys, and with four twenty-four pounders attacked Covelong, an important fort in the Carnatic, about twenty miles south of Fort St. David, which mounted 30 pieces of cannon, and was garrisoned by 50 French and 300 sepoy. Clive's recruits are represented as being the very refuse of our London prisons. But as this extraordinary man had become a general suddenly and as if by inspiration, so had he the faculty of making soldiers in a week out of vagabonds and cut-purses. At first his jail-birds showed some trepidation, but Clive shamed them out of their fears, and by the time the fort surrendered the fellows were heroes.

From Covelong, Clive and his little force flew to Chingliput, a fort distant about forty miles, and garrisoned by French and natives in their service. Chingliput fell, as did every place that Clive attacked in person.

PLASSEY.

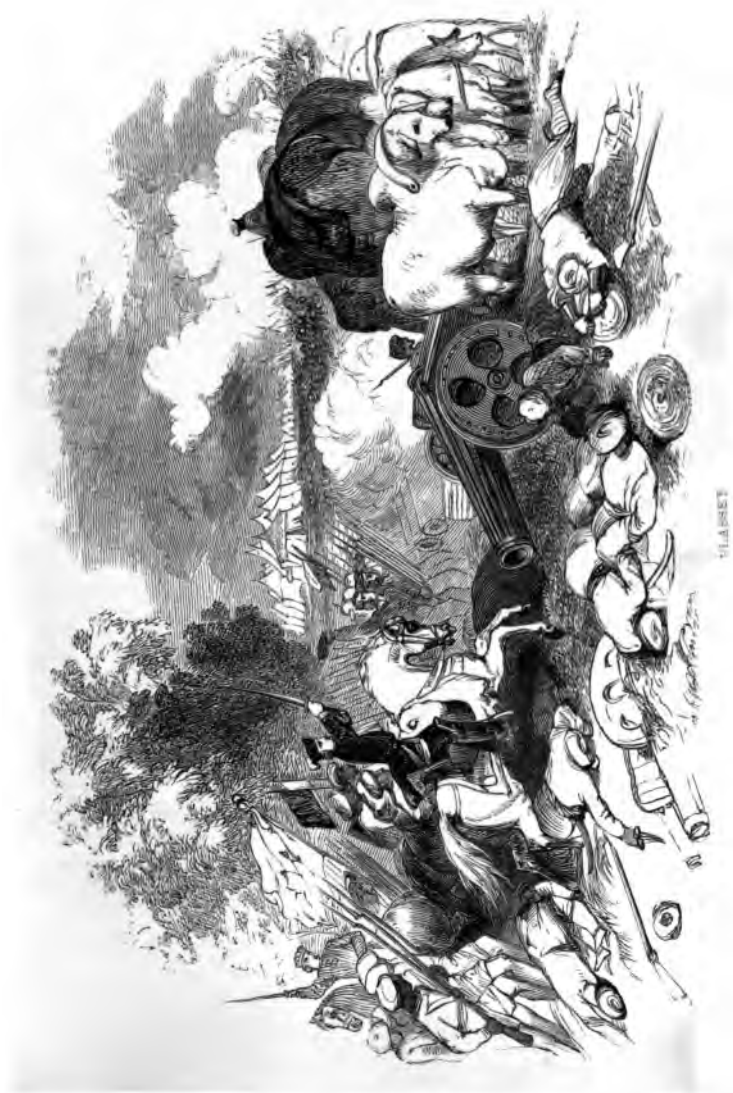
A. D. 1757. June 23.

EVERY reader must be familiar with the dismal tale of the Black Hole of Calcutta. That factory had been attacked on the 16th June, 1756, by Suraj-u-Dowlah, the new nabob of Bengal, a young, dissolute, rapacious, and cruel tyrant; and it had fallen, not because the English garrison was so weak in numbers, but because there was not an officer of skill and spirit to command it. Had Robert Clive been there, the vast barbaric host would have been discomfited and put to the rout on the first day of their siege; but Clive, who had gone to England on sick leave, was far away from Bengal at this critical moment.

The barbarities practised on the English, and the horrible death of 123 of them in the Black Hole, called aloud for vengeance; and Suraj-u-Dowlah was such a monster that no security could be enjoyed either by the English or by the natives in Calcutta, so long as he sat upon the musnud at Moorshedabad, and ruled over Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa. But Clive, "The Daring in War," was soon preparing to come against him.

On the 16th October, 1756, Clive and Admiral Watson set sail from Madras for the Hooghly. The force consisted of five of his Majesty's ships, and five of the Company's, having on board 900 European infantry and 1,500 sepoy. Five hundred more sepoy were expected from Bombay. It was not until the 22nd December that Clive reached the Fulta, a village on the left bank of the Hooghly, about twenty miles in a straight line below Calcutta. Here he found the mournful British fugitives from that city. With a small part of this

he gained him from the natives the name of Sabut in War.



TABLET

force the Daring in War beat the nabob's general Monichund, who had come down from Calcutta with 3,000 horse and foot; captured the force of Budge-Budge; sent the natives scampering up the country; and, on the 2nd January, 1757, took possession of the fort and town of Calcutta, without losing a man.

So complete was the panic of the Nabob's troops that Major Coote, with only fifty Europeans and one hundred sepoy, scoured the country for miles, destroying or capturing a vast quantity of rice and other provisions, and making good booty besides. At the end of January, Suraj-u-Dowlah, with horrible threats and imprecations came down from Moorshedabad, with an immense army of cavalry and infantry. Clive was utterly without cavalry, having only one horse which had been brought from Madras; but with 1,500 soldiers, Europeans and sepoy, and 600 brave English sailors who had been landed from the fleet, he thoroughly beat the tyrant at a short distance from the city, and compelled him to implore for peace. As Clive expected that the Nabob would be joined by 400 or 500 Frenchmen from the neighbouring factory of Chandernagore, he granted him peace for the present.

No sooner had Suraj-u-Dowlah returned to his capital and recovered from his panic than he sent emissaries to Golconda to invite that brave and skilful French officer, M. Bussy, with his troops, into Bengal.

Losing no time, Clive and Admiral Watson went up the Hooghly, bombarded Chandernagore, and took that important stronghold, although it was garrisoned by 900 French.

After playing off all the tricks of Eastern diplomacy and state-craft, Suraj-u-Dowlah drew together an immense army at Plassey, where he encamped, in the expectation of being joined by M. Bussy and his disciplined Frenchmen, and by other confederates. By degrees nearly every man, horse, elephant, musket, fire-lock, and cannon he possessed were collected in that strong and commanding position. But there was treachery in the camp, and the Nabob was believed to have rendered himself odious to a great part of the army. Meer Jaffier, a Mahommedan soldier of fortune, and the commander-in-chief of the forces, engaged to abandon the Nabob and join the English with such troops as he could bring over with him; but the conduct of this chief was so unsteady, so

doubly treacherous and equivocating, that little reliance could be placed on any engagement he made.

Clive resolved to attack Suraj-u-Dowlah, and, though not without reluctance, Admiral Watson agreed to send 200 of his sailors with him.

Marching steadily on from Chandernagore, Clive reached Putlee on the 16th June, and detached Captain Coote to take Cutwah, a mud fort, about twelve miles higher up, and commanding the passage of the river Cossimbuzar. After firing a few shots the garrison fled out of the fort, wherein Coote found rice enough to supply an army of 10,000 men for a whole year. In the evening Clive came up with his main body and encamped in the plain; but the next day the rain, setting in with terrible violence, obliged him to seek shelter for his army in the houses and mud huts of the town of Cutwah, which stood near the fort.

On the 17th June a letter was received from Meer Jaffier; but it was very unsatisfactory. Clive determined not to cross the river of Cossimbuzar—the holiest branch of the Ganges—until he should obtain some further securities or assurances from Jaffier. On the 20th, the anniversary of the Black Hole tragedy, two emissaries from that chief stole into our camp, and assurances were given that the chief would be true to his word, and that he would be sure to join Clive with at least 3,000 of the Nabob's horse. But the rogue had lied so often that it was impossible to believe him.

The mind of the English commander was naturally disquieted by suspicion and misgivings. With the assistance of Meer Jaffier's 3,000 horse, he made sure of victory, but without this accession of force he almost despaired if not of victory, of being able to turn it to good account, as his very small army was wholly destitute of cavalry. The greatness of the stake for which he was playing with so small an army, the heavy responsibility that lay upon him, rendered him irresolute and nervous, and he had recourse, for the first and last time in his life, to a council-of-war. Having on the morning of the 21st, assembled his officers to the number of fifteen, he proposed the following questions:—"Whether the army should immediately cross into the island of Cossimbuzar, and at all risks attack the Nabob? or whether, availing themselves of the great quantity of rice which they had

taken at Cutwah, they should maintain themselves there during the rainy season, and in the mean time invite the Mahrattas to enter the province and join them?" Contrary to the established practice, Clive gave his opinion first—and it was, that they should remain where they were. Majors Kilpatrick and Grant with six other officers agreed with Clive; but Captain Coote differed with him, and his opposite opinion was supported by six other officers. Coote's notion was—"that the common soldiers were at present confident of success; that a stop so near the enemy would naturally quell this ardour; that the arrival of the French troops with M. Law would add strength to the Nabob's force, and vigour to his councils; that they would surround the English army and cut off its communication with Calcutta, when distresses not yet foreseen might ruin it as effectually as the loss of a battle." He therefore advised that they should either advance and decide the contest immediately, or immediately return to Calcutta. But Clive's majority of nine had scarcely carried the question against Coote's seven, when Clive himself felt dissatisfied at the decision, and his mind began to resume its vigour and firmness. To collect his thoughts he retired alone to a grove of mango-trees a little beyond the town of Cutwah; he remained there for an hour in deep meditation; but then he returned to his quarters with the word "Forward" on his lips; and, without consulting or caring for the council-of-war, he gave his orders that the army should cross the river on the following morning.

At the hour appointed, at sunrise, the troops were put in motion: they had all crossed the river by four in the afternoon, and after a rapid march they encamped, long after sunset, in a mango grove near Plassey, and within a mile of the enemy. Clive, kept awake by his anxious thoughts, heard during the whole night the drums, trumpets, and cymbals of the Nabob's host, who had been warned of the approach of the English, and were making their barbaric music to dispel drowsiness. Suraj-u-Dowlah, who was in the camp at Plassey, was as sleepless as Clive; his army was immense, but he had no personal courage, and no confidence in his chiefs. It appears that he counted most on a few French artillerymen who had joined him. At last the day

broke which was to decide the fate of Bengal and its vast and rich dependencies.

The extensive ground occupied by the Nabob's army had defences both natural and artificial; a deep winding river flowed round three of its sides, and the other side was in part traversed by a ditch: there were two tanks surrounded by high earthen embankments, and there were groves, thickets, and eminences in various directions. But, relying on their superiority in numbers, the native troops, instead of waiting to be attacked, marched out to attack the English. Soon after sunrise they poured through all their openings, and advanced to the mango grove where Clive lay. They were 40,000 foot and 16,000 horse; they had fifty heavy cannon, each drawn by a long train of white oxen, and pushed on from behind by an elephant; and, besides this ordnance, there were some field-pieces under the direction of about forty Frenchmen. The cavalry was far superior in quality to any that the English had yet seen in the Carnatic or in Bengal: it was not composed of the unwarlike weakly materials found in the valley of the Ganges and the plains of Hindustan, but both men and horses were from the hardier clime of Northern India. To oppose this vast host Clive had but 3,000 foot, and of this number only 1,000 were British; but his sepoys were admirably trained and disciplined, were all commanded by British officers, and were enthusiastically attached to their general. All the artillery he had consisted of eight field-pieces, but these were well placed in the wood, and ably served by artillerymen and by sailors from Watson's fleet. Clive expected every moment to receive an encouraging message from Meer Jaffier, but none came. The Indians began the fight with their great guns. Clive ordered his people to sit down on the ground, and the loud cannonade of the enemy did them little mischief, the balls mostly striking the mango-trees over their heads. But when the Indians came a little nearer to the grove, the rapid fire of the English field-pieces did great execution on their crowded and confused masses. At eleven o'clock Clive resolved to keep up his cannonade, which seemed quite sufficient to deter the enemy from a near approach, all the rest of the day, and then, when night arrived, to penetrate into the Nabob's camp; these night attacks

having so often been proved the best method of ruining native armies. About noon there fell a heavy shower of rain, which damaged the ammunition of the incautious Indians, and thereby obliged them to slacken their fire; but Clive's powder being well protected from the elements, his eight field-pieces in the grove kept up their fire with the greatest regularity. About the hour of noon one of his cannon-balls mortally wounded Meer Murdeen, one of the highest and best officers of the enemy; and the event greatly terrified the Nabob, who was remaining in his tent at a safe distance, and who had hitherto been flattered by those who took a nearer view of the battle with the assurance that his victory was certain. But now Suraj-u-Dowlah could see nothing before him but defeat and treachery; and, sending for Meer Jaffier, he took his turban from his head and threw it on the ground, exclaiming, "Jaffier, that turban you must defend." Meer Jaffier bowed reverentially to the Nabob, and to the symbol of him, the turban on the ground; and, crossing his hands on his heart, he protested he would do all that could be done for his prince. It is said that immediately after this interview Jaffier despatched a messenger to Clive informing him of the mortal wound of the great officer, and of the Nabob's fears, and advising him to make an attack on the camp three hours after midnight; but it is added that his messenger was too much afraid of the cannon-balls to venture to the English position. It appears doubtful whether such messenger was ever sent by the faltering, calculating conspirator, who was evidently determined not to commit himself on the field, or to risk anything until he should see a certainty of Clive's success. But the increasing panic of the unmanly Nabob soon made that success most certain. Roydullub, who was as deep in the conspiracy as Meer Jaffier, repaired to the craven, to magnify the danger and to advise him to retreat immediately to his capital. Suraj-u-Dowlah at once gave orders for commencing the retreat, and at about two o'clock in the afternoon the firing of his great guns ceased altogether, and the long teams of white oxen were put to the cumbrous carriages to drag them off. In a short time all that host, horse and foot, was seen retreating through the camp, and nothing remained stationary on that side except the small body of

French adventurers who had ensconced themselves and their field-pieces behind the embankment of one of the tanks. To dislodge these Frenchmen, Major Kilpatrick detached himself, without orders, from the grove, with two companies and two field-pieces. When he was made aware of this unauthorized movement, Clive ran to Kilpatrick, reprimanded him, and sent him back to the grove to bring up the entire force. As soon as the English began to approach in numbers, the French, seeing that they were left without any support, hastily abandoned the tank, and retreated to the rear of some intrenchments in the interior of the camp.

While Clive was advancing, a great body of the Nabob's cavalry appeared on his flank: these were the troops of Meer Jaffier, but they were not recognized as such by the English, for the promised white flag was not held out, nor was any other signal given or message sent. Clive, conceiving that they were manœuvring to fall upon his baggage and his rear—which, doubtless, they would have done if he had been checked and beaten—detached three platoons of the line and a field-piece to stop their march. Major Grant presently fired into the mass; and Jaffier, still making no sign, halted and fell back. Clive, in the mean time, had taken possession of the tank which the French had abandoned, had occupied an eminence 200 yards to the left of the tank, and was now maintaining from both these posts a warm cannonade. But the French kept their ground, some of the Nabob's troops rallied, and some of his heavy guns were again loaded and pointed upon the English. Some bodies of cavalry, too, advanced several times as if to charge, but they were every time stopped and driven back by Clive's field-pieces. At last that great body of horse which had recently been on his flank began to move off the field without joining the rest of the Nabob's army; and this convinced Clive that they were the troops of Meer Jaffier, and that that conspirator was now in reality doing something, in his timid way, to settle the affair. In a few minutes Clive advanced still farther and fell upon the Frenchmen, who, finding themselves again abandoned by the natives, fled from their position, and this time left their field-pieces behind them. There was no more fighting: the Nabob's tens of thousands were flying towards Moorsshedabad; the whole

camp, with tents, baggage, artillery, and oxen, was left in the undisputed possession of the English, whose booty upon that spot alone was of immense value. Suraj-u-Dowlah, mounted on a swift dromedary, was the foremost in the flight: he was accompanied by some 2,000 horsemen, and seems never to have stopped or looked behind him till he reached his capital. Clive stated his loss at twenty-two killed and fifty wounded, and these chiefly blacks; and the loss of the enemy at about 500 killed and wounded. All of his little army, British or sepoys, had behaved with the greatest steadiness and bravery, but praise was more particularly given to the 39th Regiment, which still bears on its banners the name of "Plassey," and the motto, *Primus in India*.*

The English pursued the fugitives over six miles of ground, and then encamped for the night at Daudpore, where, between night and morning, Meer Jaffier came and encamped likewise.

Suraj-u-Dowlah, who arrived at Moorshedabad about midnight, fled from that city soon after, disguised in a mean dress, carrying with him a rich casket of jewels, and having no other companions than the guardian of his women and one of his concubines.

On the 24th of June, the day after the battle, it was agreed that Meer Jaffier should be Nabob instead of the fugitive tyrant. Pushing on with his cavalry, Jaffier took possession of the capital, and made sure of the treasury. Clive thought it prudent to postpone his entry into Moorshedabad until the 29th; and when he entered he was surrounded by 200 English, and 300 faithful sepoys. Moreover, he took up his quarters in a strong palace, sufficiently spacious to accommodate his 500 men. He had been assured that a plan had been formed to assassinate him; and it is probable that there were more plots than one.

Suraj-u-Dowlah was caught at Rajahmahal. While resting and hiding there, he was recognized by a poor fakeer or dervish, whose ears he had caused to be cut off about thirteen months before his downfall. On the 2nd of July,

* Orme. Colonel Wilkes. Sir John Malcolm, *Life of Lord Clive*. Clive's own account of the battle, in his *Life*, by Malcolm. C. MacFarlane, "Our Indian Empire."

at the hour of midnight, he was brought like a felon into the presence of Meer Jaffier, in the palace which had so recently been his own. He behaved in the most abject manner, crawling in the dust at the feet of the new Nabob, and weeping and praying for mercy. It is said that Meer Jaffier, dreading the anger of Clive, would have spared his life; but his savage son Meeran, with a guard of soldiers, burst into the chamber where the fallen tyrant was confined, and murdered him before the dawn.

The booty immediately obtained was immense. On the 6th of July, Clive and the English committee obtained payment in coined silver, of 7,271,660 rupees; in addition to which, Clive accepted from Meer Jaffier about 160,000*l.* on private account. The money filled 700 chests, embarked in 100 boats, which proceeded under the care of soldiers to Nuddea, whence they were escorted to Calcutta and Fort William by all the boats of the English squadron, with banners flying and music playing; a scene of triumph and joy, and a striking contrast to the scene of the preceding year, when Suraj-u-Dowlah had ascended the same stream triumphant from the conquest and plunder of Calcutta.*

Between the 9th and 30th of August, the Company received gold, jewels, and cash, to the value of 3,255,095 more rupees, Meer Jaffier still remaining bound to pay above a million sterling in the course of the following year. Besides granting the English full freedom of trade throughout the three provinces, the new Nabob consented to the entire expulsion of the French for ever, and the delivery to the Company of their factories and effects. It is scarcely necessary to state our accessions of territory on the side of Calcutta; for the victory of Plassey may be said to have given us the real sovereignty of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa.

Before this campaign of 1757 ended, Coote cleared the province of Bahar, and reached the frontier of Oude; and then, returning by the Ganges, glided down to Patna, and thence to Moorshedabad. In less than two years Clive was himself at Patna with a more numerous army, dictating his will to all the surrounding states, and tranquillizing the country more by his good policy than by his arms. The example

* Orme.

of "the Daring in War" animated other British officers in different parts of India: and Calliaud, Forde, Coote, and men like them, soon gained advantages on the side of Madras almost equal to those obtained by Clive himself in Bengal.*

* While passing these sheets through the press, we have received a letter from a young officer of the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers, who, at the time of writing, was descending the river to Calcutta, there to embark for the war in Burmah. He says: "In the rainy season, the steamers do not go round through the Sunderbunds to Calcutta, but make a much shorter cut through the river which they now call the Bogherette river, and which leads from the Ganges into the Hooghly. This Bogherette is rather a pretty little stream; but it is navigable only in the rainy season. Moorshedabad is on the left bank of this stream. We passed the well-known city at about 10 o'clock in the morning; and, in the afternoon, we passed the famous field of Plassey. Lord Clive, and all the stirring scenes which were enacted there, came forcibly to my memory as we glided by in our steamer. They say that there is *one* tree left of the memorable mango grove in which brave Clive encamped the evening before the celebrated battle."

BEDARRA.

A.D. 1759. November 26.

THE greatness of a battle does not always depend on the numbers engaged in it. Very little battles have been fought by immense armies, and very great ones—great in their circumstances and in the importance of the results—have been fought and won by very small armies. Bedarra saved our rising empire in the East from convulsion, if not from ruin and death.

Meer Jaffier, whom Clive had made Nabob after his victory at Plassey, proved an unsteady and faithless ally or dependent, and was hurried by the passions of his son Meeran into plots and combinations for driving the English out of Bengal. He invited the Dutch to send a strong armament from Batavia and their other possessions in the Indian Archipelago. There was at the moment no war in Europe between Holland and England, yet the authorities at Batavia eagerly entered into the project, and agreed to send troops up the Hooghly to the Dutch factory and fort of Chinsura, on the opposite side of the river, but only a few miles above Calcutta. There were traitors in the camp and council of the great traitors Meer Jaffier and Meeran, and Clive obtained some intelligence of their intentions.

Early in the month of August a Dutch ship arrived in the Hooghly with European troops on board. The Dutch solemnly protested that the ship which had come into the lower part of the river, had been driven in by stress of weather, and that she and the troops on board would depart in peace as soon as they had obtained water and provisions. The vessel, however, continued to lie where she was, and attempts were made to send soldiers up to Chinsura by conceal-

ing them in the bottom of native boats; but Clive issued his mandate that every Dutch and native boat should be stopped and searched. The gentlemen at Chinsura remonstrated and protested against these proceedings on the part of a friendly power; but Clive continued to stop their soldiers, and to send them back to their ship, telling the gentlemen of the factory that he was in Bengal in a double capacity: that as an English officer, while England was engaged in a war with France, he was justified by the laws of nations in searching all vessels whatever, not knowing but that they might introduce French troops into the country; and that, as an auxiliary to the Great Mogul, he was under the necessity, by solemn treaty, to oppose the introduction of any European or foreign troops whatsoever into Bengal. The Dutch, perhaps proud of their great writers on that subject, cited the laws of nations on their own side, and kept pressing their warlike preparations all the time; and the mind that can condemn Clive's conduct in this particular, and call it an attacking "without provocation the ships and troops of a nation in friendship with this country," must previously have lost its perception in the muddiest mazes of metaphysics. If Clive had seen with such organs all would have been lost.

Early in October, Meer Jaffier arrived in person at Calcutta, as if merely intending to honour Clive with a visit. A day or two after advices came from below of the arrival of six more Dutch ships of a large size, and crammed with troops, partly Europeans and partly Malays, from Batavia and other Dutch settlements in the islands. "Now," says Clive, or a pen that wrote for him, "the Dutch mask fell off, and the Nabob (conscious of his having given his assent to their coming, and at the same time of our attachment and his own unfaithful dealings with us) was greatly confused and disconcerted. He, however, seemed to make light of it; and told the governor (Clive) he was going to reside three or four days at his fort of Hooghly, where he would chastise the insolence of the Dutch, and drive them soon out of the river again. On the 19th of October he left Calcutta; and in place of his going to his fort at Hooghly, he took up his residence at Cojah Wazeed's garden, about half-way between that and Chinsura; a plain indication that he had no apprehensions from the Dutch, whom he received there in the most gracious

manner he could, more like friends and allies than as enemies to him and his country.”*

- In three or four days, Clive received a letter from the Nabob, informing him that he had thought proper to grant some indulgence to the Dutch in their trade, and that the Dutch, on their part, had engaged to leave the river with their ships and troops as soon as the season would permit. But this reference to the seasons was unfortunate, inasmuch as, at the time of his writing, the season permitted their departure with the greatest safety. Clive, from the tenor of the letter, and the whole course of the Nabob's conduct, felt assured that the Dutch had no intention to quit the river, and that Meer Jaffier had given his permission to them to bring up their troops if they could. This Clive was determined they should not do; and the council at Calcutta heartily agreed with him. The Nabob had not ventured to withdraw the orders he had given to the English to oppose the Dutch. A very few days later, intelligence was received that the Dutch armament was actually moving up the river towards Calcutta, and that the Dutch agents were enlisting troops of every denomination at Chinsura, Cossimbuzar, and even as far up the country as Patna, and this plainly with the connivance of Meer Jaffier, and the more open assistance of his son Meeran. Clive saw that the junction of the armament from below, and the troops from above, with the force already collected within the walls of Chinsura, would be followed by the declaration of the Nabob in favour of the Dutch, and an immediate movement upon the English settlements. His force in Europeans was, at the moment, actually inferior in number to that of the Dutch on board the seven ships alone, without counting those in garrison at Chinsura; for the force from Batavia, now accurately reported, consisted of 700 Europeans and 800 Malays—the latter a far braver race of men than the natives of Bengal. There was no time to be lost—this was no season for indulging in subtleties and nice distinctions, or for turning over the pages of Grotius and Puffendorf—and Clive resolved to proceed at once against the Dutch, as if they were open instead of secret enemies. At the critical moment, some of the council were startled by

* Account from a MS. entitled “A Narrative of the Disputes of the Dutch in Bengal,” found by Sir John Malcolm among Clive's papers.

the notion of infringing the treaties of peace existing between the United Provinces and Great Britain, and of commencing a war on their own responsibility. But Clive said that "a public man may sometimes be called upon to act with a halter round his neck." Clive's private interests must have been in conflict with his public duty, for he had recently remitted a great part of his fortune to Europe through the Dutch East India Company, who might have kept the money in the banks of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, both in revenge and in compensation. These considerations might have induced another man to avoid extremities, but they appear to have had no weight whatever with "the Daring in War," who was equally daring in policy. "Notwithstanding all that had passed," says the paper we have already quoted from, "on receipt of the last Dutch remonstrance, we found our sentiments a good deal embarrassed, doubting whether we should stand justified to our country and employers in commencing hostilities against an ally of England, supposing they should persist in passing the batteries below with their ships and troops. In this situation we anxiously wished the next hour would bring us news of a declaration of war with Holland; which we had indeed some reason to expect by our last advices from England. Another strong reason which determined us to oppose them, and on which subject we had been guarded against by the Court of Directors, was, that in all likelihood the Dutch would first commence hostilities against us in India. Thus circumstanced, the Dutch themselves removed all our difficulties by beginning hostilities below, attacking with shot and seizing several of our vessels, grain-boats, &c.; tearing down our colours; disembarking our guns, military stores, &c., from our vessels to their own ships, making prisoners of the captains, officers, &c. They also began hostilities on shore in our settlements, where they tore down our colours, and burned the houses and effects of the Company's tenants in those parts."

It was not known whether the Dutch would come up the river and pass the English batteries with their ships and troops on board, or whether they would land the troops below the batteries, and march them thence by land; but Clive made the necessary dispositions against both these plans of operation, as far as comported with the smallness of his dis-

posable force, consisting only of about 320 English, 1,200 sepoy, and three of the Company's ships, which were all that were then in the river. Just at this juncture, Colonel Forde returned to Calcutta, from his career of conquest in the Northern Circars and the Deccan : he had quitted his command on account of ill-health, and with the intention of returning to England by the first opportunity ; but at the invitation of his friend and patron Clive, who entertained the highest opinion of his bravery and abilities, he readily agreed to take the command of part of the forces.

On the 19th of November, Forde moved from Calcutta to the northward, took the Dutch settlement at Barnagore, on the left bank of the Hooghly, crossed the river the next day with his troops and four pieces of artillery, and marched towards Chandernagore, to strike terror into the factory of Chinsura, and to be ready to intercept the Dutch troops in case they should land. The rest of his troops, and the best and largest proportion, with many volunteers draughted from the militia, and part of an independent company mounted as cavalry, Clive sent down to the forts on the river under the command of Captain Knox. Mr. Holwell took charge of Fort William with the militia, consisting of about 250 English and a few Portuguese. Clive remained at Calcutta, but went and came, dividing his attention and presence between the two divisions of his army under Forde and Knox. It was noticeable that men who had been absolute cowards under Governor Drake, and the other imbeciles that presided over the defence of Calcutta at the time of Suraj-u-Dowlah's siege, were now brave, alert, and confident. The three English East Indiamen which had arrived after the Dutch, were lying in the lower part of the river, between that squadron and the sea ; but, as the Dutch ships now began to ascend the river, these Indiamen were ordered to pass them and station themselves above the English batteries at Charnoc and Tanna, where fire-boats had been prepared to assist in destroying them. The Dutch commodore, at sight of the three Indiamen coming up, sent to tell Commodore Wilson that if he attempted to pass he would fire upon him. On the 21st of November, the Dutch cast anchor within range of the English cannon on the batteries ; on the 23rd, they landed on the Chinsura side of the river their army of 1,500

men, and then dropped down with their ships to a place called "Melancholy Point"—for them appropriately so named—where the three English ships were lying ready for action.

The moment the Dutch troops were landed, Clive sent Captain Knox across the river to reinforce Colonel Forde, and ordered Commodore Wilson to demand immediate restitution of our vessels, subjects, and property, and, on their refusal, to fight, sink, burn, and destroy the Dutch squadron. The next day (the 24th) the demand was made and refused. The Dutch had seven ships, four of them being called "capital ships;" the English had only three, and they appear to have derived no assistance whatever either from the land batteries, which were too far off, or from the fire-boats. Nevertheless Commodore Wilson, who began the attack, ended it in two hours with the total defeat of the enemy: the Dutch commodore, who had thirty men killed and many wounded, struck, and the rest followed the example, all except his second, who cut and ran down the river as far as Culpee, thirty-three miles in a straight line below Calcutta, when she was stopped short, intercepted, and taken by the *Orford* and *Royal George*, which had just arrived from England. Apparently alarmed and stupified by the loss of their squadron, the Dutch and their Malays halted and wavered on their march to Chinsura, and on the 25th, the day after the fight on the river, they blundered upon a wretched position, from which retreat was difficult and a further advance impracticable. Forde with the quick eye of a soldier saw their blunder—saw that he had them upon the hip; but there came over him a doubt and a misgiving; and, hesitating to attack the troops of a European nation not in a state of declared war, he sent a hasty messenger across the river with a note to Clive, saying, "that if he had the order of council he could attack the Dutch, with a fair prospect of destroying them." Clive, who was playing a quiet game at cards when the note reached him, took out his pencil, and, without quitting the table, wrote on the back of it—"Dear Forde, fight them immediately. I will send you the order of council to-morrow."*

Accordingly Forde fought the Dutch; and the engagement was short, bloody, and decisive. It took place in the

* Sir John Malcolm, *Life of Clive*.

valley of Bedarra, about four miles from Chinsura, part of the garrison of which place had contrived to join the Dutch, who were commanded by one Roussel, a French soldier of fortune, and who were put to a total rout in less than half an hour. The fugitives left on the field 120 Europeans, and 200 Malays in killed; about 150, including M. Roussel and fourteen other officers, were wounded; and about 350 Dutch and 200 Malays were taken prisoners. The total loss of the English was inconsiderable. It is affirmed that not more than fourteen of the Europeans who had come with the expedition, were enabled to reach Chinsura. Colonel Forde had with him not quite 300 Europeans, and about 400 sepoys. His exploit has been justly called "one of the most brilliant incidents of the war."* From the field of his easy victory Forde marched to Chinsura, and, sitting down before that place, which he could have taken by a *coup de main*, he wrote to Calcutta for further orders. But the Dutch factory, in abject submission, implored for a cessation of hostilities. Deputies were appointed on both sides; the Dutch disavowed the proceedings of their squadron, humbly acknowledged themselves the aggressors, and agreed to pay costs and damages; and upon these conditions an amicable settlement was arranged, and their captured ships were all restored to them. Three days after the battle of Bedarra the nabob's son, Meeran, whom Clive seldom mentioned without the affix of "scoundrel," encamped within two miles of Chinsura with about 6,000 or 7,000 horse. If the Dutch had proved victorious, he would have joined them in plundering and destroying the English; but, now that the English had obtained a complete triumph, he hoped to be allowed to share with them in the spoils of the Dutch. The terrified factory instantly applied to Governor Clive, entreating him to interpose, and not abandon them to the violence of the Mussulmans. Clive, losing no time, crossed the river to tell the young nabob what he might and what he might not do, and to save the Dutch factory from the chances of a black-hole, or some other atrocity. Under his dictation Meeran agreed to a treaty, and then withdrew.†

* Mill's History of British India.

† The Dutch bound themselves never to meditate war, introduce or enlist troops, or raise fortifications in the country; to keep up 125

By his promptitude and decision on this critical occasion, Clive gained with the princes and people of India as much reputation as he had obtained by his defence of Arcot and his great battle at Plassey.

The means at the disposal of this extraordinary man were most slender, yet could he gain ground in Bengal, and send Forde, Knox, and other heroes formed in his own school, and upon his own example, to make conquests in other and distant parts of India. In this same year, before coming to join Clive at Calcutta, Forde had annihilated the French army of M. Conflans at the battle of PEDDAPPOOR, in the Deccan. And a few weeks after this victory, Forde, by making an impetuous assault on three points at the same moment, took MASULIPATAM, the strongest place the French held on that coast. Colonel Coote, who was now making himself conspicuous, soon rivalled the fame of Forde, and occupied a wider space in the field of Indian warfare.

European soldiers, and no more; to send their ships and remaining troops out of the country forthwith; and to satisfy themselves with their trade and commercial privileges. A breach of any one of these articles was to be punished with total expulsion from Bengal.

A. D. 1746—1759.

THE unfortunate battle of Fontenoy hastened on the invasion of Scotland, by the young Pretender, Charles Stuart, and the unhappy rebellion of 1745.

The French, always skilful in such exaggerations, made the most of their victory. Fontenoy, they said, had reduced England to a distracted and defenceless state; and they calculated that while our army was still engaged in Flanders the banner of the Pretender might be carried, with little opposition, from the mountains of the north, to London, and the palace of St. James's.

While that civil war lasted it served as a most advantageous diversion for the French, who, under Marshal Saxe, gained many advantages in the field. Shortly after the battle of Culloden the Duke of Cumberland hoped to obtain the supreme command of the allied armies in Flanders, but that post being given to Prince Charles of Lorraine, without any notification to George II., both king and parliament were greatly offended. The Duke remained at home, and no more of our troops were sent to that quarter. But in 1746, in the way of retaliation, a small armament, under the command of General St. Clair and Admiral Lestock, was sent to the French coast. The General and Admiral did not take Port L'Orient, but they plundered and burned a few fishing villages, created a great alarm, and returned home without much loss.

Some English cavalry, under Sir John Ligonier, which remained in Flanders, could not prevent the defeat of the allies at the battle of Roucoux (April 12th, 1746), but by their discipline and bravery they saved Prince Charles of Lorraine's army from total destruction.

In 1747 the Duke of Cumberland obtained the supreme command of the allied armies, which then amounted to nearly 100,000 men, of nearly all the nations of Europe.

But the French were equally strong, or perhaps stronger, and Cumberland, compared to Marshal Saxe, was as a bold dragoon to a consummate original-minded general. Moreover the heterogeneous army commanded by his royal highness had very little of the steadiness and good-will which the allied troops had gradually acquired under the long command and the constant successes of the great Marlborough. On the 2nd of July (1747), was fought, near Maestricht, the famous battle of Lauffeld or Laffeldt. Cumberland had put his army into some of the worst positions that could have been chosen. While the Dutch in the centre gave way and fled, and the Austrians on the right would not or could not come into action at all, the British on the left stood the whole brunt of the battle, and strewn the field with 10,000 Frenchmen before they retreated. The gallant Ligonier, with the British cavalry, again checked the progress of the enemy, and preserved the allies from destruction. But, generally, the fighting of our troops, both horse and foot, was as good as Cumberland's generalship was bad. Each reached the extreme. Saxe himself afterwards confessed to Ligonier that his victory had cost him in killed and wounded 8,000 foot, 1,000 horse, and a great many officers. "The Duke of Cumberland," says Horace Walpole, "was very nearly taken, having, through his short sight, mistaken a body of French for his own people. He behaved as bravely as usual; but his prowess is so well established that it grows time for him to exert other qualities of a general. A French officer said to an English private who had been made prisoner, 'Had there been 50,000 men like you, we should have found it very difficult to conquer.' 'There were men enough like me,' was the reply; 'but we wanted *one* like Marshal Saxe.'"

Louis XV. said that the English not only paid for all, but fought for all; their allies being benevolent spectators of battles.

In 1757, the Duke of Cumberland, with an army of Hanoverians and confederate troops, amounting to 40,000 men, having been foiled, beaten, driven from the banks of the Rhine, the Weser, and from Hanover, by the French under Marshal d'Etrée, and pushed into a corner between the river Elbe and the German Ocean, was reduced to sign the dis-

graceful capitulation, memorable in history by the name of the Convention of Closterseven.

In 1758 an armament of some magnitude was sent to the coast of France. The fleet under the command of Lord Anson, with the silent, stern, and heroic Howe, * consisted of eighteen ships of the line, thirteen frigates, three sloops, four fire-ships, and two bomb-ketches. The army embarked, under the Duke of Marlborough, with Lord George Sackville and Lord Granby, amounted to 20,000 men, of whom 6,000 were marines. The Duke of Marlborough was personally brave, but without experience, without military knowledge, with nothing of the great general but the name he inherited. There were too many commanders, and too many conflicting opinions, and what was worst of all, the object of the expedition was never clearly defined. The army, when kept all together, was far too weak to penetrate into France. On the 5th of June, Howe, heading and leading the transports, anchored in the Bay of Cancele, near St. Malo. Howe presently knocked a coast battery about the ears of the French, and then the troops were landed without opposition. But the general soon found that the town of St. Malo was so strongly situated and so well fortified that it could not be carried by assault. Here, it is said, the soldiers observed that Lord George Sackville was shy in courting danger; "and Howe, *who never made a friendship but at the cannon's mouth*, conceived and expressed a strong aversion to him." † After burning a parcel of small vessels, generals and men returned to their shipping; "and the French learned that they were not to be conquered by every Duke of Marlborough." After enduring a storm at sea, the Duke tried Havre-de-Grace, and came to the conclusion that there was no good landing there. The fleet then bore away before the wind, and came to anchor near Cherbourg. But as our men were getting into their flat-bottomed boats,

* During this sadly mismanaged expedition, Lord George Sackville, whose courage was very doubtful, but who was a great and oratorical talker, oppressed Howe with words and questions. One day, when the taciturn sailor would not answer him, he said, "Mr. Howe, don't you hear me? I have asked you several questions." Howe replied, "I don't like questions." *Horace Walpole, Memoirs of George II.*

† *Horace Walpole, Memoirs of George II.*

in order to land, a fresh gale grew into a storm, our transports ran foul of each other, all our ships were exposed to the dangers of a lee-shore, and the disembarkation was given up. By this time the soldiers and the horses had consumed nearly all their food and provender, and began to fall sick. There was nothing for it but to return to Portsmouth.

The good sense of George II. had been opposed to these descents on the French coasts with inadequate forces. He had said to Lord Waldegrave that he had never any opinion of this expedition—that it would end as others of the same sort had done—that we should brag of having burned their ships, and the French of having driven us away. But the king had been overruled by his ministers, who, even after his prediction had been verified, persisted in repeating the experiment in the course of the same summer, and with a force far inferior to that which had just failed.

This time the command of our land forces was given to General Bligh, a very old cavalry officer. Bligh effected a landing, under a loose fire from the French, at Cherbourg, on the 8th August, and took the town with little difficulty. He set his men to work upon the dockyard, the basin, and the forts upon which the French government had been spending very large sums; and they were soon destroyed or rendered useless. While this work was in progress parties of English light horse scoured the country to the distance of some four leagues, and had several little skirmishes with the French troops who were waiting in the neighbourhood for reinforcements. As soon as intelligence reached Bligh that these reinforcements were at hand, he levied a military contribution upon the unfortunate town, carried off some brass cannons and mortars, re-embarked his little army, and sailed back to England. But in about a fortnight Bligh returned to the French coast to make another attempt upon St. Malo. That town was again found much too strong. The English armament had been greatly weakened; but as it had been so long hovering about, it was not likely that the French would weaken the garrison and defences of St. Malo. General Bligh, however, resolved to land his troops in the bay of St. Lunaire, about two leagues to the westward. The landing was rapidly and beautifully performed under the eye

of Howe; but it would be difficult to discover what it was intended the men should do when landed. They were scarcely on shore when an autumnal gale made it impossible for Howe to keep the ships where they were. Perhaps it was not easy to re-embark the troops, who had finished all the work that could be done on that point when they had burned some fifteen or twenty sloops and fishing boats. Howe went away with the fleet to the more secure bay of St. Cus, a few leagues off, arranging with Bligh that the troops should be marched by land to that bay. The old general, instead of making a forced march of it, loitered on the road, as if in contempt of the superior forces under the Duke of Aiguillon that were looking after him. The French, however, paid the valour of the English troops the compliment of not attacking them until two-thirds of them were re-embarked. But then they pounced upon the remaining third, as they were engaged among the rocks on the sea-shore, or in a hollow way that led down to them. The rear-guard, consisting of the British grenadiers and half of a regiment of guards, under the command of General Dury, fought for a short time with wonderful bravery; but General Dury was shot, and, running into the sea, perished there. Sir John Armitage, a volunteer of fortune, met with the same fate; many of the gallant young officers of the guards were picked out by French musketeers standing on rocks right above their heads; and, after a frightful carnage, the men broke away from their ranks, and were nearly all either slaughtered or made prisoners. Most unhappily, not even this deplorable result had the effect of curing our governments of their mania for sending inadequate expeditions to the coast of France—expeditions which frittered away our strength without deciding anything. The name of the late Lord Castlereagh ought to be revered by every British soldier as the first war minister that saw through the absurdity of this system, and really adopted and enforced a better one.

In this contest—the Seven Years' War—the French and English fought in all the four quarters of the globe. Everywhere out of Europe our soldiers, as well as our seamen, had the better of the contest. In Asia Clive had achieved the wonders which have been related; in Africa the French were dispossessed of Goree, Fort Louis, and all their settlements on

the river Senegal; in the West Indies they lost Guadaloupe and other islands; but on the American continent they were for some time very successful. Commencing hostilities before any declaration of war, they gained several advantages in the country which lay nearest to their Canadian frontier. In 1755 Colonel Monckton defeated a body of French and Indians, and took the fort of Beau-Sejour, on the confines of Nova Scotia; but Sir William Johnson failed completely in an expedition against the French fort at Crown Point, and General Shirley was not more successful in a design to carry their fort at Niagara. In another direction, in America, General Braddock was defeated and slain.

After General Braddock's defeat, the elder Pitt devised a bold plan for securing our colonies in North America. Reinforcements were sent out from England; but Lord Loudon, who was appointed to the command, achieved little or nothing, and soon returned home, leaving the command to General Abercromby. Abercromby soon gave place to General Amherst. Our troops sustained a repulse and the loss of 800 men at Ticonderago; but they took Fort Frontenac on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, and some other places.

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM AND CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

A. D. 1759. September 13.

THE Canadas had been left open to attack the year before, and the defeated, impoverished, bankrupt Louis XV., had not been able to succour them. The time was come for executing Pitt's great scheme; and he had now wisely insisted that the execution of it should be entrusted to a hero. The king, who thought only of antiquity and seniority in the service, selected old Hopson, who may have been a very respectable, jog-trot veteran, though he had certainly never done anything to distinguish himself as a general. Pitt, who would have his own way, put forward Wolfe, now a major-general of his own promoting; and never was choice more fortunate to a minister, though it sent his admired soldier to an early grave. "Ambition, activity, industry, passion for the service, were conspicuous in Wolfe; he seemed to breathe for nothing but fame, and lost no moments in qualifying himself to compass his object." The military scheme, after being subjected to various alterations, was finally arranged thus:—Wolfe was to advance with a part of our forces and seize Quebec, the capital of the French provinces; General Amherst, with a second division, was to occupy Crown Point, reduce Fort Ticonderago, then cross Lake Champlain, fall down the St. Lawrence, and join Wolfe under the walls of Quebec: while General Prideaux, with a third division and a considerable body of wild Indians, was to invest Niagara, then embark on Lake Ontario, besiege and carry Montreal, and then form his junction with Wolfe and Amherst under the capital.

These combined movements had generally failed, even

when natural obstacles were far less numerous, and the distances to be traversed by the different corps far shorter ; and when Wolfe got near to Quebec he found himself alone with the division he had brought. Amherst had, indeed, carried Crown Point and Ticonderago, and Prideaux had made himself master of Niagara ; but there they stopped. No blame, we believe, attaches either to Amherst or Prideaux, who were checked by a variety of circumstances and difficulties, some of which, at least, ought to have been foreseen and provided for by those who planned the campaign. Nor does the honour of Wolfe at all rest on his being the first at the place of rendezvous ; for he was carried by sea, and then up the St. Lawrence by Admiral Saunders, whose ships and seamen remained to co-operate.

About the last day of June, Wolfe disembarked his troops upon the large and fertile island of Orleans, a little below Quebec. Here he erected some batteries, which Montcalm, the French general, vainly attempted to prevent by throwing a strong detachment across the river. Wolfe also prepared a military hospital, and works to secure his stores. He attempted to reconcile the Canadians on the island by friendly proclamation ; but those rough people joined scalping parties of wild Indians that were skulking among the woods, and butchered all the English stragglers they could surprise. While the fleet lay at the Isle of Orleans, it was exposed to great danger ; and if once the fleet had been destroyed, or even driven from its post, nothing would have remained for Wolfe but a surrender. The troops were scarcely landed when a terrible storm blew down the river, driving several of our large ships from their anchors, and making the transports run foul of one another. Some of the smaller craft foundered, and a considerable number of boats were swamped.

While they were in this confusion, the enemy sent down from Quebec seven fire-ships, which made for the thickest part of our shipping ; but the British sailors grappled these fire-ships, towed them away to the banks, and left them fast aground, where they lay burning to the water's edge without doing any mischief ; and some radeaux or rafts piled up with combustible materials, and sent down after the fire-ships had failed, were treated in the same manner by our seamen, who behaved with admirable spirit.

Quebec by this time was strongly fortified, and its natural situation always rendered it formidable to an assailant; for it stands on a steep rock at the confluence of the St. Charles and St. Lawrence, and these rivers, rocks, and ravines render it inaccessible on three of its sides. Montcalm, as brave an officer as Wolfe, covered the town with 10,000 men, having posted himself on the left bank of the St. Charles, with encampments extending as far as the river Montmorenci and with entrenchments thrown up at every accessible place. With an inferior force, Wolfe resolved to attack Montcalm in this position. "When," he says, in a letter to Pitt, "that succours of all kinds had been thrown into Quebec, that five battalions of regular troops, some of the troops of the colony, and every Canadian that was able to bear arms, besides several nations of savages, had taken the field in a very advantageous situation, I could not flatter myself that I should be able to reduce the place. I sought, however, an occasion to attack their army, knowing well that with these troops I was able to fight, and that a victory might disperse them."

On the 9th of July, at night, he crossed the north channel of the St. Lawrence, and encamped near Montcalm's left, the river Montmorenci being between them. On the following morning, a company of rangers which he threw out were almost annihilated, in a wood, by a body of wild Indians. He carefully examined the course of the Montmorenci, and found it fordable at a place about three miles up; but the opposite bank was entrenched, and steep and woody, and he gave up the idea of crossing there. His escort was twice attacked by the Indians, who, though repulsed, killed or wounded some forty men. On the 18th of July, two English men-of-war, two armed sloops, and two transports, with troops on board, passed by the town of Quebec, and got into what is called the Upper River, and close to Wolfe's encampment on the Montmorenci. The French had placed some ships and floating batteries under the town, to prevent the passage of our ships, but their fire did little damage. With the assistance of these ships, which had got into the Upper River, Wolfe reconnoitered the banks, and threw Colonel Carleton on shore, with a detachment, to make a diversion, ~~at~~ Montcalm, or part of his forces, out of their ~~mts.~~ But the French general stayed where he

was, kept his men in their strong posts, and left Wolfe to seek an avenue to attack him.

At last, on the 31st of July, Wolfe assailed Montcalm in his entrenchments. Leaving Brigadier Townshend to ford the Montmorenci and attack in flank, Wolfe, with the help of the ships and their boats, threw himself on the beach, and attacked in front. The *Centurion* man-of-war was so placed as to check the fire of a French battery, which commanded the ford of the Montmorenci; and two transports drawing little water were furnished with guns, and sent close in shore to cover the spot which Wolfe had selected for his landing; but these two vessels, light as they were, could not get near enough to be of much use, a number of boats crowded with soldiers grounded upon a ledge of rocks, time was lost in getting them off, and Wolfe was obliged to send an officer to stop Townshend, who was already crossing the ford. The French, meanwhile, had united their artillery on the point menaced—a rising ground beyond the river bank—and, galled by their fire, the English grenadiers, so soon as they were landed, rushed tumultuously up to the formidable entrenchments, without waiting for the corps which were to sustain them and join in the attack. In fact, Townshend, though steadily upon his march, and perfectly in order, was still at some distance; and Brigadier Monckton had not got his men out of the boats. The grenadiers were met in the teeth by a fire too terrible for the bravest of them, and they fell back in confusion after sustaining a serious loss. Still further deterred by the approach of night, and the ominous roaring of the St. Lawrence—for the mighty tide was now ebbing, and a storm was setting in—Wolfe gave up his attack and withdrew his brave men. “The French,” he says, “did not attempt to interrupt us; but some of their savages came down to murder such wounded as could not be brought off, and to scalp the dead, as their custom is.”

Wolfe's situation now seemed almost desperate, and his health began to fail him. In a letter to Pitt, written from his head-quarters at Montmorenci, more than a month after this failure, he confessed that he had descended to the dubiousness and despondency of consulting a council of war. “I found myself so ill,” said he, “and am still so weak, that I begged the general officers to consult together

for the public utility. To the uncommon strength of this country, the enemy have added, for the defence of the river, a great number of floating batteries and boats. By the vigilance of these and the Indians round our posts, it has been impossible to execute anything by surprise. We have almost the whole force of Canada to oppose. In this situation there is such a choice of difficulties, that I own myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain require the most vigorous measures; but then the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only where there is some hope of a favourable event." When this letter reached England, it excited feelings of disappointment, consternation, and anger. Pitt feared that he had been mistaken in his favourite young general, and that the next intelligence would be, either that he had been destroyed or had capitulated. But in concluding his melancholy epistle, Wolfe had said that he would do his best; and that best turned out a miracle in war. He declared that he would rather die than be brought to a court-martial for miscarrying; and in conjunction with Admiral Saunders he concerted a plan for scaling the heights of Abraham, and gaining possession of the elevated plateau at the back of Quebec, on the side where the fortifications were the weakest, as the French engineers had there trusted to the precipices and the broad river beneath.

In order to deceive the enemy, the admiral sailed some three or four leagues higher up the river, lay there as if intent on other business, and then, on the night of the 12th of September, glided down the river and put out all his boats to land the troops under the heights of Abraham. Through the darkness of the night, and the skill and caution of the seamen, the French outposts and sentinels were all passed without alarm given, and the English soldiers were landed at the appointed spot by boatfulls at a time.

The first that landed were some nimble Highlanders, who climbed the steep face of the rocks like goats. The English light infantry followed the Highlanders, and were in their turn followed by the troops of the line. There was a French guard over their heads, and hearing a rustling noise, but ~~as~~ these fellows fired down the precipices at ~~us~~ then fired up into the air, and also at

random; but, terrified at so strange and unexpected an attempt, the French picquet ran off, all but the captain, who was wounded and taken prisoner, and who begged our officers to sign a certificate of his courage and steadiness, lest he should be punished as corrupted, believing that the English general's bold enterprise would be believed impossible without corruption and connivance.

It was far more difficult to get at the French than to beat them when we were at them. But Wolfe now stood on the long-desired heights of Abraham. He had no artillery with him, and excessive fatigue and disease, the French and the wild Indians had reduced his army to less than 5,000 men. His light infantry, however, seized four guns which the French had placed in battery, and the English sailors by dint of extraordinary exertions hauled up one gun from the landing place. On the other side, Montcalm came on in too great a hurry to allow the French to wait for their artillery, and they brought up no more than two small field pieces.

At first the French general could hardly credit the evidence of his senses; so impossible did it seem for an army to have ascended those dangerous cliffs. At last he said, "I see them where they ought not to be; but, since they are there, we must fight. I will go and crush them." Quitting his entrenchments, he advanced with confident haste to the field, where Wolfe had already formed his little army in order of battle, within long cannon-shot range of the outworks of Quebec. After lining the bushes with detachments of Indians, the French and Canadians advanced, as if to charge, in very good order, and with great vivacity; but they opened an irregular fire before they got within musket range.

The English reserved their fire until the enemy were within a few yards of their front; and then they poured in a terrible discharge. This first volley was succeeded by a most steady, deliberate, and sustained fire; and, in less than half an hour the French and Canadians began to waver. As Wolfe stood conspicuous in the front line, cheering his men, a musket ball struck his wrist. He wrapped a handkerchief round the wound, continued giving his orders, and soon put himself at the head of his grenadiers, who had fixed their bayonets for the charge. He was hit by a second ball,

in the upper part of the abdomen; but he seemed scarcely to heed this more serious wound, and was in the act of cheering the grenadiers, when a third musket-ball hit him and brought him to the ground. His grieved men picked him up and carried him to the rear. He was dying fast, yet he still continued intent on the battle. As his eyes were growing dim, he heard a wounded officer near him exclaim, "See how they run!" "Who run?" cried Wolfe. "The French," replied the officer; "they give way in all directions." "Then," said the hero, "I die content!"—and after giving an order for Webb's regiment to move down to Charles's river and secure the bridge there, in order to cut off the enemy's retreat, he calmly expired on the ground among his officers and faithful soldiers.

"The pitying fates his death delay,
Till Heaven for him declares the day—
He heard, rejoic'd, and died."

General Monckton, the second in command, was dangerously wounded, but Townshend nobly and speedily completed the victory. General Montcalm received a mortal wound in attempting to rally the discomfited French, and his second in command was made prisoner and so badly wounded, that he died on the following day. We do not remember another instance where each of two contending armies lost in one battle its chief and its second in command.

The city of Quebec capitulated five days after the action, and the disheartened remnant of the French army of Canada retired to Montreal, where they could not maintain themselves. In effect the project of Pitt was realized, and one battle gave us the dominion of that immense country.

One dispatch conveyed to England intelligence of the unexpected victory on the heights of Abraham, of the death of Wolfe, and of the surrender of Quebec.

The national triumph was saddened by grief for the loss of the truly national hero. He was only thirty-three years of age, but, young as he was when he fell, Wolfe had lived long enough to achieve glory and an immortal military fame. It is needless to bestow a word of eulogium on his gallant little army, which behaved as British soldiers always have done, and ever will do, if properly commanded.

A. D. 1760—1800.

It is not consistent with our plan and object to go into the unhappy war with our own colonists and descendants in North America, or to revive jealousies and disputes which ought to be forgotten by nations speaking the same language, having the same religion and literature, and being, in every essential, so nearly akin to each other.

Though badly, and, in some cases, infamously commanded by incompetent or careless and rash generals, the British infantry lost no reputation in those arduous campaigns. In all the latter part of that war the Royalist forces were in a great measure made up of Hessians and other German mercenaries, who had no heart in the cause and who fought merely for their pay. It had been a disgrace to the Anglo-Saxon blood, or to their own English descent, if the Americans, on their own ground, had not beaten troops like those.

But during this unnatural conflict neither France nor any of the many powers that took part against us, had reason to congratulate themselves on their success either by land or by sea. French, Spanish, and Dutch were all beaten in their turns as our fleets came up with theirs; and if Port Mahon and the island of Minorca were lost, Gibraltar was defended, and retained by a mere handful of soldiers in spite of the enormous efforts made by France and Spain to take it. But that affair belongs to the history of sieges.

And while we were losing an empire in the west, the genius of WARREN HASTINGS was building us up a new empire in the east. Following up the great conceptions of Clive, Hastings, unaided by the home government, left almost alone to his own resources, shattered every hostile confederacy that was formed against us in India, rebuked the pride of the French who were again disputing our supremacy, and either conquered, or established our influ-

ence in, nearly every part of Hindustan. Under the able officers he had the discernment to select, our sepoys became admirable troops, emulating the valour and steadiness of the British soldiers in battle, and making with them some of the longest, boldest, most astonishing marches that are recorded in the military history of any nation. Sir Eyre Coote, Goddard, Popham, Pearse, Fullarton, and a group of other officers employed by our great Governor-General, were heroes, and at the same time men of genius or of very high military ability. Our sepoys still revere the hereditary memory of Coote, and touch their caps to his portrait as if it were a living man and commander-in-chief. At one time Coote had on his hands the French, the Mahrattas, and the Mysoreans of Hyder Ali and Tippoo. His great victory at Porto Novo and the total defeat he gave to Hyder in the Pass of Sholinghur, near Bellore (both in 1781) were very remarkable engagements. They put us in possession of one of the keys of Mysore, and paved the way for the conquest of that country. The extraordinary marches and everything belonging to the campaign of Colonel Fullarton, and his 16,000 fighting men, in the country of the Zamorin, and along the Malabar coast (in 1783-4), were still more remarkable than Coote's victories. The countries reduced by Fullarton extended good 200 miles in length, yielded an annual revenue of 600,000*l.*, and placed at our disposition a tranquil, industrious, and most friendly population.

But the extent of all these military operations under the Governor-Generalship of Warren Hastings was something magnificent and astounding. It embraced the two sides of the vast triangle of India, from the mouths of the Ganges to Cape Comorin, and from Cape Comorin to Bombay and Surat, and the Gulf of Cambay; and inland it nearly traversed the base of the triangle. Countries hitherto known to the English only by name were penetrated and explored from end to end. Impressions were made that time and partial miscarriages would not easily efface: the Indians saw that no obstacles were insurmountable to the steady perseverance of the British and the troops they had trained; and the British learned the entire confidence that might be placed in the courage and constancy of their sepoys.* And

* "Our Indian Empire."

thus, a few years later, we could confidently send an army of sepoys from India into Egypt, to contend on that remote field (if need should be) with the best disciplined troops of the French Republic.

Under the Marquis Cornwallis, and other Governors-General, we had fresh crops of heroes, as their services were required. Lake, Stuart, Harris, Baird, and Munro, rose into fame; and many other excellent officers became accustomed to the handling of large masses of troops, a practice long denied to our commanders in Europe. By the close of the eighteenth century, our Eastern empire was still farther extended and consolidated; the French, whose rivalry had been so dangerous, were crushed and expelled; Tippoo Sul-taun, the most implacable, persevering, and dangerous of our enemies among the native princes, was killed at our capture of Seringapatam, his capital, on the 4th of May, 1799; and the whole of Mysore was occupied by our arms, or divided among our allies and dependents. It was in this last war with Tippoo, that Arthur Wellesley, Colonel of the gallant 33rd, and afterwards Duke of Wellington, first distinguished himself in the field.

In the interval, we certainly had not increased our military reputation in Europe. Mr. Pitt seemed to inherit the fondness of his father for detached operations, and descents on the coasts of the Continent. Then, our army, never sufficiently strong to act by itself against the overwhelming masses of the French republic, was mixed up with the armies of other nations, and often found itself considered as of less account than subsidised corps of Hessians and Hanoverians. Our officers, too, were sadly inexperienced; and our people had lost the habit of war, since the conclusion of the American contest, in 1782. When we say that men and officers were staunch and brave, we have said nearly all that can safely be predicated of our army, from the first landing of the Duke of York at Ostend, in 1793, down to the debarkation of Sir Ralph Abercromby in Aboukir Bay, in 1801.

Yet, small as was his English force, inefficient as were his staff officers, and slow as were the Austrians and Dutch, who were acting with him, the Duke of York beat the republican General Dampierre at Famars, on the 8th of May, 1793; and defeated General Lamarche, in a fortified camp, on the

23rd of the same month. His royal highness being called in to the relief of the hereditary Prince of Orange, who was enveloped by a superior French force, and whose Dutch troops had no stomach for fighting, performed that duty, at Mennin, in brilliant style, and with only a part of his battalions. But, while the Belgian population was notoriously filled with French republican principles, the soberer Dutch themselves had not escaped the same infection: there was a strong party among them thoroughly devoted to the French, and their troops fought well nowhere—a fact not calculated to excite much astonishment, as many of their commanding officers, and officers of all ranks, were traitors at heart, and ready, at any favourable moment, to betray the common cause.

On the 10th of May, 1794, the celebrated French General Pichegru, after beating or out-manceuvring the Austrian General Clairfait, wheeled round, with 50,000 men, upon the Duke of York, who, with about 30,000 men, chiefly English and Hanoverians, was stationed near Tournay. But here, though flushed with success, the French were repulsed in every attack they made, and compelled to retreat from a field which they left covered with their dead. The celerity of their movements, and the superiority of their numbers, were of no avail against the steadiness and determination of the Duke's troops. They were occasionally misled, and brought to fight, where they ought not to have fought at all; but, whether attacking or attacked, the British troops invariably proved their pluck and stamina. Even their retreat, through all the horrors of an inclement winter, from the Scheldt to the Waal, which they crossed upon the ice, and from the Waal to the mouth of the Elbe, where the small portion that remained of them re-embarked for England, was something more than creditable to the men. Taking into account the inexperience and want of scientific skill of their officers, the fraudulency of their commissariat, and the incompetency of the medical department, it is amazing, where so many were wounded, and so many invalidated by cold and cutting frost, that any of them should ever have returned alive to England. Except in the number of its victims, the French retreat from Moscow, in 1812, was not more terrible than this. Our allies had deserted us, the people of the country, if not openly hostile, were unfriendly and churlish

to the last degree, closing their doors to our sick and wounded, refusing food for money, and doing nothing for us; and Pichegru was in pursuit with a force five times more numerous than our shattered army. Yet, whenever the French trod too closely on our rear, they were beaten back with loss. On the 30th of December (1794), General Dundas, with only 8,000 men, almost entirely British infantry, thoroughly beat Pichegru on the Waal, and captured several of his guns. On the 6th of January following, though disheartened, and in some of the disorder inevitable in a hasty retreat, the matchless English infantry, at the approach of the French van, halted, formed in order of battle, charged with the bayonet, and, at the fourth charge, again drove Pichegru's people from the field. Here, the loss of the republicans was fearful; for most of the battle had been fought, as it were, hand to hand, with the bayonet, the sword, the halbert, and the butt end of the musket. On the 11th of January, they fought again with equal fury, and with equal success. Pichegru, with a condensed force of 70,000 men, fell upon them as they were passing the defile of the Greb, between Arnheim and Nimeguen. The French fell on, in the confident hope of destroying in that pass, or reducing to an unconditional surrender, all that remained of the British army, and of their German subsidiaries; but, after sustaining an assault, which was general and long, our little army made good its retreat. There was staunchness, there was heroism of the highest order, in this fighting on the part of troops who had previously experienced nearly every possible disaster; and, after this, there was a glorious fortitude in the manner in which they withstood cold, and hunger, and the fierce war of the elements. On the 16th and 17th of January, they were engaged in crossing the sandy, desert, houseless regions that intervened between Utrecht and the towns of Deventer and Zutphen, in the midst of an unceasing hurricane of wind, snow, and sleet. Many of the sick and wounded, carried in open waggons, were frozen to death, or perished of want; but not a living man in the army spoke of a halt and surrender.

Pichegru, whose military abilities were at least sufficient to insure him the jealousy of Napoleon Bonaparte, is reported to have said, "The English commanding officers may

have a good deal to learn yet, but their men have certainly all the qualities which make the best of soldiers. They may tell a different story to the gossips in Paris, but I have seen the English fight."

ALEXANDRIA.

A. D. 1801. March 21.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE, as general of the French Republic, after capturing the island of Malta, had landed with an army in Egypt, on the 30th June, 1798, with the idea of conquering all that country and making it the basis of operations against our possessions in India. He soon cut the Mamelukes to pieces, and scattered every native or Turkish force that was opposed to him. On the 1st of August of that same year Lord Nelson utterly destroyed the French fleet by his glorious victory of the Nile. After being foiled at the siege of Acre, Bonaparte returned to Cairo, where he arrived on the 14th of June, 1799; and in the month of October following, having left his army in Egypt, he returned to France.

The British Government, though discouraged by several military failures on the continent of Europe, wisely determined to make a bold effort in order to drive the French out of Egypt. Towards the close of the year 1800 a considerable force was collected in ships in the Mediterranean, under the command of General Sir Ralph Abercromby, a brave veteran, much beloved in the army. For some time Sir Ralph was kept in a painful state of uncertainty as to the real object of the expedition; but he was gradually reinforced, and, at last, he received his orders to ascend the Mediterranean and land on the Egyptian coast.

By the 1st of January, 1801, the fleet under Admiral Lord Keith, which carried this small but excellent army, had all come safely to anchor in the Bay of Marmorice, on the coast of Karamania, one of the finest harbours in the world. Here the troops were kept waiting for some time for horses which had been promised from Constantinople to mount the cavalry, and for other necessities, some of which arrived very slowly,

and some not at all. But the time was not entirely wasted; the whole army was frequently exercised in the manoeuvre of landing, which they were shortly to practise in presence of the enemy; and these manoeuvres and experiments were repeated until it was nicely ascertained that 6,000 men might be landed in the most perfect manner, and ready for immediate action, in the short space of twenty-three minutes.*

The capital defect of English armies had hitherto been the almost total want of a proper staff of officers, educated and trained in the scientific parts of their profession, in planning and mapping, in catching at a glance, or on a rapid survey, the military capabilities of a country for offensive or for defensive operations, in judging of the relative value of positions, of the best lines whereby to advance or retreat, and of taking the field advantageously, compactly, and scientifically. Through the want of such a staff, and through the obstinacy and blindness of ignorance, the armies led by the Duke of York in the Netherlands and in Holland had taken the field hap-hazard, or like geese scattered over a common, rarely or never knowing anything of the country that was before them or behind them, or on their flanks; and, time after time, nothing but the doggedness of the British soldiery, who would never know when they were beaten, had saved the army from an ignominious surrender. But now this capital defect was beginning to be supplied by young officers who had been duly educated under the superintendence of General Jarrey, a veteran, who had devoted his whole life to this sort of science, and who had had ample practice and experience in the wars of Frederick the Great. It was in this Egyptian campaign that the French generals were first astonished and alarmed at the skill and excellence of the British staff.

When Sir Ralph Abercromby had received all his reinforcements he could not muster more than 15,330 men, including 996 sick, 500 Maltese, and all kinds and descriptions of people attached to an army. His effective force could not, at the highest estimation, have exceeded 12,000 men. The total of the French force in Egypt was at this moment nearly 28,000; but it was not all collected on the coast where the first brush must be. Our fleet left the Bay of Marmorice on the 23rd of February, and came to anchor in

* Dr. Clarke, Travels in Egypt, &c.

Aboukir Bay on the 2nd of March; the men-of-war riding exactly where Nelson had fought the battle of the Nile. During five days the state of the weather prevented any operation in boats; but, on the afternoon of the 7th the weather moderated, Sir Ralph Abercromby and Sir Sidney Smith, whose nautical skill was of great value, reconnoitred the coast in a boat, and fixed upon the best place for landing the troops. Than this landing never was operation of the kind more quick and beautiful.

On the following morning, the 8th of March, some gun-vessels and armed launches were sent forward to clear the beach, 5,500 soldiers were put into the boats, and at a given signal a simultaneous dash was made for the shore. Though rapidly, the boats advanced in perfect order, the soldiers sitting between the seats and the sailors, packed close together, with their unloaded muskets between their knees. The story that the soldiers were packed, like red herrings, one above the other, at the bottom of the boats, is a French fable, and nothing more. The men could not have found room, or have been carried, in that manner.

When the boats came within range of the enemy, fifteen pieces of ordnance from the opposite hill, and the artillery of Aboukir Castle, opened upon them with round and grape shot; and, on advancing still nearer, musket-balls were showered upon them. The British soldiers huzzaed occasionally, but never attempted to return a shot. In this inactive, and, as such, most trying of situations, they sat in perfect patience and good humour. Numbers of them were killed or wounded; some boats sank, some turned aside to rescue the drowning men, but the mass of them rowed steadily forward, until they touched the strand, when the soldiers sprang on shore, and General John Moore, rapidly drawing them up in line, gave the welcome word to load. "Some of our troops formed and loaded as they quitted the boats, while others pushed on without having time to load; and, notwithstanding the rapid fire of musketry which assailed them, and the violent charge of the enemy, the latter were forced to give way. Not more than 2,000 of our men were on shore when the French retreated; but every step was contested and carried. There was scarcely any interval between the landing of the troops and their pushing up the

hills, under difficulties and amidst dangers that baffle the powers of description. Some marched up in an excellent line, with charged bayonets, while others proceeded on their hands and knees. But, however they ascended, or whatever dangers they encountered, they gained their object.”*

The hills here alluded to are sand-hills, which rise above the beach. Some of the English guards were roughly handled by a body of French cavalry, well mounted on Arabian horses; some loss was sustained in ascending the sand-hills; but, in less than half an hour, those ridges were carried, and the French fled, leaving all their field-pieces behind them. There was every element of a brilliant affair in this short morning’s work.

The rapidity with which the troops were landed, even in presence of an enemy, and under fire of artillery and musketry, ought to fix the attention of those who are, at this anxious moment, suggesting means for meeting the contingency of a French invasion. In less than forty-five minutes after the boats pushed off from the shipping, the soldiers were not only formed on the beach, but were ascending the sand-hills, and driving the enemy before them. With a proportionate number of ships and boats, 11,000 men might have been landed as easily and rapidly as these 5,500. There are many places on the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, where 10,000 Frenchmen might be landed in less than half an hour, and where (as matters now stand) they would not, in all probability, find a single cannon, or so much as a single musket to oppose them.

“Our boats had near a mile to row, and were, for some time, under the fire of fifteen pieces of artillery, and the musketry of 2,500 men. Still, the intrepidity of the troops overcame every difficulty. We captured eight pieces of cannon.”†

The troops that first ascended the sand-hills were the 23rd Regiment, and the four flank companies of the 40th, under the command of Colonel Spencer, whose coolness and intre-

* “Journal of the Forces which sailed from the Downs in April, 1800, &c.; with the subsequent Transactions of the Army under the command of General Sir Ralph Abercromby, in the Mediterranean and Egypt, &c.,” by Æneas Anderson, Lieut. 40th Regiment.

† Sir Ralph’s despatch to Government.

pidity were remarkable. The 28th Regiment and 42nd Highlanders were also warmly praised by Sir Ralph.

The mass of the French fled towards Alexandria: the rest of them took refuge in Aboukir.

At five o'clock, on the evening of the same day, our conquering troops advanced about three miles on the road to Alexandria; and all that night they lay on their arms. The fort of Aboukir was summoned to surrender before they quitted the sand-hills, and on its refusal a party was left to reduce it, the general wisely determining not to detain the army from the important purpose before it.

On Monday, the 9th of March, a storm of wind greatly distressed the troops by blowing the sand of the desert in their eyes. On the 10th, about nine in the forenoon, the line got under arms, and began to march against an outpost of the enemy. The distance was only three miles, but, owing to the looseness and depth of the sand, it took three hours to perform it. The few field-pieces we had on shore were drawn by the men, the horses which had been procured for that purpose in Marmorice Bay not being yet landed. As our soldiers came up to the place, the French fled from it, leaving behind them one 12-pounder, which they had previously spiked, dismounted, and thrown over the works. They had also destroyed a good quantity of biscuit and barley, which they had not time to take away with them. Here our advanced troops lay all night on their arms. In the course of the day, the weather having become more moderate, the remainder of the troops were landed from the fleet, and the park of artillery was moved on to a short distance.

On the morrow, the 11th, Sir Ralph issued some very judicious orders of the day, and instructed commanding officers how to take on the army in three lines, each line forming two columns. A flag of truce was again sent to the garrison of Aboukir; but the French commandant would not suffer the officer who bore it to approach the place, and even had the brutality to order a gun to be discharged at him. Batteries, therefore, were immediately raised to reduce this ruffian. This night also, our troops lay on their arms.

On the next morning (the 12th) our men marched against

another of our enemy's posts, at the distance of five miles—five weary miles of heavy sand. From this position the enemy retreated so hastily that they left their signal flags and their colours flying. These were instantly struck, and the English colours planted in their places. Marching about a mile beyond this post, our people saw the French army drawn up along a ridge of sand-hills, that reached from the sea-side to a broad lake. They appeared to be waiting to give us battle; but they retreated on our approach, and encamped at the distance of about three miles from our front. In the course of this day there was a great deal of sharp skirmishing with the advanced guard of the French, who had received from Cairo a reinforcement of two half brigades of infantry, and one regiment of cavalry; so that their array now consisted of 7,000 men, with good cavalry and a body of flying artillery; while we were very deficient in artillery, and the small portion of mounted dragoons we possessed, were riding on miserable Turkish horses, purchased at Marmorice and scarcely able to carry such men as ours with their accoutrements. All the cavalry embarked for this campaign amounted only to 470 men; and nearly all these, for want of horses, were marching on foot and doing duty with the infantry or artillery. It is said that Lord Elgin, our ambassador at Constantinople had purchased 400 or 500 very good horses, but that these had been changed on the road by different Turkish pashas; and through the knavery of the people employed in conducting them through Asia-Minor and Syria to Marmorice, the horses that arrived were such sorry beasts that our dragoons were ashamed to mount them or take charge of them, and every commanding cavalry officer solicited rather to serve with his corps as infantry. A great part of them were shot as altogether useless, or sold at four shillings a head. At this day such would be the fate of any European ally, depending on the Turks or on the Sultan for a supply of horses to mount a cavalry; and, indeed, even without pasha, violence, or any kind of roguery, it is much to be doubted whether the whole Ottoman Empire could at this moment supply 500 horses proper to carry even our lightest men. So rapid has been the decline of the country under the system of reform of
sh we have heard so much!

In the course of this same day (Thursday the 19th), 5000 marines were landed from the fleet to act with the army. With an active enemy so near at hand, it was again necessary for our men to pass the night on their arms.

On the following morning (Friday the 19th), the enemy were still seen in their position. In fact the French generals Friant and Larosse were determined to hold their ground, trusting to the strength of their position in front of an old Roman camp with a tower (the tower of Mardiana), to their great superiority in cavalry, and to the facility of retiring within the walls of Alexandria in case of a reverse. But the latter contingency was contemplated only by a very small portion of the French army, the men being inflated by a long career of victory over other foes, and being taught to despise the English on land, however much they were to be feared at sea. At 7 o'clock in the morning our army marched in two lines by the left, it being Sir Ralph Abercromby's intention to turn the right flank of the enemy's position. But our troops had proceeded only a short distance towards their object, when the whole cavalry of the French, and a considerable body of their infantry, with several pieces of cannon, poured down from the heights to attack the heads of both our lines, which were respectively commanded by Major-General Craddock, and Major-General the Earl of Cavan. Their attack was very impetuous, but it was repulsed with incomparable coolness and gallantry by our advanced guard, consisting of the 90th and 92nd Regiments. Our first line then, formed two lines to the front of march, with the utmost quickness and precision,* and continued to advance in that manner, while the second line, with the exception of its first brigade, continuing still in column, turned the right of the French army, and drove it from its position. Thus the British forces continued to advance steadily on the enemy, vigorously driving them from position to position, till they had reached the fortified heights which form the principal defence of the ancient city of Alexandria. The French, however, retreated without disorder, or any confusion, and they kept on fighting or skirmishing

* This *quickness*, united with precision, was remarked by all as something rather new in our army. Sir Ralph was delighted at it, and said it did the men the greatest honour.

nearly throughout the day. The French general Lanusse had his horse shot under him, and Sir Ralph Abercromby was, for a moment, in danger of being enveloped and cut down by the French cavalry. He was saved by the intrepidity of the 90th Regiment, who rushed forward to receive the charge of the cavalry on their bayonets, and who made the French wheel and gallop back with more speed than that with which they had advanced, yet not without leaving behind them a good number of killed and wounded, to denote the result of their self-confident, rash manœuvre. * Four field pieces, with a quantity of ammunition, formed our chief spoils of the day.

It was the intention of our commander-in-chief to have continued the battle, and to have attacked the French on the fortified heights to which they had retreated; and for this purpose the reserve, under the command of Major-General John Moore, which had remained in column during the whole day, was brought forward; and the second line, under the command of Major-General (soon afterwards Lord) Hutchinson, was marched to the left, over a part of the lake Marcotis, in the view of attacking the enemy on both flanks; but, on a more attentive examination of their position, it was believed to be commanded by the guns of the forts, and that consequently it was more than probable that it could not be kept by us, even if we should gain it with the sacrifice of the lives of many brave men. † Moreover, no correct or reliable information had been obtained as to the full amount of the force and warlike resources which the French had collected in Alexandria. Sir Ralph Abercromby, therefore, employed a very commendable discretion in preventing those troops, who had just evinced such admirable courage, and who were ready and willing to continue the combat to whatever point their beloved chief might direct them, from being exposed to a certain and heavy loss, for an uncertain advantage. They were accordingly withdrawn; and in the evening the army took up the ground from which the enemy had been driven, occupying a

* Æneas Anderson, Lieut. 40th Regt., Journal of the Forces, &c.

† Despatch to Lord Hobart, Secretary at War. London Gazette. In his concise, quiet way, the veteran says, "Prudence required that the troops who had behaved so bravely, and who were still willing to attempt anything, however arduous, should not be exposed to a certain loss, when the extent of the advantage could not be ascertained."

position with their right to the sea, and their left to the canal of Alexandria and Lake Marceotis ;—a situation which cut off all communication with the city of Alexandria, except by way of the desert.

The English army encamped where it was, at the distance of about four miles from the walls of Alexandria. Some more artillery being landed from the ships, a battery of five twenty-four pounders was opened, on the 14th, against Aboukir Castle.

Writing to Government, Sir Ralph bestowed the highest praise on the *intelligence*, as well as zeal, of the officers, and on the *discipline*, as well as bravery, of the troops.*

On Sunday, the 15th, the English camp was like a fair—a scene of abundance and merriment. “The first fruits of the late victory,” says an officer present, “was the appearance of the Arabs among us, with various kinds of provisions, as sheep, goats, fowls, eggs, and, in short, everything that the country afforded. They had been treated with an unrelenting barbarity during the period in which the French had possessed the sway of Egypt; and they were now happy to engage in a friendly intercourse with the people who had given so fair a promise of terminating the tyranny which oppressed them. For the more speedy arrival of these Arabs, for their ready undertaking to supply the army with cattle, horses, and other provisions, as well as for the fidelity with which they fulfilled all their engagements, and for the regulations which governed the market, the army was indebted to the activity and local knowledge of Mr. Baldwin, so well known for his long and useful residence, as his Majesty’s Consul-general, in this part of the world. That gentleman was, on the present occasion, attached to the commander-in-chief’s staff; and the ardent zeal which he manifested on every occasion wherein his services were required, and, as long as they were necessary, proved the propriety of the appointment.”†

From these facts ought to be derived a weighty and important lesson to our Foreign Office in Downing-street—to those who have the appointing of consuls in foreign countries, and who, for a long time, have acted as if they thought any

* London Gazette. Chronicle in Annual Register.

† Lieutenant Æneas Anderson.

manner of man quite good enough to be turned into a consul. The case, which frequently occurred during the last war, may very well occur again in our next war; (and, now, even the peace-congress have renounced their dream, that there would be no more wars, or rumours of wars,) we say, the case may occur, that the timely supply of a fleet, and the supply and safety of an army, may be brought to depend upon the activity, energy, general intelligence, and local knowledge of a few English consuls in foreign ports. And, therefore, much more care ought to be bestowed upon the distribution of that patronage; proper men ought to be selected, and sent to the countries with which they are best acquainted; consuls ought not to be suddenly transferred from a country in which, from long residence, they are at home, and with the language of which they are perfectly familiar, to a country wholly new and unknown to them, and of the language of which they are totally ignorant. "Translation" may do for a bishop, but not for a consul, if efficient service be expected from him. Length of service ought to be rewarded by increase of salary, or some other method, but not by taking a man from a post where he may be very useful, and putting him in a new place, where he is almost sure to be useless.

It must be stated, however, that the commander-in-chief himself took the greatest pains to keep up a good intelligence and a friendly feeling with the Arabs and Egyptian fellahs or peasants. By orders of the day, he forbade every officer or man to take the smallest article without paying the fair price for it; he fixed the hours for the general market in the camp (from seven in the morning till three in the afternoon), and, beyond those hours, during which the best order and regulations were maintained by Mr. Consul Baldwin, he prohibited all dealing; and he assured the army that any infraction of these rules would be severely noticed.

The French soldiery had been in the habit of taking whatever they came upon without payment, or thought of payment; hence, when they had been a short time in the country, they found everywhere, except in their own magazines, a show of poverty, destitution, and want; for the Arabs drove off their flocks and herds, and the peasants concealed their poultry, their provisions, their fruit, vegetables, and all stores, at the very first rumour of their approach.

On Wednesday, the 18th, the French garrison of Aboukir surrendered as prisoners of war, and the officers and men composing it were sent on board our fleet, each individual carrying with him his own private property; a liberality which, as it has been well remarked, would not have been adopted by the French, if the circumstances of the business had been reversed.

The discipline of our men was, indeed, admirable, presenting as near an approach to perfection as had ever yet been made by an army serving in a foreign country against an old and much hated enemy; but some of our young officers, particularly among the men of family and fashion, who belonged to the cavalry, and who had hitherto seen no active service, were occasionally somewhat disorderly, rash, and headstrong, resenting the bravados which the French horse were in the habit of making, and fighting without orders, and where they had no business to fight.

Seeing how ready our small body of cavalry always was to meet any challenge, the French laid a trap for them. On the evening of the 18th a body of their cavalry was observed coming close in front of the left of our line, as if for the purpose of reconnoitring our position; a party of our horse broke away from their ground and made a dash at them; the French retreated, and our people followed till they came abreast of a sandhill, under which a corps of French riflemen lay concealed: here a close, mischievous fire brought our horsemen to a halt, and before they could wheel round and be off, a good many of their men and horses were killed or badly wounded. Colonel Archdall, of the 12th Dragoons, lost his arm; Lieutenant Harte was wounded, and the Honourable Captain Butler, another captain, and a young cornet, were taken prisoners.

On the following day, in General Orders, Sir Ralph gave a lesson which would not soon be forgotten in that army, and which ought still to be remembered by every young officer in any army:—

“The Commander-in-Chief trusts, that the occurrence which took place on the left yesterday afternoon, will serve as a warning to officers commanding detached parties, not to precipitate themselves with unguarded impetuosity into en-

terprises without object or without use. They will too well recollect, that, by engaging rashly in such enterprises, and advancing without proper support, or pursuing advantages beyond what the occasion demands, or prudence warrants, they risk the lives of valuable men, and expose themselves to failure.

"No officer is, on any account, to carry out any detachment or piquet, without acquainting the general officer of the day, and obtaining his sanction, or having authority from head-quarters so to do.

"Patrols, as well as fixed posts, will be very particular and expeditious in their reports, and stating the circumstances that occur, or the appearances before them, minutely.

"The General extremely disapproves of the practice of officers, whose duty does not call them thither, repairing, on all occasions, to out-posts; and it is positively ordered, that no officers, the general and staff officers excepted, whose duty may render it necessary, shall pass the advanced piquets."

General Kleber, who had succeeded to the command of the republican army on Bonaparte's leaving for France, had been assassinated by a fanatic or vindictive Arab sheik. The command was now in the hands of General Menou, who, to win favour with the natives, had embraced, or pretended to embrace, the religion of Mahomet, and who was living like a Sultan, or a three-tailed Pasha, in the capital of Egypt. At first Menou had regarded with utter contempt the landing of the British forces.

"Friant and Lanusse will drive them into the sea, without my aid! What are the English? Not soldiers but only sailors." These, intermixed with gross words not to be translated, were the exclamations of the republican general; but when courier after courier brought him intelligence how the English were fighting and advancing, he felt it necessary to collect his forces, and march with all speed to Alexandria.

In the morning of the 20th, at a great distance across Lake Marcotis, long lines of camels, and a very numerous train of horses and other animals, were seen passing through a mist towards Alexandria. Pleased at the novelty, and the character of the scene, the careless English soldiers hands as if they had been witnessing a theatric-

cal representation. The mist which nearly always hovers over that lake, did not allow them to distinguish objects very accurately; but it was reasonably concluded that the trains belonged to General Menou's army; and the opinion was soon confirmed, for Menou arrived about noon at Alexandria, with a reinforcement of 9,000 men from Cairo, and immediately made his dispositions to attack Sir Ralph at an early hour the next morning.

Sir Ralph well foresaw the fighting in the dark which took place, and provided for it. In General Orders issued this day, the troops were told to be in readiness to turn out at a moment's notice. The men's arms were to be immediately well flinted, and every man was to have his sixty rounds of ball cartridge complete. "As it is possible," said Sir Ralph, in these orders, "that the enemy may be desperate enough to make a *night attack*, the general is under the necessity of requesting that the troops may remain with their accoutrements on, and lie in their blankets, in the position which they are to occupy in case of an attack. General officers will take care not to throw away fire during the dark, but to *use the bayonet* as much as possible; at the same time, they must be fully aware that they are not to follow the enemy or quit the position which they occupied, should an attack take place. It is also hoped, that the greatest silence, order, and regularity, will be observed. The troops must be fully conscious of the glory which they have already acquired, and the superiority over the enemy whom they have so often beat; but, at the same time, prudence and discipline must be strongly recommended and enforced. With a little caution, the British army in Egypt will find that *they* are invincible."

Sir Ralph occupied the ground which had been won from the French by the hard fighting of the 13th. It was a position strong by nature, and during the four last days some additional strength had been given to it by art. His right reached the sea, resting on the ruins of an old Roman palace, and projecting a short quarter of a mile over some heights in front: his left rested on the Lake Maadieh or Lake of Aboukir; and there were some gun-boats both on the lake and on the sea.

The intervening space consisted of a succession of low sand-hills, and was about a mile in breadth. On the left,

although some streaks of gray were perceptible in the eastern horizon, the morning seemed slow to break.* While all eyes and ears were turned towards the left, whence the sounds of the firing proceeded, suddenly shouts were heard in front of our right, "Vive la France! Vive la Republique!"—shouts which were presently succeeded by a crash of musketry.

Menou had hoped to take the British by surprise, and had ordered a general attack; the surprise failed, but the attack soon became general enough, and the fighting far more terrible than any the French had hitherto met with on any of their numerous fields of battle. The enemy had made the following disposition of their forces: General Lanusse was on their left, with four demi-brigades of infantry and a considerable body of cavalry under General Roize; Generals Friant and Rampon were in the centre, with five demi-brigades; General Regnier was on the right, with two demi-brigades, and two regiments of cavalry; General d'Estaing formed the advanced guard with one demi-brigade, some light troops, and a detachment of cavalry.† For a while the darkness was made greater by the smoke of the guns and small arms, and one of the difficulties of our troops was to discern friends from foes. But anon the tardy dawn brightened into day, and then the fighting went on with increasing vivacity. "In the dark some confusion was unavoidable; but our men, whenever the French appeared, had gone boldly up to them. Even the French cavalry breaking in had not dismayed them."‡ At first these well-mounted cavaliers made some impression, turning our right wing, and getting into the rear of some of our infantry; but the 42nd Highlanders and the 28th Regiment, aided by the flank companies of the 40th, and fighting at one and the same time on front, flanks, and rear, not only kept their ground, but fired such volleys that the field was presently covered with men and horses, while

* "The action commenced about an hour before daylight, by a false attack on our left, which was under Major-general Cradock's command, where they were soon repulsed." Despatch from General Hutchinson to the Right Honourable Henry Dundas.

† Ibid.

‡ General Moore's own Journal. This interesting journal is given in the Life of General Sir John Moore, by his brother, Dr. Carrick Moore.

other horses, wounded or frightened, were galloping wildly without their riders. In fact the French cavalry was destroyed by this small mass of British infantry.

"The attack on our right," says a general officer engaged, "was begun with great impetuosity by the French infantry, sustained by a strong body of cavalry, who charged in column. They were received by our troops with equal ardour, and with the utmost steadiness and discipline. The combat was unusually obstinate. The enemy were twice repulsed, and their cavalry were repeatedly mixed with our infantry. They at length retired, leaving a prodigious number of dead and wounded on the field."*

While this was passing on our right, they vainly attempted to penetrate our centre.

In several parts of the field some of the French and English who had exhausted their ammunition by their sustained fire, were seen pelting one another with stones. Wherever the British bayonet was used, its success was complete and terrible. The reader will remember the ruins of the old Roman palace on our right. Those ruins were enclosed by a low stone wall like the enclosure of a Turkish cemetery. Menou had promised a *louis d'or* to every French soldier who should penetrate into that quadrangle, for he anticipated a complete victory if he could only well establish himself on our right. After several desperate attempts, the French, attacking on three sides at once, got within the walls, and set up a shout which was heard from one extremity of our lines to the other. But here they were received by the 58th and 23rd, and followed by a part of the 42nd, who blocked up every exit and completely cut off their retreat.

"Then the mighty poured their breath,
Slaughter feasted on the brave;
'Twas the carnival of Death;
'Twas the vintage of the Grave!"

When powder and shot lasted no longer, our people had recourse to stones and the butt-ends of their muskets. It was a hand to hand fight, a *melée* in which the French soon and they had not a chance either of victory or of escape.

* General Hutchinson's Despatch.

They were knocked down in heaps, they were transfixed with the bayonet against the walls of the old building; the entire area was covered with their blood and their bodies. Seven hundred Frenchmen were slain among these dismal ruins—scarcely a man of them that entered got off, for the few who were not killed or prostrated by their wounds surrendered and cried for mercy.

While this tremendous conflict, which decided the fate of the day, was at its height, Sir Ralph Abercromby, riding towards the ruins, was nearly surrounded by a party of French horse. A French officer made a savage thrust at the aged general; but Sir Ralph, receiving the sabre under his left arm, wrested the weapon from his antagonist. A French hussar then rode up to aim a surer blow; but a Highland soldier, perceiving his intention, and being without a ball, put his ramrod into his musket, and with it shot the hussar. Unfortunately the brave old general, who had always been accused of exposing his person too much, and whose shortness of sight had often led him into danger, received a sabre wound in the breast in this *melée* with the French hussars; and, a short time after, he received a musket-shot in the thigh. Between nine and ten o'clock A.M. the battle ceased. It was not until he saw the French flying that Sir Ralph could be prevailed upon to quit the field. He had continued walking about, paying no attention to his wounds; officers who went to him in the course of the action had returned without knowing from his manner and appearance that he had been wounded at all, and even now many ascertained it only by seeing the blood trickling down his clothes; but at last, when exertion was no longer necessary, his spirit yielded to the weakness of the body; he became faint, was put into a hammock, and was carried off the field in the midst of the blessings and tears of the soldiery, who loved him as a father. The cut or contusion in the chest was trifling; but the shot-wound was dangerous from the first, and proved mortal. He was carried almost immediately to Lord Keith's flag-ship, where he expired on the evening of the 28th.

General Moore was badly wounded early in the action, as was also Brigadier-general Oakes; but both, like their veteran commander-in-chief, remained on the field till the action was over. Sir Sydney Smith, who, with a number of naval offi-

cers, was serving on shore, and who was always in the hottest fire, Brigadier-general Hope and Colonel Paget were also wounded.

On the other side, General Roize, who commanded the French cavalry, was killed on the field, with nearly all the men and horses he led into action; and Generals Lanusse and Rodet died of their wounds. The total number of British killed and wounded is stated at about 1,400, and that of the French at more than double that number. The field was covered with the wounded and the dead: on it were found above 1,700 French, 1,040 of whom were buried by the English in the course of two days in the ground on which they had fought and fallen. "I never," says General Moore, "saw a field so strewed with dead!" "Few more severe actions have ever been fought, considering the numbers engaged on both sides," says General Hutchinson.

A French corps which, like nearly all the regiments now under Menou, had formed a part of the conquering army of Italy, and which in its pride had taken the name of "The Invincible," was almost annihilated. A standard was taken inscribed with victories and exploits in Italy. Menou, as well as all his army, had gone into action quite confident of success.

During nearly all the conflict, about half of our army had to sustain the concentrated attack of the French army, our left wing, which had been the first threatened, and which continued to be observed by General Regnier with 800 men, scarcely coming into action at all until Menou was already in full retreat. The French prisoners confessed that the battles they had fought in Italy with the Austrians were as nothing compared with those they had fought since the landing of the English in Egypt. "I solemnly assure you," says General Hutchinson, "that his Majesty's troops in Egypt have faithfully discharged their duty to their country, and nobly upheld the fame of the British name and nation."

The conduct of our troops and of their veteran commander met everywhere the praise they merited, although, according to their confirmed habit, the French government endeavoured to represent the circumstances of the battle and to falsify the results respectively engaged.*

For man for man the two armies were exactly equal, but the British have shown, had a great superiority both in cavalry and

"Sir Ralph," says one of his best officers, "was a truly upright, honourable, and judicious man; his great sagacity, which had been pointed all his life to military life, made him an excellent officer. *The disadvantage he laboured under was being extremely short-sighted.* He, therefore, stood in need of good executive generals under him. It was impossible, knowing him as I did, not to have the greatest respect and friendship for him. The only consolation I feel is, that his death has been nearly that which he himself wished; and his country, grateful to his memory, will hand down his name to posterity with the admiration it deserves." *

"Then let notes triumphant pour!
 Let them pierce the Hero's grave!
 Life's tumultuous battle o'er
 Oh, how sweetly sleep the brave!
 From the dust their laurels bloom,
 High they shoot and flourish free;
 Glory's temple is the tomb!
 Death immortality!" †

It took no more fighting in the field to drive the French out of Egypt. General (afterwards Lord) Hutchinson succeeded to the command of our army, which was reinforced in the month of April by 3,000 men from England. Part of our troops ascended the river Nile in a flotilla towards Cairo, which city the Grand Vizier, with an irregular Turkish army, was approaching in an opposite direction. Cairo was soon invested; and, on the 27th of June, the French general, Beliard, capitulated with more than 13,000 men. General Baird, who had sailed from Bombay on the 7th of April, with about 2,800 British, 2,000 sepoy, and 450 of the East India Company's artillery, had reached Jeddah, on the Red Sea, as early as the 17th of May, and had been there joined by an English division, consisting of the 61st Regiment, some squadrons of light horse, and a good detachment of artillery, artillery. Even according to Regnier's boastful account, Menou had 9,700 men, including 1,500 horse, together with forty-six guns.

Some of our seamen fought heroically in the battle, but our marines were not engaged, having previously been appointed to the duty of Aboukir Castle and its vicinity. Official Despatch of Admiral Lord Keith.

* Private Journal of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, in Life, by his brother.

† Battle of Alexandria. Poetical Register, 1801.

which had been sent round by the Cape of Good Hope. But it was the month of July before the van of Baird's division, which had been landed at Kossier, could begin to cross the burning deserts which lie between the Red Sea and Egypt; and, before he could unite his forces at Cairo, Menou capitulated at Alexandria, upon the same conditions as Belliard, and Egypt was cleared of the French.

Thus, our men and faithful sepoy from India and our troops from the Cape had not the opportunity of pulling a trigger in battle; but their approach took out of the enemy all the little heart that was left in them after Abercromby's victories; and our condensation of forces in Egypt from Europe, from remote Asia, and from Africa, was a bold, original, and startling idea in war, and tended, with its orderly, quick, and perfect execution, to raise our military reputation everywhere, and to impress the world with an exalted notion of our resources when we thought fit to use them.

The Egyptian campaign offered excellent schooling for our officers and men; and it was soon to be seen that its lessons had not been thrown away or forgotten.

Bonaparte, who had been in the common habit of looking upon England merely as a naval power, unable to do anything except with her fleets close at hand, was thunderstruck. He could not understand how so fine an army as that which he had taken into Egypt could be so defeated by men whom he considered as tyros in the art of land-war; he would not, for a time, believe that more than 20,000 Frenchmen had been reduced to capitulation! In public he concealed his mortification, and even affected to speak of the Egyptian expedition as a little episode in war, which had been badly played out only because he had not been able to continue upon the stage until the end of the piece; but in private he betrayed the bitterness and acute anguish of his disappointment, and confessed that England had destroyed his project and his Oriental dreams.

Those dreams included the conquest of British India and the construction of an Eastern empire, which was to have included Egypt, Syria, with Palestine, and the whole of Asia Minor, at the very least.

MAIDA.

A. D. 1806. July 6.

BETWEEN the battle of Marengo, in June, 1800, and the commencement of 1806, when Napoleon thrust his brother Joseph on the throne of Naples, the French had subdued the whole of Italy, except its most southern extremity, and a few mountainous districts in the Abruzzi. With immense military means at their disposal, and with a ruthless fury, they were endeavouring to trample out the last spark of independence and resistance. On their side were the advantages of discipline, superior numbers, and money at command; on the side of the patriots was the advantage of a country very difficult of access.

In Calabria, General Regnier, after three days' desperate and bloody fighting, carried the walled town of Maratea, into which a great number of the Bourbon partisans had thrown themselves. The castle capitulated on the next day; but, as it was pretended that these Bourbonists were not regular troops, but only partisans and insurgents, they were butchered in cold blood: citadel and town were equally sacked, the women were violated, and every possible horror was committed. Leaving Maratea in flames, the French advanced to the siege of Amantea. But their deeds spread far and wide the hotter flames of insurrection. The inhabitants of all the towns and villages on their road fled to the mountains or hid themselves in the forests; the peasantry collected on their flanks and on their rear, butchering, murdering, and torturing all the French they could surprise or cut off. The country was in a blaze from end to end. To keep up the insurrection, the fugitive Bourbon court sent over from Palermo and Messina some money, some arms, some officers, and a great number of partisans, or irregular troops.

Amantea could not be taken by the French—Reggio was re-taken from them—the Castle of Scylla, which had surrendered to the French, was invested—Regnier was compelled to halt, and then to retreat towards Monteleone.

By this time the British troops in Sicily had been reinforced, and the command of them transferred to Sir John Stuart. On the entreaties of the Queen, which were seconded by his personal feelings, and his own ardent wishes, Sir John agreed to cross over into Calabria. All the force he could take with him, including artillery, did not amount to 5,000 men; and of these above a third were Corsicans, Sicilians, and other foreigners, in English pay. On the 1st of July, Sir John Stuart effected a landing in the Gulf of Sant Eufemia, not far from the town of Nicastro, to the northward of Monteleone, and between that city and Naples.

Apprised of this disembarkation, General Regnier made a rapid march, uniting, as he advanced, his detached corps for the purpose of attacking the English without loss of time, and of driving them into the sea, or back to their shipping. He expected to find Stuart encamped on the shore of the bay, where he had effected his landing, with his position defended by batteries, and by the flanking of the English men-of-war and gun-boats. French writers and others mention these circumstances so very favourable to the English, and insist that the terrible loss in Regnier's army was owing to the firing of the ships, and of Stuart's masked batteries. This is a lie of the first magnitude. Instead of encamping on the beach, to have the co-operation of the shipping, Stuart marched some distance along the beach, and then struck boldly inland to meet Regnier. He had no artillery with him fit for those murderous masked batteries which have been made to figure upon paper. The ground he had to traverse in his advance was so rough and rugged, was cut by so many *fiumari*, or water-courses, was intersected by so many *pantani*, or marshes, was bespread by so many *macchie*, or thickets (chiefly of myrtle, with the wild red geranium flowering among them), that Stuart, who had scarcely a horse with him, could have moved none but light field-pieces. All the artillery that Sir John had brought with him from Sicily consisted of ~~unders~~, four 6-pounders, and two howitzers; and

from this formidable artillery scarcely a shot seems to have been fired, except as a signal, or for measuring distances. The battle of Maida was a battle of bayonets. To give it any other character—to represent it as an affair of artillery, and a fortified camp—is to attempt foully to rob the British infantry of one of the most glorious of their many laurels—is to lie broadly and most impudently in the face of the most evident facts. The spot where the death-struggle took place is not, indeed, very remote from the sea, for the broadest part of the plain which lies between the mountains and the bay is not five miles broad; but it was so far from the sea, and the nature of the intervening ground was such, that, if our men-of-war or gun-boats had fired, their shot would have been as useless, and as innocuous to the French, as though they had been fired at the Nore, or in Plymouth Sound. All that Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, who had arrived in the Bay of Sant Eufemia the evening before the action, did or could do, was to make such a disposition of ships and gun-boats as would have favoured Sir John Stuart's retreat. If a reverse had made that movement necessary, our little army would have fallen back by the same lines on which they had advanced; and, as the latter part of the retreat would thus have been round the shores of the bay, close by the water's edge, Sir Sidney's guns might have been brought to bear nearly point-blank upon their pursuers. But the British bayonet decided that there should be no retreat; and, therefore, neither ship nor gun-boat fired a shot.

General Colletta, a Neapolitan officer and historian, and a most decided French partisan, puts Sir John Stuart in a fortified camp on the sea-shore, with awful masked batteries, and intimates that Regnier sustained his terrible loss in making two brilliant charges upon these batteries—which existed nowhere, except in the writer's imagination. Others may have erred from ignorance, and that too common implicit confidence in the bulletins and books of the French, who never yet admitted a defeat without attempting to explain it by treachery, or superiority of force, or the nature of the ground, or some other disadvantageous circumstances; but General Colletta, who served under the French in Calabria, must knowingly have falsified his account of

the battle of Maida—a battle which left the deepest and clearest impression on the minds of the people of the country who had witnessed it from the neighbouring hills. The writer of this volume was there in July, 1816, just ten years after the battle; and then there was scarcely a farmer, labourer, or buffalo-herd, living near the plain of Sant Eufemia, but could give a correct account of the position of the two armies, and the few and very simple incidents of the engagement. Other evidence, of the most convincing kind, was to be found on the plain, miles away from the sea-shore, where the conflict had left heaps of dead bodies. The real battle-field, near the edge of the lower hills which shelve down from the lofty Apennine range, was even then marked by skulls and bones, and small fragments of brass which had once ornamented the shakos of the French soldiery.

It was on the afternoon of the 3rd of July that Sir John Stuart received intelligence that Regnier had encamped near Maida, about ten miles distant from the place where he had landed; that his force consisted at the moment of about 4,000 infantry and 300 cavalry, together with four pieces of artillery, and that he expected to be joined within a day or two by 3,000 more French troops, who were marching after him in a second division. Stuart therefore determined to advance and fight him before this junction. Leaving four companies of Watteville's regiment behind him to protect the stores, and occupy a slight work which had been thrown up at the landing-place, Sir John, on the following morning—the morning of a burning day of July, when the heat of that pestiferous Calabrian plain resembles the heat of an African glen in the torrid zone—commenced his rapid advance, cheered by the sailor's of Sidney Smith's squadron; several of whose officers followed the column on foot, or mounted on Calabrian donkeys, eager to be spectators of the fight.

The men were perfectly drenched with perspiration, which turned their red jackets almost blue. After thus marching across the plain, Sir John Stuart came full in sight of Regnier, who was encamped below the village of Maida, on the side of a woody hill, sloping into the plain of Sant Eufemia, his flanks being strengthened by a thick, imper-

vious underwood, and his front being covered by the Amato, a river broad, deep, and rapid in the rainy season, but perfectly fordable in the summer. Like all such rivers, the Amato had a broad extent of marshy ground on either side of it. As soon as he had struck almost at a right angle from the shore, Sir John's advance lay across a spacious plain, which afforded the French every opportunity of minutely observing his movements. He says himself, with proper and honourable candour, "Had General Regnier thought proper to remain upon his ground, the difficulties of access to him were such that I could not possibly have made an impression upon him : but quitting this advantage, and crossing the river with his entire force, he came down to meet us upon the open plain—a measure to which he was no doubt encouraged by a consideration of his cavalry, *an arm with which, unfortunately, I was altogether unprovided.*" Yet, General Colletta and other writers of the same school, not satisfied with their other falsehoods, and the exaggeration of Stuart's army to 6,000 or 7,000 strong, talk of his having cavalry with him. The only cavalry we ever heard of (and we have had much local and other information concerning this battle) consisted of Sir Sidney Smith's midshipmen and lieutenants mounted on jackasses.

But Regnier, a vain, self-confident man, had other strong motives to induce him to quit his vantage-ground ; in Egypt he had been opposed *corps-à-corps* to Stuart, and had been well beaten by that general—he was eager to wipe off that disgrace—and, besides, Lebrun, one of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp, who had just arrived from Paris, was ready to cry out shame if he could see the English before him without falling upon them. There was, moreover, another strong inducement : the presence of the English, and the sight of the white flag of the Bourbon, might spread the flames of insurrection that were already so dangerous ; and, in addition to the Calabrian bands, bring down on their rear fresh enemies from the mountains of Basilicata, Capitanata, the Abruzzi, and other provinces of the kingdom. It was clear, indeed, that the English troops could not long remain where they were without being eaten up by the malaria fevers, which rage in that swampy, boggy part of the Calabrias to an extent scarcely exceeded in the mortal Maremme of

Tuscany and the Roman states; but still a very short stay might lead to great mischief, and to very long work afterwards.

If, however, Regnier's strongest motive for quitting the heights was a personal feeling, there was on the side of Sir John Stuart a feeling of nearly the same nature, and quite as vehement. Sebastiani had accused the English general of having had recourse to assassins; and Regnier himself, who was now coming down from his wooded heights to meet him, had written a book about the campaigns of Egypt, denying every claim of the British to skill or courage, treating them contemptuously, both officers and men, as unworthy of the name of soldiers, and imputing the loss of Egypt solely to the incapacity of Abdallah Menou, under whom he (Regnier) had served as second in command. This personal feeling, indeed, was so intense in Sir John Stuart (who, in other matters, betrayed an over-hot Scottish temperament), and it was so generally shared in by the British officers in the field, as also by their men, that it is rather more than probable that, if Regnier had kept his vantage-ground, Stuart would have been guilty of some imprudence or rashness in order to get at him.

As it was, when the French came down to the open plain (on the 6th of July), and battle was joined, the English fought with all the animosity of a direct personal quarrel—with a fury which looked as if every man were fighting a duel to avenge his own wrongs—as if there were a multitudinous series of duels going on at once, in the first hot blood of personal quarrel, without a moment to cool, and without seconds to prescribe rules and limitations. As Regnier came down in double column, his forces were found far more numerous than Stuart had counted upon; he had, in fact, been joined by the troops that had been marching after him in a second division; and he thus mustered a total of 7,000 foot and 300 horse. After some short, close firing of the flankers, to cover the deployments of the two armies, by nine o'clock in the morning the opposing fronts were hotly engaged, "and the prowess of the rival nations seemed now fairly to be at trial before the world."* The battle grew hottest on Stuart's right; and there, in fact, it was decided. That right

* Sir John Stuart's own Despatch to Government.

was composed of British light infantry, mixed with a few foreigners, and was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Kempt and Major Robinson. Directly opposed to it was the favourite French regiment of light infantry, the 1ère Légère.

As if by mutual agreement, when at the distance of about one hundred yards, the opposed corps fired, reciprocally, a few rounds, then suspended their fire, and, in close, compact order and awful silence, advanced towards each other until their bayonets began to cross. The British commanding officer, perceiving that his men were suffering from the heat, and were embarrassed by the blankets which they carried at their backs, halted the line for a few seconds that they might throw their blankets down.

The information about this halt and the blankets was given to Walter Scott by an officer who had been present at the battle.* A Calabrian, one of the many anxious spectators who witnessed the fight from the neighbouring heights, in describing the affair, a few years afterwards, to the writer of the present volume, mentioned a short, sudden halt, which he interpreted as the French did at the moment. He thought that the English were going to turn and run. The French, certainly, mistook the pause for the hesitation of fear; and, thereupon, they advanced with a quickened step, and their wonted cheers. They were veterans, thoroughly trained, and looking martial and fierce with their dark moustachios. The English line consisted, for the far greater part, of smooth-faced fellows, who had never been under fire before, and young beardless recruits. It was the boast of the French, and the boast had grown louder since their encounter with the Russians at Austerlitz, that no troops in Europe would stand their bayonet charge. The fact was now to be proved, though not in an equal contest; for, to have an equality, Stuart ought to have had veterans to oppose to veterans. But such men as we had at Maida disproved the boast. So soon as they were freed from their incumbrances, they gave one true English "hurrah," and rushed on with levelled bayonets. "Santo diavoluni!" said our Calabrian, "in the next instant after the halt, there was a shout and a rushing forwards; and then it was the French that were running away!" Some few of them really stayed to cross bayonets (a very rare

* See *Life of Bonaparte*.

occurrence in war); but these were overthrown, or pushed back by the superior physical strength of the English; and the rest of them, astonished and appalled, halted, fell back, and recovered arms.

The French officers were now seen running along the line, gesticulating, and resorting to those extraordinary and histrionic efforts which officers of that nation are expected to make at every crisis; but nothing they could do could encourage their men, or lead them back towards the sharp points of the English bayonets; and, as Stuart's men advanced upon them, the 1ère Légère, or First Light Infantry, a regiment of high repute, broke their line, fell into irremediable disorder, and endeavoured to regain the hills from which they had descended. But it was now too late; they had got too close; and they were overtaken by a most dreadful slaughter. "They went down," said our Calabrian, "like grass before the mower!"

Brigadier-general Auckland, whose brigade was immediately on the left of our light infantry, which had so speedily done the work, availed himself of the favourable moment to press forward with the bayonet upon the corps in his front. And here, too, the British bayonet was triumphant: the French faltered, turned, and fled, leaving the plain covered with their dead and wounded—with men who had not got their death or wounds in fighting, but in flying, for they scarcely stood half a minute after Auckland's brigade began to move. A recent writer—a British officer of good reputation, and a writer with whom, in nearly all other matters, we cordially agree—could not have sufficiently borne in mind the battle of Maida, when he persisted in speaking and writing disparagingly of the musket and bayonet, and our infantry tactics.*

Being thus completely disconcerted on his left, General Regnier, who had been galloping about the field, storming and cursing like a madman, began to make a new effort with his right, in the hope of recovering the day. He threw both horse and foot on Stuart's left; but Brigadier-general Cole's brigade was there with some dauntless British grenadiers, and with a few choice infantry of the line; and Regnier's

* Lieutenant-Colonel J. Mitchell, H.P. See his "Thoughts on Tactics," "The Fall of Napoleon," &c.

horse and foot were presently beaten back. Here was fine ground for a sweeping charge at full gallop, and it appears that the French cavaliers went freely on to the charge; but it appears equally evident that our steady foot soldiers were not fluttered, even for a moment.

Successively repelled on our front, the French made an effort to turn our flank; but, at this juncture, Lieutenant-colonel Ross, who had landed that very morning, from Messina, with the British 20th Regiment,* and who had marched with breathless speed to the scene of action, came up, took possession of a small cover upon the flank, and, by a heavy and well-directed fire, instantly and entirely disconcerted the attempt of the French horse. This was General Regnier's last struggle on the plain of Maida; all the rest was nothing but flight, confusion, "*Sauve qui peut!*" and downright *débâcle*. The sight was witnessed with astonishment by thousands of the natives.

A Frenchman, an officer of distinguished merit, a man of genius, the wittiest and one of the very best prose writers of modern France, was attached to Regnier's army at the time, and was too noble a fellow to cover over the defeat with falsehood and invention. This officer, wit, and author, was Paul Louis Courier. He wrote to his friends, that bulletins and *Moniteurs* might say what they liked; but that the plain truth was, Regnier had been thoroughly beaten, had been well thrashed by Stuart, *bien rossé*. "This adventure," said he, "is a very sad one for poor Regnier! The French fought no where. All eyes are fixed upon us—with our good troops, and with equal forces, to be defeated in such a few minutes! This has not been seen since the Revolution!"

Courier was mistaken in assuming the numbers of the contending forces to be equal. Had he not been misled by others, he would not have made the statement. But he was not at the battle of Maida, being previously sent down to Tarento to bring up some heavy artillery, a duty on which he nearly lost his life, as he fell among the Calabrian insurgents. He joined Regnier on his retreat, immediately after the battle. He took his numbers from Regnier, and the officers who had

* This 20th Regiment was included in Sir John Stuart's enumeration of his forces. It was a part of the 4,795 men with whom he fought Regnier, and not an addition to that number.

been actually engaged. Had Paul Louis been himself at Maida to count Sir John Stuart's force, his astonishment would have been much greater. And *he* was one of the few French officers of the period who would have disdained to misrepresent the respective forces of the two armies.

Paul Louis does not state the amount of Regnier's loss; but another French officer, who was in Calabria some time after the affair, admits that he left 1,500 men dead or wounded on the battle field. Sir John Stuart stated in his despatches to Government that above 700 bodies of their dead had been buried upon the ground, that he had in his hands more than 1,000 prisoners, and that the peasantry were every hour bringing in fugitives, who had dispersed in the woods and mountains, after this significant quelling of French confidence and pride. By the official return of the assistant adjutant general (a document which can never be falsified in our service *) the loss of the British amounted to one officer, three sergeants, and forty-one rank and file killed; and eleven officers, eight sergeants, two drummers, and 261 rank and file wounded. Among our prisoners was General Compère, the colonel of a Swiss regiment in the French service. Of inferior officers a great many were taken.

Sir John Stuart declares that no statement he had heard of Regnier's numbers, when they began the action, put them at less than 7,000 men. We know positively that Regnier had entered Calabria with 10,000. A part of this force had been detached to distant points, and some few hundreds had already fallen under the vindictive knife of the infuriated Calabrians. [A very correct notion of this horrible war is conveyed in one short sentence from the pen of Paul Louis Courier. "When we catch the Calabrians we shoot or hang them; when they catch us they stab us or burn us alive."] But on the other hand there had been a constant influx of reinforcements, and, upon a careful comparison of various French and Italian accounts, it appears next to a positive certainty that Regnier descended from his wooded heights with between 6,000 and 7,000 fighting men. These

* It is notorious that the French very frequently, or indeed commonly, made no such returns, and that when they were made they were falsified *ad libitum*.

foreign accounts, one and all, make a disparity of force not by diminishing Regnier's, but by exaggerating Stuart's force:—they allow that the French were at least 6,000 strong; but then they affirm that 7,000, 8,000, or 9,000 English had landed at Sant Eufemia! The testimony of the country people went for nothing, for they were all set down as false rebels to the Emperor Napoleon and his brother, King Joseph. Besides, very few of these wild Calabrians could either read or write; and those of them who were more accomplished had no means of giving publicity, on the continent, to the truths they could tell. But these truths, by fugitives, or by secret correspondence, were told at the time, by Calabrians, in Sicily, where our fleet and army bade defiance to Bonaparte; and they were afterwards told by the same people when the fearful domination of the French had passed away like a dream or night-mare, when King Joseph was living in America as a citizen of the United States, and his brother, the Emperor, was relegated in St. Helena. But in reality, as far as regarded his numbers, there needed no other testimony than that of Sir John Stuart. An English general, even if inclined so to do, cannot materially falsify his reports, which are always made public. General Stuart was obliged to report precisely to his Government, the brigades, regiments, battalions, and men he had with him; he reports his total at 4,795. The French generals reported merely to the Emperor, and his close and secret war-office; their really numerical reports were never published at all; and a door was thus left open to every kind of exaggeration or falsehood. The reverse sustained in this instance was, however, so signal and so notorious, that it was found impossible to conceal it in France, or in any part of Europe. [And therefore it was that additional pains were taken to falsify numbers.] Regnier never stopped until he had put the whole breadth and thickness of the Apennines between him and Stuart; the night after the battle he bivouacked on the heights of Marcellinara, but only for two or three hours to collect his *fuyards*; he then descended the reverse of the mountains with headlong speed, being threatened on the flanks by the hostile peasantry, and went to encamp under the walls of Catanzaro, a friendly town on the shores of the Ionian Sea, near the head of the great Gulf

of Tarento. Our victorious infantry continued the pursuit as long as they were able; but, as the French dispersed in every direction and threw away every thing they had with them except their weapons, and as the English carried their usual load, and were obliged to preserve order in their march, the trial of speed of foot became unequal and unfair. Many were cut off by the natives, and many more, to escape that fate, came in and surrendered to the English. General Verdier, who was occupying Cosenza, an important town, a few miles to the north of Maida, with a French brigade, was driven out of the place by the insurgents, and never found a safe resting-place until he had performed a journey of more than a hundred English miles, and reached the town of Matera, near the Gulf of Tarento. Every fort along the coasts of the Tyrrhenian Sea, with all the dépôts of stores, ammunition, and artillery, which the French had prepared for the complete reduction of Calabria, and then for the attack upon Sicily, became the prey of Sir John Stuart's miniature army; and on the shores of the Ionian Sea, to which the French had retreated, Cotrone, situated between Catanzaro and Matera, was reduced to capitulate by the 78th Regiment—a part of Stuart's force which was carried round by sea, and a small squadron of ships and gun-boats under the command of Captain William Hoste.

If, instead of less than 5,000 men, Sir John Stuart had had with him 10,000, he might have cleared Upper Calabria, as he did Lower Calabria, of the last Frenchman in it. With 10,000 men, and backed by the Calabrians, alone, he might have hurled Marshal Massena, who now came to subdue the country, down the precipices of the Sylla mountain, or have destroyed him and his army at the edge of the province, in the passes of Campotanesse. With 30,000 men he might have swept Naples and the whole of southern Italy clear of the enemy, and have caused the greatest embarrassment to Bonaparte, who had weakened his army in the north of Italy, in order to collect the greater force for the war with Prussia, which began and ended, in the deplorable battle of Jena, this same year. As it was, the intrusive King Joseph was with difficulty prevented from running out of the kingdom. But there were no troops at hand wherewith to feed this war; our Government did not understand the war, or see what a

destructive fire might be lighted up against the French; no reinforcements were sent into Calabria, and, after clearing the lower province, and throwing some small garrisons into the castle of Scylla, and one or two other places he had captured, Sir John embarked the rest of his forces and returned to Sicily to take good care of that island.

Yet is it most unfair and most incorrect to say that no object was obtained by this expedition. It secured to the English the admiration, affection and fidelity of the Sicilian people; it threw the French in Calabria, at the least, a good year back in their work of subjugation; it kept up a popular insurrection which cost them enormous sacrifices, and which in its long duration became one of those drains on the resources of Bonaparte, and one of those sources of military demoralization, which gradually led to his ruin; it seized and carried off the matériel which had been collected with great labour and at an immense expense; and it left an uneasiness, diffidence, and an uncertainty in the minds of the French, lest such an experiment should be repeated on a larger scale, either there or on some other part of the long and accessible Neapolitan coasts. It was certainly not at the court of King Joseph, nor even in the camp of his brother, that the battle of Maida was considered as a vain-glorious affair or pretty *fait d'armes*, attended with no results. It is true, indeed, that one of the most conspicuous advantages derived from it was the great moral encouragement, the conviction, restored or strengthened in the national faith, that, in a hand-to-hand fight, the British infantry was as superior to that of France as it had been in the olden time;—that, in short, the battle of Maida was chiefly valuable as a corollary to that of Alexandria, as the battle of Alexandria had been but a corollary to Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, Wynendale, and Malplaquet. But than this few things could be more valuable, few results more desirable. This moral encouragement was precisely what was wanted at a period when the despondency and bad war-policy of our cabinets had lowered and were lowering our military reputation both at home and abroad. The battle of Maida ought to have been fought were it only for shivering the French pretension to invincibility. The bold bayonet work on that Calabrian plain was a prelude, and an assurance

of success, to the grander bayonet charges made soon afterwards at Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes de Onoro, Albuera, and in twenty other fights. Mr. Wyndham spoke like a statesman as well as patriot and eloquent orator, when he declared that the military renown of our later days dated from our achievements in Egypt; that the battle of Maida confirmed it; and that the battles of Vimeiro, Coruña, and Talavera, were worth a whole archipelago of those sugar islands in the West Indies, in the reduction of which we had been dribbling away our troops.

In spite of all the efforts made by the French to conceal their total discomfiture, and disorderly and disgraceful retreat, the truth spread far and wide even on the continent.

Carlo Botta, the Italian historian, who had no partialities for the English, gives a tolerably fair account of the battle of Maida. He correctly states the number of Sir John Stuart's army at about 5,000 men (*circa cinque mila soldati*). He admits that Regnier had 7,000 men, tried and brave soldiers, and several squadrons of cavalry, an arm in which the English were entirely deficient. Unlike General Colletta, he makes no mention of our ships which did nothing, or of our artillery which did not exist on the battle field. He describes the affair correctly as a struggle with the musket and the bayonet.

"The two rival nations came quickly to the point. The battle began with the light troops. Then the heavier infantry came into action. Here the musket was not much fired: moved with emulation, and impatient of fighting at a distance, the enemies rushed against each other with fixed bayonets. The *mêlée* was fearful: the French were impetuous, the English steady. Whether it was that the French, believing that they had marched to an easy and certain victory, were struck with astonishment at the unexpected resistance, or whether they were operated upon by some other reason, I know not, but after a short struggle their right wing gave way and took to flight. The English followed them up with great speed, pressing them sharply, and killing not a few. Regnier then attempted to restore the fortune of the day by attacking with cavalry the left of his enemy, but the English were so immoveable and made such a

resistance with bullets and bayonets, that he was obliged to desist. Having thus failed on their front, he sent his cavalry to turn their left wing, and to try and fall upon their flank and rear; thus hoping to induce at least some disorder. The cavalry were moving round, and the battle seemed in peril for the English, when a foot regiment arriving from Messina, came up at the opportune moment, placed itself behind a little shelter offered by the ground, took the French horse in flank, and not only stopped their impetuous course, but also drove them back, rather broken than entire. After this deed the soldiers of Regnier fled the field in the greatest panic and disorder, every man looking to his own safety, without attending to his comrades or to any order. The victory was complete for the English." *

In France, and among French officers in other countries, the battle gave rise to private dissensions not very favourable to Bonaparte's vaunted military system. It was believed that in his army promotion never went by favour, or court influence. This was a great mistake. The *troupe dorée*, as the courtiers were called, formed already a very numerous and influential corps. They owed their promotion to favour, to women, and to intrigue. Paul Louis Courier says, in his sly, caustic manner, that the aide-de-camp, Lebrun, was probably not really of opinion that Regnier ought to have quitted his formidable and almost unapproachable position, but that if Regnier had not done so the fashionable aide-de-camp would have raised the cry against him at Paris. Courier, who was thoroughly informed of all that passed, says distinctly that Regnier was controlled by the presence of Lebrun; and he clearly and poignantly exposes certain practices which were now common in the French army, and which, in time, were admirably calculated to destroy the discipline of any army, and take the heart out of any commander in the field.

"A silly thing (*sotte chose*), indeed, for a general who commands, to have on his shoulders an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, a fine gentleman of the court, who arrives *en poste*, dressed by Walter (then the fashionable tailor of Paris), and bringing you in his pocket the genius of his imperial majesty! Regnier had a surveillant put over him, to give an account of what should happen. Had the battle been gained, then it

* Carlo Botta Storia D'Italia, Dal 1789 al 1814.

would have been the Emperor's doing—the effect of the genius, the invention, the orders received from *là haut* (from above there). But if the battle be lost, why, then is it our fault! The golden troop of courtiers will say, 'The Emperor was not there!'"*

This very system, this insatiable, illimitable egotism of Napoleon Bonaparte (in itself a proof of vulgar and inferior qualities of mind), proved very fatal to him in the end, and must be borne in mind as one of the many incurable evils which precipitated his fall. All but his incurable idolators will now admit that not a few of the false movements, vacillations, and failures of the marshals and generals, who afterwards commanded in Portugal, Spain, and other countries, were attributable to these practices, and to his inveterate habit of juggling and deceiving the very officers he himself employed as commanders of divisions, or even as heads of entire, separate armies. Colonel Mitchell has done good service to the cause of truth, and to the honour of many brave French officers, by exposing, and placing in a glaring light, this system, and the jealous temper and mean practices of a man who never was great, except through the littleness, timidity, or indecision of other men.†

* *Memoires, Correspondence, et Opuscules Inédits de Paul Louis Courier.*

† See Fall of Napoleon.

INDIAN WARFARE.

OUR great conflicts in India, which resulted in the acquisition of a vast and wonderful empire, are fairly entitled to the name of British battles. In every one of them British troops were mixed with native to lead the way and set the example; all our sepoy regiments were trained, disciplined, and commanded by British officers of whom, as we have said, very many gave proof of remarkable military skill. Though somewhat lighter than that imposed upon our troops of the line, and modified by a nice attention to their physical constitution, and their prejudices of religion and of caste, the discipline of the native troops was sufficient and good, from the time of Sir Eyre Coote, down to the days of Arthur Wellesley, when it was still further improved.

We were not the first to introduce the system. The French had raised corps of sepoys, and had brought them to considerable perfection before the English began the practice. M. Bussy, whom we have fairly described as an opponent worthy of Clive, having carefully studied their habits and dispositions, achieved many brilliant exploits with these native troops, who, in their undisciplined state, and under their own Indian princes and officers, had been but a poor, spiritless, unwarlike rabble. Bussy was much beloved by his sepoys. But, unfortunately for the French, those who succeeded him in command being rapacious, impatient, rash, violent, and ignorant or careless about the character of the people, completely annihilated this affection; they robbed the pagodas, they desecrated the temples, they killed and eat the sacred cattle, they insulted the priests, and offered outrages to the women. M. Lally, while acting as commander-in-chief of all the French forces in India, rendered the name of his nation thoroughly odious, for he paid no respect what-

ever either to the religious prejudices of the people and his own sepoys, or to their still stronger prejudices of caste. Thus, though they preceded us in making the experiment, our rivals signally failed in constructing and keeping together a numerous, well-affected, devoted, native army.

It appears that our first sepoys were trained to English discipline and tactics in 1746. Certain English officers were then attached to some irregular native infantry, with injunctions to do their best in drilling them, and in accoutring them so as to give no offence to any of their feelings or prejudices. The system was first introduced into the Madras service by Mr. Haliburton, who, like Clive, had quitted the civil for the military employment. In 1748, this valuable officer was shot by a sulky or frantic recruit, who was instantly cut to pieces by his incensed comrades. The name of Haliburton was long cherished by the Madras sepoys. One of the earliest services on which these sepoys were employed was with Clive at the defence of Arcot. At first they appear to have been either Mahometans, or Hindoos of very high caste—chiefly Rajpoots. They very soon distinguished themselves by their attachment to their leaders, their entire devotion to the English flag, their rapidity and good orderly conduct on march, and their steadiness in action. The Bengal Native Infantry was not properly formed until the year 1757. About the same time some of the native irregular cavalry were submitted to our discipline; but it appears doubtful whether they were very much improved by the change. As our dominions were extended, not less by policy than by force of arms, the number of our sepoy regiments was augmented, and nearly all classes and races inhabiting that vast peninsula were included in their ranks. In many instances people of the provinces we subdued, bore no animosity to us as conquerors, but willingly entered our service, by which they secured regular pay and allowances, and a provision for their old age—advantages which they had never known under their old rulers. During the governor-generalship of the enterprising and great Warren Hastings, which lasted ten years, or from 1774 to 1784, our sepoys were as much increased in numbers as they were improved in quality. On more than one occasion they charged the French with the bayonet, and, with little

more than an equality of numbers, proved themselves equal to a contest with the veteran troops of that alert and warlike nation. With no superiority of numbers, however great, could the ill-organized troops of any of the native princes and chiefs stand against them. In the great battle of Porto Novo, where Hyder Ali and his Mysoreans were thoroughly defeated, the steady and brave sepoy advanced step for step, and dealt blow for blow with their British comrades. In other affairs, where fortune was less propitious, they proved that they possessed fortitude and moral stamina, that they were not to be disorganized or dejected by a reverse, and that they could retreat in good order, to rally and fight again. The discipline, the moderation, the forbearance, the tranquillity and good order they preserved in their long marches through countries occupied by unarmed, defenceless people, were as perfect as were ever displayed by any troops. Under the government of the Marquis Cornwallis, in the sharp war against Tippoo Sultaun, they gained further experience and confidence, and still more honours. On the night of the 6th and the morning of the 7th of February (1792), they had a fair share with the British troops in gaining the great and decisive victory over Tippoo, which led to a treaty of peace, and the cession to the Company of one-half of the Mysorean's territories. Cornwallis warmly applauded their conduct, and made them partake in a good round sum of money, which, upon his own responsibility, he ordered to be distributed to the army.

During the spirited administration of the Marquis Wellesley, which extended from 1798 to 1806, the numbers of the Sepoys were still further augmented; they were kept almost constantly on active service, and they fought by the side of the British in almost every part of India, from the Ganges to the Hyphasis. On his first going among them, in February 1797, they attracted the admiration of Colonel ARTHUR WELLESLEY, who carefully studied their dispositions and capabilities, and who soon afterwards led them to such brilliant victories. He first saw them in actual combat at Mallavelly, on our advance to the siege and capture of Seringapatam, in 1799, and from that moment our great soldier appears to have formed a very correct estimate of what they could do and bear. In less than a year after the battle of Mallavelly,

he had the supreme command over many thousands of them, and it is not to be doubted that their martial qualities were improved under his guidance, and by the victories to which he conducted them. The name of WELLESLEY was and is almost idolized by the sepoys.

ASSYE.

A. D. 1803. September 23.

WE have placed the two battles of Alexandria and Maida together, not in chronological order, but because there is some connection between them.

In the East many advantages had been obtained, and several remarkable battles fought between the date of the two victories last described.

After the destruction of Tippoo Sultaun, the Mahratta confederacy made itself very formidable, and a clever Frenchman was lending the aid of his military knowledge and capacity to these turbulent, rapacious, and faithless Hindoos, who, for many generations, had made war and plunder their sole profession.

M. Perron had first come to this country as a petty officer on board a French man-of-war. He had been in India some twenty years, and had acquired an ample knowledge of the languages and manners of the people. Like several other adventurers of various European nations who took the field in India, he was indisputably a man of very considerable address and ability. After a variety of adventures he became quarter-master sergeant to a corps containing some Frenchmen, in the service of the great Mahratta chief Scindiah. He fought for this chief in more than one great battle, and, as the other Frenchmen quitted the service or died off, he was gradually raised to the rank of a general, and to the command-in-chief of Scindiah's force, the select portion of which owed to Perron and his countrymen the good discipline it had attained. A wide territory in the Jumna region was assigned to him by his thankful employer, and Perron displayed much of the pomp, and exercised much of the sovereignty of an Oriental potentate. If the First Consul

could have put himself in communication with this adventurer (as he had done with Tippoo Sultaun), and could have forwarded him some encouragement and support, Perron occupied a position which might, for a time, have proved dangerous to the British power in India, although it does not appear that Perron had either much regard for Bonaparte or much national feeling.

In 1802 Scindiah fell upon the Peishwa, or Mahratta sovereign of Poonah, the friend of the English, and expelled him from his dominions. The dispossessed Peishwa applied for assistance to the Governor-General, Lord Wellesley, who, in common with the councils of all the three Presidencies, had long conceived apprehensions of the turbulent spirit, the ambition, and power of Scindiah, whose occupation of Poonah brought him near to our Bombay territories. On the 31st of September, 1802, a subsidiary treaty was concluded with the Peishwa at Bassein. The Nizam of the Deccan joined with the English and the Peishwa. The powerful Rajah of Bérar united his forces to those of Scindiah.

The Governor-General had two great objects in view—to restore the Peishwa, and to destroy or dissipate the formidable disciplined forces which Perron had raised, and was now commanding. But we had soon another enemy upon our hands. Holkar, another Mahratta prince, scarcely inferior in power to Scindiah, with whom he had several times waged war, now concluded a peace and alliance with his old foe and rival, and arrayed his forces against us.

When General Lake took the field with an army of 10,500 men—to co-operate with which force 3,500 men were assembled near Allahabad, and about 2,000 at Mirzapoor—M. Perron was at the head of 16,000 or 17,000 infantry, disciplined in the European manner, an immense body of irregular infantry, from 15,000 to 20,000 Mahratta horse, and a numerous and well-appointed train of artillery. Lake's line of march was upon Delhi.

But in the meantime, a younger brother of the Governor-General, Arthur Wellesley, who, since the siege of Seringapatam, had been raised to the rank of a major-general, had, with his cavalry alone, made a dash upon Poonah—had baulked and driven out the Mahratta troops of Holkar—had
a most rapid march and brilliant movement that

capital of the Peishwa from being burned, and had reinstated that prince in his dominions. In thirty hours, General Wellesley had accomplished a march of sixty miles, which is, indeed, a marvellous exertion to be made under an Indian sun.

The Peishwa re-entered his capital early in the month of May. Holkar, who had fled before Wellesley without fighting, communicated with Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, but did not join them in person.

This hostile confederacy was the more dangerous as Scindiah possessed several convenient sea-ports, through which he could receive assistance if any should be sent him from France, and as, conformably to the treaty of Amiens, the French had then just recovered Pondicherry and other possessions in India.

While General Lake marched towards Delhi, taking by storm, as he passed it, the important fortress of Alli-Ghur, General Wellesley kept the chief command of all the British and allied troops serving in the territories of the Peishwa and the Nizam of the Deccan, having full powers to direct all the political affairs of the British Government in those countries.* After some fruitless negotiations with Scindiah, Wellesley marched from Poonah to the north, and, after sustaining a great loss in carriage-cattle, he reached Ahmed-nughur, a strong place garrisoned by Scindiah's troops, which he forthwith took by escalade.

On the 24th of August, he crossed the Godavery river, and on the 29th of that month he entered Aurungabad. On the same day that he crossed the Godavery, Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, having avoided a corps under Colonel Stevenson, rushed with an immense army of cavalry—and of cavalry alone—into the Nizam's territory, by the Adjunttee ghaut, or pass, intending to plunder and ravage, to cross the Godavery, and to march upon Hyderabad. "I hope," said Wellesley, on the 30th, "to be able to strike a blow against their myriads of horse in a few days, if I should not be so unlucky as to have the Godavery become fordable about six weeks sooner than usual." He accordingly returned to that river, and moved eastward along its northern bank to inter-

* Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, compiled by Lieutenant-Colonel Gurwood.

cept the enemy, and place himself between them and the very important city of Hyderabad.

Scindiah and the Rajah immediately altered their course, striking away in the direction of Julnapoor; but Colonel Stevenson got there before them with the Nizam's auxiliary force, and made sure of that town. On the 12th of September General Wellesley was encamped about twenty miles to the north of the Godavery, Colonel Stevenson being at some distance from him. From the rapidity of their movement it was no easy matter to come up with the Mahratta cavalry, who were committing terrible depredations; but Stevenson once or twice beat up their camp by making night marches. About the middle of September, Wellesley received information that Scindiah had been reinforced by sixteen battalions of infantry, commanded by French officers, and a large train of artillery; and that the whole of his and the Rajah's forces were now assembled near the banks of the Kaitna. On the 21st, he drew nearer to Colonel Stevenson's corps, and held a conference with that distinguished officer, in which a general plan of attack was concerted. On the 22nd, Colonel Stevenson took the western route, and Wellesley the eastern, round the hills between Bydnapor and Jaulna. They expected to join forces and attack the enemy early on the morning of the 24th; but on the 23rd, the General received a report that Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar had moved off that morning with their myriads of horse, and that their infantry were about to follow, but were as yet in camp at the distance of about six miles from him. General Wellesley therefore determined to march upon the infantry and engage it at once. He sent a messenger to Colonel Stevenson, who was at the moment about eight miles off on his left, to acquaint him with his intention, and to direct his advance with all possible rapidity: he then moved forward with the 19th Light Dragoons, and three regiments of native cavalry, to reconnoitre. His infantry, consisting of only two British and five sepoy battalions, followed with all their speed. After he had ridden about four miles, Wellesley, from an elevated plain, saw not only the infantry but the whole Mahratta force, consisting of about 50,000 men, encamped on the north side of the Kaitna, where the banks of that river were very . Their right, consisting of cavalry, extended to Boker-

don; their left, consisting of infantry, with 90 pieces of artillery, lay near the village of Assye, which has given its name to the memorable battle.

No thought of retreat was entertained. Wellesley resolved to attack the infantry on its left and rear, and for that purpose he moved his little army to a ford beyond the enemy's left, leaving the Mysore and other irregular cavalry to watch the Mahratta cavalry, and crossing the river only with his regular horse and infantry. He passed the ford, ascended the steep bank, and formed his men in three lines—two of infantry, and the third of horse. This was effected under a brisk cannonade from the enemy's artillery.

Scindiah, or the European officer who directed his movements, promptly made a corresponding change in his line, giving a new front to his infantry, which was now made to rest its right on the river and its left upon the village of Assye and the Juah stream, which flowed in a parallel direction with the Kaitna. Scindiah's numerous and well-served cannon did terrible execution among Wellesley's advancing lines, killing men and bullocks, and drowning the weak sound of his scanty artillery. At one moment such a gap was made by cannon-ball in the English right, that some of the Mahratta cavalry attempted to charge through it; but the British cavalry in the third line came up and drove the Mahrattas back with great slaughter.

Finding his artillery of little or no use (the guns could not be brought up for lack of bullocks), General Wellesley gave orders to leave it in the rear, and bade the infantry charge with the bayonet. His steady, resolute advance in the teeth of their guns had already awed the Mahrattas, who would not stand to meet the collision of the bright English steel: their infantry gave way, and abandoned their terrible guns. One body of them formed again, and presented a bold front; but Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell charged them with the British cavalry, broke and dispersed them, and was killed in the moment of victory. Wellesley's sepoy having proceeded too far in pursuit, many of Scindiah's artillerymen, who had thrown themselves down among the carriages of their guns as though they were dead, got to their feet again, and turned their pieces against the rear of the advancing sepoy; and at the same time the Mahratta cavalry, which had been hovering

round throughout the battle, were still near. But Maxwell's exploit speedily led to the silencing of that straggling artillery fire, and to the headlong flight of Scindiah's disciplined infantry, who went off and left ninety pieces of cannon, nearly all brass and of the proper calibres, in the hands of the conqueror.

General Wellesley led the 78th British infantry in person against the village of Assye, which was not cleared without a desperate combat. It was near dark night when the firing ceased.

The splendid victory cost General Wellesley twenty-two officers and 386 men killed, and fifty-seven officers and 1,526 wounded — excluding their regular cavalry, which remained on the other side of the river and had not been engaged, the total number of killed and wounded amounted to nearly one-third of his force. The general himself had two horses killed under him, one shot and the other piked; every one of his staff officers had one or two horses killed, and his orderly's head was knocked off by a cannon-ball as he rode close by his side. The enemy, who had fled towards the Adjuntee Ghaut, through which they had poured into the Deccan, left 1,200 dead, and a great number badly wounded on the field of battle. Colonel Stevenson, who had encountered some unexpected obstacles, arrived at Assye on the 24th, and was immediately dispatched after the flying enemy, whose infantry was as usual left behind, and abandoned by the cavalry.*

* Wellington Despatches. Account of the campaign, by Major Diron.

DELHI.

A. D. 1803. September 11.

WHILE Wellesley was thus fighting in the south, General Lake continued his advance upon Delhi.

The town of Coel threw open its gates at Lake's approach; but the garrison of Alli-Ghur, the ordinary residence of Perron, and his principal military depôt, made a desperate resistance. On the 4th of September storming parties, headed by Colonel Monson and Major Macleod, carried the place; 2,000 of the garrison perished, the rest surrendered, or fled out of the fort. On the very same day, however, five companies of Lake's sepoy, who had been left with only one gun to occupy a detached position commanding the road through which provisions must be brought up, found themselves under the necessity of surrendering to the enemy. They had been attacked on the 2nd by a cloud of cavalry, commanded by a Frenchman of the name of Fleury. This time the sepoy beat off their numerous assailants; but on the 4th the Frenchman led the Mahrattas back to the attack, and the sepoy, having consumed nearly all their ammunition, were compelled to capitulate. Before the reinforcements sent by General Lake could reach the spot, Fleury and his flying horse had disappeared in the wide country behind the Jumna.

On the 7th of September Lake received a letter from Perron, stating that he had quitted the service of Scindiah, and now requested permission to pass with his family, his effects, and the officers of his suite, through the Company's dominions to Lucknow. He stated as reasons for his retiring that he had received intelligence that his successor had been appointed, and was already on his way to take his command from him; and that the treachery and ingratitude of his

European officers had convinced him that further resistance to the British arms was useless. The permission demanded was readily granted by General Lake, who, as well as the governor-general, Lord Wellesley, attached great importance to the withdrawing of the very able French adventurer. As Perron began his journey for Lucknow, General Lake, starting from Alli-Ghur, resumed his march upon Delhi.

On the 11th of September the English general received intelligence that the army which had belonged to Perron, and which was now commanded by another Frenchman, had crossed the Jumna from Delhi, under cover of the night, with the intention of fighting a battle for the defence of the ancient capital of the Great Moguls, but which was now the prison of the feeble representative of Timour. His troops were fatigued with a long march, and oppressed by the heat of the day, when they reached their ground of encampment, about six miles from Delhi; and they had scarcely pitched their tents before their outposts were attacked by some of the Frenchman's squadrons. This officer, named Louis Bourquien, had 10,000 men under his command; and he had posted his main body on a rising ground, with swamps on either flank, so that it was only their front that could be attacked, and that front was defended by a line of entrenchments, and a great number of cannon—almost as many as were turned against General Wellesley at Assye.

Lake had only 4,500 men; but there was admirable British infantry among them. By some ingenious movements, he tempted the enemy from their heights and entrenchments down to the plain; and, when they thought he was about to fly from the field, he turned upon them with one short volley, and then with the bayonet. They could not stand the charge; they ran towards their guns, which they had brought down to the plain, and which opened a tremendous fire of round, grape, and chain shot. But another volley, and another bayonet charge drove them from their now exposed pieces; a charge of Lake's cavalry, and some rounds from his flying artillery, completed the *débâcle*, and the enemy fled to the banks of the Jumna, and beyond that river, leaving behind them 3,000 or 4,000 of their number killed, wounded, or prisoners, sixty-eight

cannon, the whole of their artillery, a great quantity of ammunition, and their military chest.

While it lasted the affair had been very hot: General Lake had his horse shot under him, and three or four hundred of his people were laid low by the grape and chain shot. He wrote to the Governor-General,—“Such a fire of cannon has seldom, if ever, been seen, as that against which our army marched up to within one hundred yards without taking a firelock from off their shoulders. When close up they gave one volley, charged instantly, and drove back the enemy; and then, opening ranks, they let through our cavalry, who did their duty in the most gallant manner.”

On the following morning, Lake encamped opposite to the city of Delhi, which, together with the fort, was evacuated by those who had held the Mogul in thralldom. On the 14th of September, Louis Bourquien, and four other French officers who had fought in the last action, surrendered as prisoners of war in the British camp. On the 16th, General Lake paid a visit to Shah Alum, who had long before expressed his anxious wish to avail himself of the protection of the British Government, and this visit was accompanied with processions and pomps of an extraordinary kind. The Mogul, who was now old and blind, and miserably poor, received General Lake as a deliverer, and gave him—which was about all he could give—a series of sounding Oriental titles; as, “The Sword of the State,” “The Hero of the Land,” “The Lord of the Age,” and “The Victorious in War.”

LASWAREE.

A. D. 1803. November 1.

So vast were the resources of Scindiah, that he had been enabled to send seventeen regular disciplined battalions, and from 4,000 to 5,000 horse, to endeavour to gain possession of Delhi, while General Lake was engaged in the siege of Agra.

On the 27th of October, when he had garrisoned and secured his last conquest (Agra), Lake started in search of this new enemy.

The rains were falling heavily, the roads were in a wretched state, and at some points they were inundated by the enemy, who had cut the embankments of reservoirs; but speed was necessary, and, leaving the rest of his forces behind him, Lake pushed forward with his cavalry alone, marching from midnight on the 31st of October till seven o'clock the next morning, when he found the enemy well posted, with their right upon a stream, their left on the village of Laswaree, and with their front provided with seventy-two pieces of artillery. Lake's foremost brigade came in contact with the Mahratta's left, and drove it in, and penetrated into the village of Laswaree, which has given its name to the battle; but here they were exposed to a terrible fire of cannon and musketry; Colonel Vandeleur fell, and Lake thought it prudent to draw off the brigade.

Other brigades, who had attacked at other points, were also obliged to fall back; but they carried away with them several of the enemy's guns. The infantry and artillery which Lake had left behind had started on their march at three o'clock, and had continued to march with such spirit that they performed twenty-five miles in somewhat less than hours, and joined him and his cavalry a little before

eleven o'clock. At their apparition the enemy offered upon certain conditions to surrender their guns, and retire. Lake, anxious to stop the effusion of blood, granted the conditions proposed; but, seeing that they hesitated, he gave them an hour to decide whether they would accept the terms or fight him.

The hour expired and then the battle began.

On the side of the British the brunt was borne by the King's 76th Regiment, which, with a battalion, and five companies of sepoy, had to sustain a tremendous fire of canister-shot, and a massive charge of cavalry. "This handful of heroes," as Lake called them, though thinned by the enemy's artillery, stood firm, and repulsed the horse. Then Major Griffiths was sent, at the head of the 29th Dragoons, to sweep away that numerous cavalry, a duty which he performed completely, though not without losing his own life, being struck by a cannon ball. Then followed the terrible bayonet charge of the British infantry, the right wing of which was led by Major-General Ware, who was killed, his head being carried off by another cannon-shot. He was an excellent officer, and his loss was severely felt and deeply lamented by the whole army. After his death the command of the column devolved upon Colonel Macdonald, who, though wounded, continued in the exercise of the important trust with the utmost activity, judgment, and intrepidity, till the close of the action."*

For a time the enemy seemed determined to defend their position to the last, disputing every point inch by inch, and only giving way when the bayonets were at their breast, and their own artillery turned against them. Every where their situation had become altogether desperate, yet they continued to manifest the same dogged courage: their left wing endeavoured to effect a retreat in good order; but this attempt was frustrated by a brilliant charge, made by the 27th regiment of dragoons and a regiment of native cavalry. And presently the mass of the

* Memoirs of the War in India, conducted by General Lord Lake, Commander-in-Chief, and Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley (Duke of Wellington), from its commencement in 1803 to its termination in 1806, on the banks of the Hyphasis, &c. By Major William Thorn, Captain 25th Light Dragoons.

enemy either fled from the field, or cried for quarter, and surrendered; and all the artillery, all the baggage, and everything belonging to them, fell into the hands of the victors.

With the exception of 2,000 who surrendered, the whole of their seventeen battalions were destroyed. It was calculated that the dead alone on the field could hardly have been less than 7,000. Though some of their cavalry were enabled, by the fleetness of their horses, and local knowledge, to escape destruction, the rest, excepting those who had the good fortune to conceal themselves among the bazar people, were numbered with the slain. The English loss amounted to 172 killed, and 652 wounded. General Lake, who had personally led the charge of cavalry in the morning, who had afterwards led on the 76th, and who had conducted nearly every operation of the day, had two horses shot under him, and saw his son, who was acting as his aide-de-camp, badly wounded by his side.

But the battle of Laswaree most honourably terminated the mission which had been entrusted to this active and gallant officer.

"The seventeen battalions annihilated at Laswaree were called the Deccan Invincibles, and were considered as the flower of Scindiah's army, which altogether had made immense and rapid strides towards the point of perfection of the best of European troops. Throughout this eventful Mahratta war, every conflict gave evidence of this improvement, which was attributable to the connection of the natives with the French, whose energies, address, and abilities, were exerted to the utmost in exasperating the chiefs against the English, and in forming their subjects into hardy and disciplined soldiers, with the view of thereby overthrowing our dominions in the East."* Lake had defeated, routed, annihilated that army of Perron, which had caused the Governor-General such great and reasonable alarm, and had placed in the hands of the English all the extensive territory watered by the Jumna; and between him and General Wellesley the power of Scindiah and all the most perilous part of the Mahratta confederacy was utterly shattered before the end of the year.

* Major Thorn, Memoir of the War in India, &c.

ARGAUM.

A. D. 1803. November 29.

SCINDIAH entreated for and obtained a truce from General Wellesley at the beginning of November; but his powerful ally, the Rajah of Berar, would not negotiate, and still kept the field; and when the English commander, after one of the most extraordinary marches upon record, came up with this rajah in the plains of Argaum, about twenty miles north of the Poorña river, he found Scindiah's numerous cavalry drawn up with him—no uncommon instance of the faith with which these Indian chiefs observed truces and treaties. The plain fact was, they were never to be trusted. The only security to our Indian empire lay in absolute conquest.

The force of General Wellesley and that serving under Colonel Stevenson had been separated above three months by a distance of three hundred miles. To deal with the Rajah of Berar a junction of these forces was indispensable; and the junction was effected in a manner which will for ever confer honour on our great captain and excite the admiration of military men—and, most, of those who have served in India and know the difficulties of the country and the oppressiveness of the climate. In his despatch to government General Wellesley modestly says, it was very fortunate that, after so long a separation he should have been enabled to join Colonel Stevenson in the very morning of the day on which the engagement at Argaum took place, and that in order to enable him to join, the colonel had not been obliged to halt more than one day. But such things are not brought about by fortune; they proceeded from science, discipline, and the vast improvements in the means of transport, in the commissariat, and in every department of the service, which were all suggested by the genius of the great commander,

or had been introduced since his first appearance in India. He said himself, at the time, "But the operations of this war have afforded numerous instances of improvement in our means of communication, of obtaining intelligence, and above all, of movement. Marches such as we have made in this war were never known or thought of before." In moving to join Stevenson, he had never marched less than between seventeen and twenty miles a day. The day on which the battle of Argaum was fought the troops had marched twenty-six miles! And this day, to use the general's own words, "was a very hot day."

Shortly after our people had halted bodies of horse appeared in their front. Our Mysore cavalry were sent out to skirmish; and when the general went out to push forward the piquets of the infantry to support the Mysore cavalry, and to take up the ground of encampment, he perceived distinctly a long line of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, regularly drawn up on the plains of Argaum, immediately in front of the village of that name, and about six miles from Paterly, the place at which he intended to encamp.

Although it was late in the day, and the men were fatigued with their long march, Wellesley immediately determined to attack this army. Accordingly, he marched on in one column, the British cavalry leading in a direction nearly parallel to that of the enemy's line; covering the rear and the left by the native Mogul and Mysore cavalry.*

"The enemy's infantry and guns were in the left of their centre, with a body of cavalry on their left. Scindiah's army, consisting of one very heavy body of cavalry, was on the right, having upon its right a body of Pindarries and other light troops. Their line extended above five miles, having in their rear the village and extensive gardens and enclosures of Argaum; and in their front a plain, which, however, was much cut by watercourses, &c.

"I formed the army in two lines; the infantry in the first, the cavalry in the second, and supporting the right; and the Mogul and Mysore cavalry the left, nearly parallel to that of the enemy; with the right rather advanced in order to press

* It appears from the despatch, and from the deputy adjutant-general's return of the killed and wounded, that the British cavalry consisted of his Majesty's 19th Light Dragoons.

upon the enemy's left. Some little time elapsed before the lines could be formed, owing to a part of the infantry of my division which led the column having got into some confusion. When formed, the whole advanced in the greatest order; the 74th and 78th regiments were attacked by a large body (supposed to be Persians), and all these were destroyed. Scindiah's cavalry charged the 1st battalion 6th regiment, which was on the left of our line, and were repulsed; and their whole line retired in disorder before our troops, leaving in our hands thirty-eight pieces of cannon, and all their ammunition.

"The British cavalry then pursued them for several miles, destroyed great numbers, and took many elephants and camels and much baggage. The Mogul and Mysore cavalry also pursued the fugitives, and did them great mischief. Some of the latter are still following them; and I have sent out this morning all of the Mysore, Mogul, and Mahratta cavalry, in order to secure as many advantages from this victory as can be gained, and complete the enemy's confusion.

"For the reasons stated in the commencement of this letter, the action did not commence till late in the day; and unfortunately sufficient daylight did not remain to do all that I could have wished; but the cavalry continued their pursuit by moonlight, and all the troops were under arms till a late hour in the night."*

The general himself was on horseback from six in the morning until twelve at night.

Our loss consisted only of fifteen Europeans killed and 145 wounded, and thirty-one natives killed, 148 wounded, and five missing. The loss of the enemy, particularly in their flight, was very great. The chief who commanded the Rajah of Berar's cavalry was killed, and the chief who commanded Scindiah's was wounded. "If we had had daylight an hour more not a man would have escaped," said the victorious general, who added—"We should have had that time, if my native infantry had not been panic-struck and got into confusion when the cannonade commenced. What do you think of nearly three entire battalions, who behaved so admirably in the battle of Assye, being broke and running off, when the

* Wellington Despatches.

cannonade commenced at Argaum, which was not to be compared to that at Assye? Luckily, I happened to be at no great distance from them, and I was able to rally them and re-establish the battle. If I had not been there, I am convinced we should have lost the day. But as it was, so much time elapsed before I could form them again, that we had not daylight enough for everything that we should certainly have performed.”*

The enemy left on the field thirty-eight cannon and all their ammunition; and our troops who led the chase by moonlight took many elephants, camels, horses, and much baggage.

The general warmly applauded the behaviour of his Majesty's 74th and 78th Regiments, and bestowed praise on the native cavalry he had employed in the battle.

After the battle of Argaum, Scindiah became “only a vagabond in the Deccan,”† and the still powerful Rajah of Berar was panic-stricken. To deepen the impression he had made, General Wellesley forthwith proceeded to lay siege to Gawil Ghur, one of the strongest fortresses in India, situated on a lofty rock, in a range of rugged mountains between the sources of the rivers Poorna and Taptee. As this volume is devoted not to sieges but to field actions, we will merely add, in honour to the troops, that they went through a series of laborious services, such as nobody with the army had ever witnessed before, and that too with the utmost cheerfulness as well as perseverance; that the heavy ordnance and stores were dragged by hand over mountains and through ravines, for the space of nearly five days, and by roads or paths which it had been previously necessary for the soldiers to make for themselves.

Gawil Ghur was stormed and taken on the 15th of September. On the 17th the Rajah of Berar signed the conditions of peace which Wellesley dictated, ceding to the company the important province of Cuttack, with the district of Balasore, and dismissing all the French or other European officers in his service. On the 30th of December, Scindiah signed a definitive treaty of peace by which he yielded to the Company all the country between the Jumna

* Wellington Despatches.

† Ibid.

and the Ganges, besides numerous rights, privileges, forts, and territories, elsewhere. He also agreed to dismiss his European officers and never to engage any more; and he submitted to the mediation, arbitration, and final decision of the Company in any dispute that might arise between him and his neighbours.

In these campaigns of the year 1803, the total numbers with which Wellesley and Lake had to contend were enormous. Major Thorn, who served in the war, calculates the Mahratta armies brought into the field at 250,000 and the corps organized and disciplined by their French auxiliaries at 40,000 more at the very least. To these must be added swarms of Pindarries and other marauders, who, though not formidable in battle, were most expert in plundering, and always required, whether in camp or on the march, considerable numbers of our men to watch and check them.

It could only be by skilful and rapid movements that the small armies under Lake and Wellesley could make head against all the confederates. But by those movements our troops were multiplied. In all, above 1,000 pieces of cannon were captured in the war, together with ammunition, stores, and treasure in proportion.*

A fresh Mahratta war broke out towards the close of the following year, 1804, which did not end until the beginning of 1806. It was a war, not of battles but of sieges, and as such does not come within our present scope. Our commander was Lake, who for his previous services had been created Lord Lake. It was in this campaign that British troops penetrated for the first time into the Punjaub or country of the five rivers, and encamped on the banks of the Hyphasis, near to the ground where Alexander the Great had halted his Macedonian phalanges.

The great Mahratta chief, Holkar, was brought to as low a condition as Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar; and our Indian empire was both enlarged and strengthened in its frontiers and in its moral influence.

Lord Lake quitted his command in India in February,

* Major Thorn, *Memoir of the War in India*. Wellington Despatches. Journal of Major-General Sir Jasper Nicholls as quoted by Colonel Gurwood in the *Wellington Despatches*. "Our Indian Empire."

1807, leaving behind him a high and well merited reputation, together with most affectionate remembrances of his social qualities. He died on the 21st of February, 1808, in the 64th year of his age, just six months before the death of his beloved and affectionate son and gallant companion in arms, Colonel George Lake, who, after sharing in the toils and dangers of his father's Indian campaigns, fell in Portugal.*

It was on the Indian field that General Wellesley and many of our best officers acquired that practice and skill which, after a brief lapse of time, enabled them to contend with such brilliant success against the marshals and generals of France ; and, on this account, all that relates to our wars in the East is highly interesting and important.

* See Battle of Roliça.

PENINSULAR WAR.

A. D. 1808—1813.

HAVING trepanned the royal family of Spain, Napoleon Bonaparte, by fraud and by force of arms, had thrust his elder brother Joseph on the throne of that country. Spain was overrun by large French armies, her chief fortresses were in the hands of the intruders, and an unnational faction, inconsiderable neither in number nor in influence, played into the hands of the Emperor of the French and his brother.

Not content with the possession of Spain, Bonaparte must needs extend his conquests. He was, from the first, determined to possess the whole of the Iberian Peninsula, and this mainly in order to shut out the English from every port on the continent of Europe. Thus the stream of invasion was poured from Spain into Portugal, the fortresses of our old ally were taken, and Junot, with a French army, occupied Lisbon, the capital.

Popular insurrections, at first excited by the insolence and rapacity of the invaders, soon broke out both in Spain and Portugal; and the armed bands were rapidly swelled by atrocious acts of cruelty and wholesale massacres, perpetrated by Junot and other French commanders. In Spain the patriots had even formed considerable armies, not destitute of bravery, but badly disciplined and officered, and almost invariably directed by incompetent commanders. In Portugal, the patriots had driven the French out of Oporto, had set up a provisional government, and had formed a small army, at the head of which was General Freire.

“At this time, also, that system of warfare (the guerilla) began, which soon extended through Spain, and occasioned greater losses to the French than they suffered in all their pitched battles. The first adventurers attracted notice by

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who had seen very little service. With despotic power and with the conscription, there seemed no limits to Bonaparte's means of reinforcing his army. Sir Arthur, on his side, was limited, and even stinted, in this particular.

ROLIÇA,

WELLINGTON'S FIRST BATTLE IN THE PENINSULA.

A. D. 1808. August 17.

THE disembarkation of our troops in Portugal, took place near the little fort of Figueras, taken from the French in the early part of the insurrection by one Zagalo, a student in the university of Coimbra. Here the English first landed upon a service, the duration and the issue of which no one living, however sagacious, could have at all anticipated. The landing began on the 1st of August; but it was not completed till the 5th.

"The united forces amounted to 12,300 men. It was the desire of General Freire, who commanded all the Portuguese then in arms, that Sir Arthur should abandon the coast, march up into the heart of Beira, and open an offensive campaign; and he promised large supplies of provision. Sir Arthur declined this measure. He gave Freire 5,000 stand of arms, and the necessary ammunition for his troops, which did not exceed 6,000 of all arms effective; and these by no means in a state to give real assistance in any severe trial. Sir Arthur, however, though resolute not to abandon the line of communication which he had chosen, nor to move to any great distance from his ships, did, at the earnest desire of Freire, to save, according to his report, a magazine of provisions collected for the British, march upon Leria. The English advanced guard moved from their ground upon the Mondego on the 9th of August, and was followed on the 10th by the main body of the army. Upon this wide theatre of fierce and sanguinary warfare, was now first heard the careless whistle, and the cheerful laughter of the English soldier."*

The French forces at this time in Portugal, consisted of

- Major M. Sherer, Military Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington.

from 16,000 to 18,000 men; but as a good many of these were absorbed by the garrisons of Elvas, Peniche, Setubal, and other places, Junot had not above 13,000 or 14,000 men for the defences of Lisbon and its approaches. But the French had the advantage of a considerable body of cavalry, an arm in which the English were almost entirely wanting.*

The British advance entered Leria on the 10th; and the magazine collected for them was seized by the Portuguese under Freire, who there joined the English, to whom no distribution was made. This first movement cut the line of communication between the divisions of General Loison commanding from Abrantes, and Laborde, who was marching from Lisbon, with a view to unite their forces at Leria: to effect their junction, Loison was now compelled to circuitous and forced marches.

As serious hostilities closely impended, the Portuguese began to fear the risk of an action, and the consequences of defeat. French troops were thought invincible: of English nothing was known, and not much was expected. The junta of Oporto and Freire understood each other. The Portuguese general not only resolved not to advance beyond Leria, but having already appropriated the store of provisions which had been avowedly destined for the British by the bishop of Oporto, who had promised to feed them, he asked a supply from the English commander. This demand was met by a strong remonstrance; but it was in vain that Sir Arthur Wellesley, who readily penetrated the secret† of Freire's reluctance, urged him to act by the side of the English in the expected battle. Neither an appeal to his honour, nor an imputation against his patriotism and spirit, had any effect upon his resolve. At last, however, by an earnest and conciliatory tone, Sir Arthur induced him to follow the British line of march, and to be guided in his future course by the

* A. Vieuzeux, Military Life of the Duke.

† If the British were defeated, as he *thought* they might be, he would not stand committed, and might make terms for himself. If they conquered, he could, by remaining unconnected with the English army, better aid the views of the junta of Oporto, who aimed at the supreme authority.

Sir Arthur hints in one of his despatches to Lord Castlereagh that Freire was under the apprehension that we were not sufficiently strong for the enemy.

of the first engagement. Freire also consented, at the request, and by the counsel of Colonel Trant, a military agent, who had great influence over the Portuguese, to place 1,400 infantry and 350 cavalry, under the orders of Sir Arthur Wellesley, to the aid of the British, and their co-operation, and their presence in the first battle fought upon their own soil, will be easily understood.

The preposterous demand of Freire is to be excused only on the poverty of his country, and by the fact that the French had seized and removed nearly everything that could be carried off. But Sir Arthur Wellesley and his commission were in need of no excuse for refusing to accede to the demand of the Portuguese general; they had nothing to spare, and their army must depend for support—at least until transports could arrive from England or Ireland—on such provisions as they had landed with them, and on such of the country they had come to deliver from the invaders as would afford to sell for money. Junot was raising his supplies more *à l'ancien*, at the point of the bayonet. Wellesley was offering hard dollars for his. Freire, however, was so much ashamed as to feel injured and insulted.

When the French commander-in-chief, quitted Lisbon with his reserve, on the 15th; and on the 17th, pushing on to the west, and leaving them to follow, he joined Loison at Coimbra. In the mean time, Sir Arthur Wellesley had been in the presence of Laborde. On the 15th, a French post at Coimbra was attacked, and their pickets driven out of the town. The riflemen of the 95th and 60th had the honour to give the brush with the enemy; and were so eager in the pursuit, as to be well nigh cut off; but General Spencer saved them. Two officers and twenty-seven men were killed in this skirmish. On the morrow, Sir Arthur Wellesley occupied a strong position of Laborde.

The French general, expecting every moment to see the British appear on his right, resolved to hold his ground. He was covered in front by ravines and precipices, and by high hills, overgrown with underwood and briars. He was informed of Loison's approach, and thereupon he decided to attack de Laborde before his friend should

reach the romantic village of Roliga, with its vines, its olives,

and quiet gardens, stands upon an eminence at the head of that valley, in the midst of which, distant about eight miles, rises the insulated hill of Obidos. In front of Roliça, upon a small plain, on the table land, the division of Laborde was drawn up in order of defence. The favourable points upon the hills on either side, and in the valley below, were occupied by his posts. Behind him, one mile to the rear, the steep and difficult ridge of Zambugeira offered a second position, parallel to the first, and of uncommon strength. The mountains which rose towering beyond, are of that chain which stretches from the bank of the Tagus to the shore of the Atlantic, and terminates in the naked and lofty rock of Cintra. The valley leading from the old Moorish fort of Obidos to the pleasant village of Roliça is walled in on the left by rude heights, rising each above the other, till they are finally lost in the dark summits of the Sierra de Barragueda. To preserve his communication with Loison, and to avoid exposing the line of Torres Vedras and Mafra, Laborde was compelled to await in this position the assault of the British troops. His force was only 5,000, but it was advantageously posted—aware of the importance of the position as of its strength, confident in the talent of their general, and their own courage.

Early upon the 17th, the English moved out of Obidos, and Sir Arthur Wellesley disposed them in three columns of attack. That on the left was conducted by General Ferguson, along the lower ridges of the Sierra de Barragueda, and destined to turn the right of Laborde's position, and interpose between him and the division Loison expected from Rio Mayor to his support. Six guns, forty horsemen, and 4,800 bayonets, moved under this general.

1,000 Portuguese infantry and fifty of their cavalry formed a little column on the right, which, moving through the village of St. Amias, menaced the left flank of the enemy. This body was led by Colonel Trant.

9,000 men marched up the valley directly upon the enemy. The brigades of Generals Hill, Nightingale, Cotton, Craufurd, and Fane, with 150 British light horse, 250 Portuguese cavalry, and 400 light troops of that nation, composed this formidable column. With this, the main body of his little army, rode Sir Arthur Wellesley. He extended the rifle-

men of Fane's brigade among the hills to the left, as the troops advanced, and driving away the French skirmishers, connected the column of Ferguson with his centre. From his first position on the plain, near Roliça, Laborde was soon driven. The brisk attack of the brigades of Hill and Nightingale, supported by the cavalry and guns, and rendered easy by the skilful disposition which had caused both the flanks of the enemy to be menaced at the same moment, determined his retreat. Laborde, covered by his steady cavalry, moved rapidly, and in order, to his second line of defence, the ridge of Zambugeira, one of great strength, and not a mile in extent.

The like dispositions of attack were continued. Generals Ferguson and Fane marched on among the mountains upon the enemy's right flank; Colonel Trant still moving in menace of their left. The front of their strong position was assailed by the brigades of Hill and Nightingale. The face of these heights is rugged, and their summit only to be gained by steep and difficult pathways, which wind among rocks and briars, in those rude ravines, by which in winter the waters rush down their precipitous sides to the vales below. The quick fire of our advancing skirmishers rung and rattled among these rocky hollows. Laborde drew back a little upon his left as the English advanced, but held his right with obstinate courage, hoping every instant for the appearance of Loison. The 9th and 29th British pushed up two of these ravine pathways with such eager rapidity, that they reached the summit of the ridge before the flanks of the enemy were shaken. The head of the 29th Regiment, in particular, issued from the ravine, in that narrow and loose order in which men of necessity come forth from such ground. Before they had time to form, a French battalion, covered by a screen of the wild shrubs which clothe these passes, had poured in its fire, and was among them with the bayonet. Lake, the colonel, a brave officer, was slain, with many of his men, and the major and some fifty or sixty more of the same wing were made prisoners; but it was not because their advanced wing had been thus taken at a disadvantage by a prepared and posted enemy, it was not because they saw a field officer and numbers of their men prisoners, and had to press over the bodies of fallen comrades to re-establish the battle, that the gallant

29th hesitated: the rally was immediate; the remnant of this brave corps, being joined by the 9th, won back their dead and wounded, and sustained the repeated and fierce assaults of Laborde's division with unshaken constancy, till, being supported by other troops from the rear, they had the proud joy of seeing Laborde, now too menaced on his flank, again retire. The French general conducted his retreat with great firmness and judgment. He attempted to stand again near the village of Zambugeira, but was too weak to sustain the weight of the British attack, and leaving three guns upon the field, and the road to Torres Vedras open, he retired by the narrow pass of Ruña, marching all night to gain the position of Montechique. The loss of the French was 600 killed and wounded—among the latter was Laborde himself. Two lieutenant-colonels, and 500 killed, wounded, and prisoners, was the loss on the part of the British. It was not possible, from the nature of the ground, that the English could avail themselves of their superior numbers. Scarce 4,000 men were actually engaged with the enemy. This day should be long and honourably remembered by every British soldier; for it was the first action of the memorable war in the Peninsula, in which the British forces encountered the legions of Bonaparte.*

The French soldiers, who ought to have been better acquainted with the history of the battle of Maida, were perfectly astonished at our bayonet charges. They had other causes for wonderment. They had been told that the English troops were nought, and that their general Sir Arthur was but a sepoy-general, who might beat Indian Sultans and Rajahs, but who was altogether incapable of contending with French commanders who had risen out of the Revolution, and had been trained under the Emperor Napoleon; but the quickness and precision of movement, the unflinching steadiness, the regularity and rapidity of their firing, proved the real qualities of British infantry; while all those who understood anything of the business of war saw a high directing mind, and felt that the sepoy-general was a great master in the art of war.

The conduct of Colonel Lake, at the head of the brave 29th, was admired by friends and foes, and his premature loss

* Major M. Sherer. 'Military Memoirs of the Duke.'

and higher in command, and very inferior in capacity, General Sir Harry Burrard, who came with fresh instructions from Government, or with a different plan of campaign of his own.

Sir Arthur's plan of operation was to continue marching along the sea coast road as far as Mafra, thus turning the strong position which Laborde and Loison had taken at Torres Vedras, and by this means obliging the French either to give battle or retreat to Lisbon under great disadvantages. No plan could have been better; no reinforcements were wanting. There was probably not a man or an officer in the army but was anxious to advance: all were elated by the successes so recently obtained at Roliça. But Sir Harry Burrard determined that no further advance should be made until the arrival of more reinforcements under Sir John Moore. But the enemy in the mean time were bringing the question to a speedy issue.

Having posted his army in excellent position in the village of Vimeiro, and on the hills around, General Wellesley was retiring to rest, when, at the hour of midnight, a German officer of dragoons galloped into the camp and reported that Junot was coming on to the attack at the head of 20,000 men, and was only one hour's march distant. Undisturbed by this inflated report, General Wellesley merely sent out patrols and warned the picquets to be on the alert. But before daybreak he had all his troops under arms. The sun rose, all eyes were directed in the direction of Torres Vedras, which is only nine miles from Vimeiro, with a hilly rugged country between; but no enemy appeared. At about seven o'clock, however, a cloud of dust rose behind the hills nearest to the British position, and at eight o'clock some French cavalry were seen crowding the heights to the southward, and sending forward scouts in every direction. This was rapidly followed by the apparition of a mass of French infantry, preceded by other cavalry; and then, column after column followed in order of battle.

The principal place in the British lines was Vimeiro, a pretty village in a peaceful valley through which flows the little river of Maceira. The village stands at the eastern extremity of some mountain heights, which screen it from the sea; and west of it, separated from them by a deep

ravine, lie other heights, over which passes the road to Lourinham. The cavalry and Portuguese lay behind the village on a plain, upon a plateau, on a steep insulated height; the brigades of Anstruther and Fane, with six guns, were immediately in front of Vimeiro. The right of the latter rested upon one extremity of this hill just above the river Maceira, and the left of Anstruther occupied a church and churchyard at the other. Here passed a road leading to the village. On the mountain that, commencing at the coast, rose to the right and rear of this plateau, and which at long range commanded it, were placed eight guns and five brigades of infantry. The range of heights to the west having no water was only occupied by picquets; but the right of these also commanded the plateau, and the road passing over its extreme edge.*

Some changes of position were made in the British army with admirable order and celerity. And, at ten o'clock on the morning of the not inglorious 21st of August, the battle began with a hot fire of French artillery. The principal attacks were made upon the British centre and left, with the view, according to a favourite French expression in those times, of driving the English into the sea, which was there rolling close in their rear. The attack was made with great bravery and impetuosity, but it was as gallantly repulsed by the British.

The 50th Regiment, reserving their fire till their foes were within twenty paces of them, poured forth a crushing volley, and then finished their work with the bayonet.

But for Wellesley's deficiency in cavalry, the battle would have been finished then, for Colonel Taylor, galloping among the confused, retreating French with the very few horsemen he commanded, scattered them with great execution. But Margaron's formidable squadrons of horse came down upon Taylor, killed him, and cut half of his feeble squadron to pieces.

General Kellerman, taking advantage of this check, threw part of his reserve into a pine-wood which flanked the line of retreat, and sent the rest of the reserve to reinforce the divisions that were repeating the attack. But again the assailants were repulsed at all points; General

* Major M. Sherer.

on the part of the Spanish Junta, who would not consent to his landing until they received instructions from Madrid, and who kept his 10,000 men cooped up in the transports for the space of fourteen days. These vain-glorious Spaniards believed, at this moment, that they by themselves could drive the French across the Pyrenees; and that they wanted nothing from England but arms, ammunition, clothes, and plenty of money! Through their indiscipline, and the woeful deficiencies of their generals and officers, they had sustained defeat upon defeat already; but it took a deal more beating to beat this conceit out of them. Sir David Baird, however, effected his junction with Sir John Moore, who had then advanced as far as Majolica, on the 20th of November. The forces, however, when united, did not muster more than 25,000 effective men, with about 50 pieces of artillery.* Marshal Soult lay not far off, and his force was somewhat inferior to ours; but other French corps were gathering in that part of Spain, 70,000 men had been poured through the defiles of the Pyrenees, and Napoleon Bonaparte was coming on in person. Two of the Spanish armies with which Moore had been ordered to co-operate were already no more; no communication reached him from Castaños, the leader of a third army; and none was transmitted to him, either from the central Junta, or from our absent-minded ambassador, the accomplished Mr. J. H. Frere. Sir John was left completely in the dark; and he had, indeed, found at starting that to trust to Spanish armies in the field was to lean against a broken reed. In the whole of the north of Spain, there were not above 5,000 recruits, Asturian peasants, badly armed and untrained; and these were scattered about the country at a great distance.

"Thus, Sir John Moore had no friendly corps to protect his flanks, no reinforcements to expect. He commanded an army, brilliant in appearance, yet weak in numerical strength; but upon that army, and that alone, was dependance to be placed for the successful result of a very bold advance."†

There was a midnight march; there was a brilliant and romantic affair of arms at Sahagun, in which 400 English horsemen, of the 10th and 15th Hussars, surprised and

* In this artillery was included a brigade of useless three-pounders.

† Marquis of Londonderry, 'Narrative.'

totally defeated 700 French cavalry, and in which Sir Charles Stewart, the Colonel of the 10th, and now the veteran Marquis of Londonderry, greatly distinguished himself; but for Moore to continue the advance, or to remain long where he was, was deemed equally imprudent. Every day now brought him bad news. There was some loitering, some indecision, much to be regretted; but Mr. Frere, our ambassador, and other persons, must share the blame with our general; but, on the 24th of December, Moore commenced his retreat, and, by the 26th, the whole of that British army was behind the Esla. On the 29th, the mass of the British gained Astorga, having now the French cavalry close in their rear. Our retreat was continued, and, on the 1st of January, Bonaparte took possession of Astorga, having round him 70,000 French infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 200 pieces of artillery. From the heights behind Astorga, he could discover the rear of a retreating English army—an army *he* never saw again until his day of doom at Waterloo. He was exceedingly wrath that Moore, by his rapid movements, should have escaped him, and circumstances had arisen, in a distant part of the Continent, which prevented his enjoying the satisfaction of pursuing in person the most cordially hated of all his enemies.* On the 2nd of January, he handed over the pursuit to Marshal Soult, and set off to Paris at break-neck speed. But even after his Emperor's departure, Soult had 60,000 men and 91 guns to put in the track of Moore; and he lost no time in precipitating these masses through Galicia.

As might have been expected, the Spaniards, who had provided nothing for the advance, had also provided nothing for the retreat; and, in their churlish humour, the people of the country refused food and lodging to our starving soldiers. The mountains were lofty and rugged, the roads bad, the climate and weather dreadful. When it did not snow, it rained in torrents. Some runaway Spanish troops, afflicted with typhus fever, had communicated the disease to our men; and of this disease, or of cold and hunger, many of them died by the road-side. Discipline was seriously affected. Some disgraceful occurrences happened at Bembibre—a place

* Despatches had reached him from Paris and other places, which left no doubt as to the intention of Austria to take the field against him.

with a drinking name, and containing immense wine-cellars; and similar excesses were committed in Villa Franca. Yet, wherever or whenever the French came up to fight, the English formed in good order, and beat them off. It has been well said, that "a British army may be gleaned in a retreat, but cannot be reaped; whatever may be their misery, the soldiers will always be found clean at review, ready at a fight; and scarcely was an order issued, when the line of battle, so attenuated before, was filled with vigorous men, full of confidence and valour."^{*}

On the 7th, Sir John halted and offered battle to his pursuer. Moore's positions were well chosen, and the country was rugged and mountainous. Soult formed in order along a ridge fronting the English; but from the nature of the ground he could not discover their force, and taking them merely for a rear-guard, he attacked rather feebly and was defeated with the loss of 400 or 500 men.

But the French marshal now called up the division of Laborde; and, at daybreak on the following morning, he confronted the English general, who had about 16,000 foot, 1,800 horse, and forty pieces of artillery, with 17,000 foot, 4,000 horse, and fifty pieces of artillery. But, even with this superiority of force, Soult preferred waiting for the junction of Marshal Ney to give battle; and the French remained in line all day without firing a shot. It could not be expected that Moore should move to attack Soult, who might be reinforced at every moment, and it would have been madness to wait where he was: therefore Moore decamped in the night, leaving his fires burning to deceive the French, and continued his retreat towards the coast and the port of Coruña. He had only been able to collect at Lugo bread for one day's consumption; the weather was worse than ever, and the disorganization of the army became more complete. At last, on the 13th January, Moore got sight of the sea and of Coruña; but his evil star was still predominant; a fleet of transports, in which his army could have been quickly embarked in safety, was not there, but detained by contrary winds at Vigo, and only a few small vessels were left in the harbour. He, however, pressed forward to the town and put his wearied troops into quarters. The

^{*} General W. Napier.

town of Coruña was weakly fortified, and commanded on one side by heights. Some general officers thought that even now the campaign must end in a convention. But such thoughts were far from the mind of Moore, who strengthened the weak side of the town, occupied the citadel, put the worst of his sick on board the few vessels in the harbour, and made the best dispositions to fight the French and secure his embarkation by a general action. In the whole campaign he had had most ample reason to complain of the inertness and stupidity (or worse) of the Spanish authorities; and he now found around him abundant materials for increasing this vexation. Here, absurdly exposed on a hill outside of the town of Coruña, were 4,000 barrels of gunpowder, which had been brought from England many months before, and in the town there was a large magazine of English arms—arms and powder having been uselessly kept in store, while the native forces in the field were flying like rags in the wind for want of them. To save this immense stock of ammunition from Soult, Sir John removed as many barrels into the town as he could, and blew up all the rest. The explosion was so tremendous that Coruña was shaken as by an earthquake.

In the evening of the 14th, the transports from Vigo hove in sight, but it was now impossible to think of embarking without fighting a battle, or abandoning a great portion of the army as a rear-guard, for Soult was crowning the hills, and light troops were skirmishing close outside the town. In the course of the night and following morning, the remainder of the sick, the dismounted cavalry, the best of the horses, and fifty-two pieces of artillery, were safely embarked, Moore retaining on shore only eight English and four Spanish guns for action. Many of the horses had perished on the road, and many more on arriving at Coruña were completely foundered: these last were reluctantly ordered to be shot.

The ground in front of Coruña, where the battle must be fought, was impracticable for cavalry, and did not allow any great use of artillery.

On the morning of the 15th, the French advanced to the height where the great powder magazine had been blown up; and our rifle corps skirmished with their light troops. An

the evening Colonel Mackenzie of the 5th, commanding the advanced post on the left, made a gallant rush to surprise two of the enemy's cannon ; but in crossing a field he was shot, and the attack failed.

In the course of this day, when nothing that our dilatory and duped ambassador could say or do could possibly be of the least service, Sir John received a letter from Mr. Frere, who had been obliged to run away from the French, and was now at Seville.



CORUNNA.

CORUÑA.

A. D. 1809. January 16.

DURING the night of the 15th of January, Soult, with great difficulty, established a battery of eleven heavy guns on some rocks, which closed the left of the line he had selected for battle. This great battery was not above 1,200 yards from the right of the British line, and midway the little village of Elvina was held by some of our piquets.

On the morning of the 16th the French were apparently quiet, no firing was heard, and Moore completed his preparations for embarking his army. About one o'clock in the afternoon the English general mounted his horse in good spirits, and set out to visit his outposts. He had not proceeded far ere he received a report from General Hope, that the enemy's line were getting under arms. He expressed the highest satisfaction at this intelligence, only regretting that there would not be daylight enough to profit fully from the advantages he anticipated, and, striking spurs into his horse, he galloped to the field. His advanced pickets were already beginning to fire at the enemy's light troops, who were pouring rapidly down on the right wing of the British.

Our army was drawn up in the order of battle Moore had planned three days before, when he first arrived at Coruña, and examined the ground; it was 14,500 strong—all foot soldiers, and all full of ardour: cavalry there was none. The force of Soult exceeded 10,000 men; and he had some cavalry, which, however, was not of much use in the actual battle. The only advantage on the side of the British, except their native spirit, was this, they had exchanged their battered muskets for new English muskets, found in deposit at Coruña, and their ammunition was fresh and good. Distributing his lighter guns along the front of his position, and opening a fire from the heavy battery on his left, Soult, at

about two o'clock, descended from the hills, with three columns covered by clouds of skirmishers; Moore's piquets were driven back, and the village of Elvina was carried by the first French column, which then made a side movement, and fell upon Moore's right wing, which was formed by Sir David Baird's division. The French second column advanced against the English centre, and the third attacked the English left, which was under the command of Hope, and posted by the village of Palavia Abaxo. The weight of Soult's guns overmatched the English six-pounders, and his shot swept the position to the centre. But Moore called up General the Hon. Sir E. Paget, with the whole of his reserve, and sent him to turn the left of the first French column, which was outflanking Baird's right, and to menace the great French battery on the hills. General Fraser's division, which had been left immediately before the gates of Cornuá, was ordered up to support Paget. The regiment forming the right of Baird's division was thrown back, and then Moore opened a heavy fire upon the flank of a part of Soult's first column, that were advancing in a valley, and met those that were breaking through Elvina with a deadly fire in front, from the 50th and 42nd Regiments.

The French were driven back with great loss; they attempted to make a stand in the village, but they were followed by the 50th, and were soon driven beyond Elvina. Being reinforced beyond the village, and through a mistake committed by the 42nd, being followed only by the 50th, the French renewed the fight, and drove the English regiment, whose commanding officer was wounded and taken prisoner, back to Elvina. The commanding officer of the 50th was Major Charles Napier (the present General Sir Charles, who has recently distinguished himself so highly in India), eldest brother of the military historian of the "Peninsular War." He was hurt in the leg, and received five other wounds before he was taken. He owed his life to the humanity of a French drummer, who prevented some savage soldiers from finishing him with their bayonets, or the butt end of their muskets, as he lay helpless on the ground.

Major Stanhope, who accompanied Major Napier in his advance, received a mortal wound. The honourable Major was second son to Earl Stanhope, and nephew to the late

Mr. Pitt. As he and Napier were advancing, Moore, who had recommended them both for the military rank they held, was heard to cry out enthusiastically, "Well done, my Majors! Well done the 50th!" Sir John Moore rode up to the 42nd, with, "Highlanders, remember Egypt!" At these words the 42nd rushed forward, driving the French before them, till they were stopped by a stone wall. In the mean while, General Paget, with the reserve, had checked the advance of the French on the British right, and a furious action had ensued on the left, and all along the line, in the valley, and on the hills; and this action seemed everywhere favourable to the British. Early in the fight Sir David Baird had his arm shattered with grape shot, and was forced to quit the field. The French having brought up reserves, and having made a concentrated attack at Elvina, where Sir John was cheering on his men, the battle raged fiercely, particularly at this last point, which the English General was determined to maintain at all hazards. He had sent Captain Hardinge (at present General Viscount Henry Hardinge) to order up the Guards to support the 42nd Highlanders; Captain Hardinge had just returned, and was reporting to his general that the Guards were coming quickly, when Sir John was struck on the shoulder and left breast by a cannon-ball. He fell from his horse, and was believed to be dead, but before Hardinge could dismount he had half raised himself, and, with a steadfast eye, and unchanged countenance, was looking after the 42nd, and the other troops engaged in his front.

He grasped the hand of Hardinge, and, when that gallant and grieving officer said, "They are advancing," his countenance lighted up. Colonel Graham now came to the spot, and, from the composure of the general's features, imagined that he was not much hurt, until he saw blood welling from his wound. Shocked at the sight, Graham galloped off in search of surgeons. The hero would not allow himself to be removed to the rear, until he saw that his brave Highlanders had gained ground far in front. Hardinge tried in vain to stop the effusion of blood with his sash; then, with the help of some Highlanders, and some guardsmen, he placed the general upon a blanket. In being lifted his sword got entangled, and the hilt pressed against the wound. Hardinge would have unbuckled the belt, and have taken it off, but the

dying soldier said, "It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me." Hardinge again began to hope, and to say that he hoped the wound would not prove mortal. "No, Hardinge," said Moore, "I feel that to be impossible. You need not go with me; report to General Hope that I am wounded, and carried to the rear."* He was then raised from the ground by a Highland sergeant, and three Highland soldiers, who, slowly, and tenderly, conveyed him towards Coruña. The grieved affectionate mountaineers had not carried him far when two surgeons came running to his aid. They had been employed in dressing the shattered arm of Baird; who, upon hearing of his disaster, had ordered them to leave him, and hasten to help Moore. But Moore, who was now bleeding fast, said to the surgeons that they could be of no use to him, that they had better go to the wounded soldiers to whom they might be useful, and he ordered his bearers to move on. But as his men proceeded, he repeatedly made them halt, and turn round, in order that he might view the battle, and listen to the firing, the fainter sound of which was now indicating that the French were retiring. A spring waggon, bearing Colonel Wynch, wounded from the battle, came up with the Highlanders who were carrying Moore. The colonel asked who was in the blanket? and being told it was Sir John Moore, he wished him to be placed in the waggon. The general inquired of one of his Highlanders whether he thought the waggon would be better than the blanket; the soldier answered, that the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and his comrades would keep the step, and carry him easy. Sir John said he thought so too; and so they proceeded with him to his lodgings in Coruña, the soldiers shedding tears as they went.

In the mean time the British army had rapidly gained ground everywhere; the obstinate contest at Elvina had terminated in their favour; Paget and the reserve had completely beaten and driven in their left, and had even approached their great battery, and Colonel Nicholls had repulsed and pursued their right. In fact, the whole French line was falling back in confusion, leaving the ground thickly strewed with killed and wounded.

* Letter written by Captain Hardinge after the battle.

Soult had consumed nearly all the ammunition he had brought with him, and must have been exposed to a still more signal overthrow, for the river Mero in his rear was filled by the rising tide, and there was only one bridge over it by which he could retreat; but General Fraser's division could not be brought up in time, and the dark night was coming on. The French, too, though beaten and disordered, were still far more numerous than the British, the ground they occupied was exceedingly strong, and it was not known how soon reinforcements might reach them. In these circumstances, Sir John Hope, upon whom the command devolved, thought it better to avail himself of the present disorder of Soult, and get his own army on board the transports during the night. And this difficult operation was effected without delay, and without confusion. The pickets, lighting many fires, covered the retreat of the columns, and, being themselves withdrawn at daybreak, were embarked under the protection of General Hill's brigade, which was posted near the ramparts of the town. These arrangements for embarkation had all been made by Moore, and they were complete and admirable.*

Before the troops began to embark, their beloved leader was dead. When the surgeons waited upon him in his lodgings, they found that his left shoulder was shattered to pieces; that the arm was hanging by a piece of skin; that the ribs over the heart were broken, and the muscles of the breast torn in long strips. His pain was great, and he spoke with difficulty. But, when Colonel Anderson, who had been for one-and-twenty years his friend and companion in arms, entered the room, he knew him immediately, though it was almost dark, and squeezing him by the hand, said, "Anderson, don't leave me!" At intervals he said with difficulty, but calmly and distinctly, "Anderson, you know that I always wished to die this way! Anderson, are the French beaten?" (This question he put to every one that came in). "I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice! Anderson, you will

* Colonel Napier, *Hist. of the War in the Peninsula*. James C. Moore, *Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain*, commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, &c., and his *Life of his Brother*.

see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them everything; say to my mother"—(Here his voice quite failed him, and he was, for the first time, excessively agitated). "Hope, Hope! I have much to say to him, but cannot get it out. Are Colonel Graham and all my aides-de-camp well?" They mercifully concealed from him that Captain Burrard, one of his aides-de-camp, was mortally wounded. When Major Colborne came into the room he spoke most kindly to him, and told Anderson to go to —, and tell him that it was his request and expectation that he would promote the Major, for he had been long with him, and he knew him to be most worthy of promotion. He then asked Major Colborne if the French were well beaten; and on being told that they were, and on every point, he said; "It is a great satisfaction for me to know we have beaten the French. Remember me to General Paget; he is a fine fellow!—I feel myself so strong that I fear I shall be long dying—It is great uneasiness—It is great pain." He thanked the surgeons for their trouble. Two of his aides-de-camp, Captains Percy and Stanhope, now came into the room, and after speaking kindly to both, he asked again if all his aides-de-camp were well. After some interval, he said, "Stanhope, remember me to your sister."* He then pressed Colonel Anderson's hand to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle.†

Colonel Anderson said, he had often heard the general declare that, if he were killed in battle, he should like to be buried where he had fallen. General Hope and Colonel Graham acceded to this suggestion, and it was determined that the body should be interred on the ramparts, in the old citadel of Coruña. At midnight the mortal remains were carried to the citadel by Colonel Graham, Major Colborne, and the aides-de-camp, and deposited in Colonel Graham's quarters. A grave was dug by a party of the 9th Regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, as the Spaniards never use any; so the body was

* Captain Stanhope was younger brother to Major Stanhope, who had fallen at Elvina, being Earl Stanhope's third son. The sister to whom Moore desired to be remembered, was Lady Hester Stanhope, who afterwards made herself so much noted by her eccentricities.

† Account written by Colonel Anderson the morning after Moore's death, in *Narrative of the Campaign, &c.*, by James C. Moore.

not undressed, but wrapped up, by the officers of his staff, in blankets, and a military cloak.

“No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.”

Towards eight o'clock on the morning of the 17th some firing was heard in the distance. The simple funeral rites were then hastened, lest a serious attack should be made, which would oblige the officers to quit the body and prevent their paying the last sad duties to their chief. The officers of his own staff bore the body to the grave, which the soldiers had dug on the rampart: the funeral service was read by the chaplain, and then the earth was thrown in, and the grave closed by the soldiers.

When the morning dawned, the French discovered that the British line had quitted its position, pushed forward some battalions to the heights of Santa Lucia; and, about noon, they got up some cannon to a rising ground near the harbour, and fired at the transports. Several timid masters of transports cut their cables, and four of these vessels ran aground stupidly; but the troops in the stranded vessels were immediately removed by some men-of-war's boats, the four transports were burned, and the rest of the fleet got out of the harbour without accident. At two o'clock in the afternoon, General Hill's protecting brigade embarked under the citadel. During that night and the following morning General Beresford, who kept possession of the citadel, sent off all the sick and wounded, whose condition admitted of their being removed; and about noon on the 18th this rear-guard got into the boats, and reached the fleet in safety.

The inhabitants had undertaken to maintain the town, but it appears that the French made no effort to attack it, or to interrupt the embarkation. The enemy were no doubt kept in awe by the presence of some English line-of-battle ships. When all were on board, the admiral made the signal for sailing, and the transports, under a strong convoy, sailed for England.

In the battle of Coruña the English lost from 800 to 1,000 men, the French from 2,000 to 3,000. When Marshal Soult took possession of Coruña, which he did without any

WELLINGTON CAMPAIGNS.

A. D. 1809.

By our two victories, at Roliça and at Vimeiro, and by the convention entered into with Junot, Portugal was entirely cleared of the French, in the autumn of 1808. But Napoleon Bonaparte did not swerve from his resolution of subduing the whole of the peninsula.

Marshal Soult, after the battle of Coruna, had obtained easy possession of Ferrol, Bilbao, and all the most important places on the northern coast of Spain. Then he had proceeded towards Portugal, and having entered that country by Braga, he had taken possession of Oporto, on the 29th of March, after a spiritless resistance of only two days.

Upon the rapid advance of Soult, Sir J. Craddock, who now commanded our little army, concentrated his forces for the defence of Lisbon. There were other discouraging circumstances: the French had reduced many towns on the east of the Ebro. Zaragoza had been obliged to surrender at discretion, on the 14th of February; and, that which was gloomiest of all, the Spaniards of Madrid, and in many other large cities, seemed to be quietly resigning themselves to the dominion of the intrusive King, Joseph Bonaparte. Still, however, there were some brighter glimpses, for no sooner had Soult evacuated Galicia, than the people rose in arms, and several places in the Asturias, and in the Biscayan provinces, had been recaptured by the patriots. Moreover, in Portugal, a body of Portuguese regulars had been admirably disciplined in the English manner, by General Beresford, to whom the Prince Regent of Portugal had wisely confided the chief command of all his troops.

The British government, undismayed by the unfortunate, but not inglorious or discouraging result of Sir John Moore's campaign, and undeterred by the orators and writers who

represented the attempt as the height of madness, resolved to persevere in sending assistance to the Peninsula, and to enter upon that war on a larger and a bolder scale. In a memorandum, dated on the 7th of March, Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had well examined the country during his short stay in it, delivered his decided opinion that Portugal could be defended, whatever might be the result of the contest in Spain; and that in the meantime the measure adopted for the defence of Portugal would be highly useful to the Spaniards in their contest with the French. His notion was,—that the Portuguese military establishments might, by means of English assistance, be raised to 40,000 militia, and 30,000 regular troops; that the British troops in the country should be raised to 20,000 infantry, and 4,000 or 5,000 cavalry; that the rifle corps should be increased; that other choice infantry should be sent out, together with an additional corps of artillery, and more ordnance; that, even if Spain should be conquered, the French would not be able to overrun Portugal with a smaller force than 100,000 men; and that, so long as the contest should continue in Spain, the united British and Portuguese force, if it could be put in a state of activity, would be highly useful to the Spaniards, and *might eventually decide the contest.*

In this remarkable document, short as it is, nearly every thing is foreseen and provided for. Sir Arthur knew how the Spanish juntas had misapplied the money which Great Britain had sent; and, therefore, he recommends that the English Ambassador at Lisbon shall be empowered to give or withhold such sums as he may think necessary for the support of the Portuguese military establishments *only*. The Spanish juntas, partly through their own ignorance of business, partly through their own corruption, and partly through the difficulty of raising any taxes, even in the districts where the French were not, had made a terrible jumble of the revenue. Sir Arthur recommended that the English Ambassador at Lisbon should see that the revenues of Portugal, whatever they might be, were in the first instance applied to the military establishments of the country, and that our ambassadors should have a complete control over the measures of the Portuguese government. As indispensable parts of his plan, Sir Arthur laid it down that the

whole of the army in Portugal, Portuguese as well as British, *should be placed under the command of British officers*; that the staff of the army, the *commissariat in particular*, must be British; and that these two departments must be increased in proportion to the strength of the whole army about to act in Portugal, to the number of detached posts it would be necessary to occupy, and with a view *to the great difficulties of providing and distributing supplies in that country*. But for the care taken by Sir Arthur Wellesley of the commissariat, which other commanders-in-chief had been accustomed woefully to neglect, or to leave to their inferiors,—thinking barrels of salt pork, and bags of biscuits, unworthy the attention of well-bred gentlemen and gallant soldiers—but for the reforms he gradually introduced into our un-systemised commissariat department, there would have been no such glorious victories as Salamanca, Vittoria, and Toulouse; but the British army would have been wasted away by famine, and driven from the Peninsula with disgrace.*

In a happy hour the command of the army in Portugal was given to him who had framed the bold plan of defence, and our greatest soldier took his departure.

“England’s bright genius, mov’d with Europe’s tears,
Sends forth her hero to dissolve those fears;
With insular thunder to prevent
The towering giant of the continent.”

Sir Arthur landed at Lisbon on the 22nd of April. As soon as he was there he said he thought that Marshal Soult would not remain long in Portugal. He took the field with an army of about 25,000 men, including the Portuguese, trained by Beresford. His first business was to dislodge Soult from Oporto, the second city in the kingdom. This was done in the most brilliant style on the 12th of May, and with an amazingly small loss. Soult commenced an orderly and scientific retreat into Galicia, from which, only four months before, he had expelled Sir John Moore; but being pressed on all sides, by hourly increasing difficulties, he sacrificed his artillery, his baggage, and even his military chest, and

* For the rest of this memorandum on the defence of Portugal, see Colonel Gurwood, Wellington Despatches.

escaped across the mountains by paths impracticable for a regular army. Before Soult could get over the Spanish frontier, in the direction of Orense, his army was nothing better than a rabble and a hungry mob. Thus, in ten days, was Portugal again cleared of the French by Sir Arthur. His army now leisurely retraced its steps to the south.

By the 26th of May, the greater part of the British troops had crossed the Mondego, and Sir Arthur's arrangements were completed for an advance into Spain in that direction, where he intended to co-operate with, or at least to receive some aid from, old General Cuesta, who commanded the army of Estremadura, and who was said to have collected on the Guadiana from 40,000 to 50,000 men.

The advanced guard of the British entered Spain by Zarzala-Mayor on the 2nd of July; and on the 8th Sir Arthur's head quarters were at Placentia. Cuesta crossed the Tagus by the bridge of Almaraz, and effected his junction with Wellesley at Oropesa on the 20th of July; but the Spanish general was now found to have no more than 30,000 men, and these were, for the most part, discouraged by repeated defeats, and lank, lean, hungry, and badly disciplined.

When Wellesley first began his march, to enter the country, and give the hand to Cuesta, the French forces were thus disposed:—Marshal Victor, the nearest to the allied army, was in Estremadura, close to the borders of Portugal, with the *first* corps, numbering in the muster-rolls 35,000 men; General Sebastiani commanded the *fourth* corps, which was in La Mancha, and which counted about 20,000 men under arms; General Dessolles, with a division of reserve, and some of Joseph's guards (in all, 15,000 men), was at Madrid, taking care of the intrusive king; Kellerman and Bonnet were stationed in old Castile, and on the borders of Leon and the Asturias, with two divisions that formed together 10,000 men: (all these corps and troops, forming a numerical total of 80,000 men, were considered as being immediately under the command of Joseph, who knew not how to command a troop of horse or a company of foot, but who was aided and assisted by Marshal Jourdan). Soult had collected the *second* corps in the northern provinces, hoping to be able retrace his steps into Portugal with 20,000 men; and immediately dependent upon Soult were Marshal Mortier with

the *fifth* corps, 16,000 strong, and Ney with the *sixth* corps, which also counted about 16,000 men under arms. Thus, Soult's force, in all, was about 25,000 men; and thus, in advancing into Spain, Sir Arthur, with none to aid him but the "old gentleman" and his 33,000 Spaniards, might come into collision with 132,000 French, the total of the two armies of King Joseph and Marshal Soult. But, besides all this mighty array, there were 50,000 Frenchmen in Aragon and Catalonia, under Suchet and Augereau; and 35,000 more were scattered over the surface of Spain to maintain posts and fortresses, and keep open the various lines of communication. The principal fortresses and fortified towns in the hands of the French were,—1st, on the northern line, St. Sebastian, Pamplona, Bilbao, Santona, Santander, Burgos, Leon, and Astorga; 2nd, on the central line, Jaca, Zaragoza, Guadalaxara, Toledo, Segovia, and Zamora; 3rd, on the eastern coast, Figueras, Rosas, and Barcelona. But, before General Wellesley entered Spain, Soult found it necessary to withdraw from Galicia; and Ney followed his movement, abandoning Coruña, Ferrol, etc.

Soult reached Zamora at the beginning of July, on about the same time that the English troops arrived at Zarza-la-Mayor; and he kept there, or hovered about the eastern frontiers of Portugal. Ney had halted at Astorga. Mortier, when advancing from Zaragoza to Valladolid, had received orders from Paris to stop. The Catalans and Aragonese were giving pretty full employment to Augereau and Suchet; Andalusia and Valencia were entirely free from French troops; the first of these two provinces had not yet been touched; the second—the fiercest, perhaps, in all Spain—had driven away its invaders with a terrific slaughter.

Sir Arthur Wellesley detached Sir Robert Wilson with the Lusitanian legion, a battalion of Portuguese Caçadores, and two Spanish battalions, in the direction of Madrid; and, notwithstanding the immensity of the French force, which might possibly have been brought upon him, Sir Robert succeeded in getting in Marshal Victor's rear, and in reaching Escalona, on the Alberche, which is only eight leagues distant from the Spanish capital. In this rapid advance, as in several subsequent movements, Sir Robert Wilson displayed very remarkable activity and intelligence. He led

his light-footed Portuguese over rugged mountains without roads, through labyrinths of forests and wilds, and across many rivers; and whatever was the nature of his route, he was always true to time. On the 22nd of July, the combined armies of Sir Arthur Wellesley and Cuesta attacked Marshal Victor's outposts at Talavera, and drove them in. The French would have suffered more than they did, if old Cuesta had not thought fit to absent himself. On the 23rd the British columns were again formed for the attack of the French position, as Sir Arthur wished to beat Victor before he should be joined by Sebastiani, who had moved from La Mancha, but Cuesta "contrived to lose the whole of the day, owing to the whimsical perverseness of his disposition."*. Thus, although the Spanish troops were under arms, and the British actually put in march, nothing was done on the 23rd, and, at one hour after midnight Marshal Victor left Talavera to retreat to St. Olalla, and thence towards Torrijos, to form a junction with Sebastiani. Early on the 24th, Sir Arthur established his head-quarters in Talavera. "I have not," he says, "been able to follow the enemy as I could wish, on account of the great deficiency in the means of transport, and owing to my having found it *impossible to procure even one mule or a cart in Spain.*" He had already done enough, if advantage had been duly taken of it by the Spaniards, to give Cuesta possession of the course of the Tagus, and to open his communication with La Mancha, and with General Venegas, who was collecting a respectable corps in the Sierra Morena; and this was all that Sir Arthur had engaged to do. He therefore resolved to enter into no new operation, but rather to halt, and even to return to Portugal, if he should not be supplied as he ought to be.

When Sir Arthur halted the British troops at Talavera, Cuesta seemed all of a sudden to be invaded by an irrepressible energy and activity; and, with remarkable arrogance, he singly dashed forward in pursuit of the French. His columns passed the Alberche in rapid succession, as if they were determined to stop at nothing short of the iron barrier of the Pyrenees. Sir Arthur, who could scarcely help foreseeing how all this sudden ardour would end, recommended caution and circumspection to the old gentleman, and sent

* Wellington Despatches.

part of the British force some ten miles in advance of Talavera. The two armies previously acting in concert were now separated, the least effective part being in pursuit of Marshal Victor, and the mass of the British forces remaining perfectly quiet, enjoying demi-starvation upon the banks of the Tagus. Cuesta went blundering through St. Olalla, and rushed on, like a wild bull broke loose from the amphitheatre, to Torrijos. But here he found the rear-guard of the French Marshal, who had been joined by General Sebastiani; and the sting of the French tail, Victor's rear at Torrijos, was quite enough for this disorderly, ill-commanded Spanish army.

During the 25th the English heard nothing of it, or of Cuesta, but on the following day the report of artillery in the distance announced its return towards Talavera, not unaccompanied. Presently Spanish runaways and stragglers passed to the British rear, and, in the course of the afternoon, and during the night of the 26th, the distant cannonade having died away, the greater part of Cuesta's army fell to our rear.

TALAVERA.

A. D. 1809. July 27 and 28.

On the morning of the 27th, other battalions passed by some of the British who had bivouacked in an olive grove, battalion after battalion forming a continuous line of march in the same direction. From amidst clouds of dust, disorderly chattering assemblages of half-armed men became occasionally visible; again, regiments marching in perfect order, cavalry staff officers, bands of musicians, flocks of sheep, droves of bullocks, artillery, cars, carriages, and waggons, varied the confused and singular scene.* All the information that could be obtained by the English officers from these fugitives was that they had been overpowered and beaten at Torrijos, and that the French, in full force, were following close at their heels. The latter part of this information was not quite correct, for although Victor had been joined by the fourth corps, which Sebastiani had brought up from La Mancha, he deemed it prudent to wait a few hours for the arrival of Joseph Bonaparte and Marshal Jourdan, who were marching towards him with the guards and the garrison of Madrid, and thus leaving that capital exposed to Sir Robert Wilson and his rapid Lusitanians.

It was clear, however, to Sir Arthur Wellesley, that he would not be allowed a long repose; and, therefore, he busily employed himself in examining and strengthening his position at Talavera. Great was the need he must have had at this moment of activity, genius, calmness, heroism; for, besides the great army collected in his front under Victor, his old enemy, Soult, by rapidly advancing from Salamanca, was getting in his rear, Marshal Mortier, at Valladolid, was preparing to follow Soult, and Marshal Ney, unknown to the English general, was hurrying from Astorga with the hope

* Colonel Leith Hay.

of falling upon his left flank. Thus there were more than 50,000 fighting Frenchmen behind the mountains of Placencia, ready to act on the flank and rear of the British, whose front was threatened by at least 50,000 more. Sir Arthur's force in the field did not exceed 20,000 men; for some of the battalions were still on their march from Lisbon, and did not come up until after the battle of Talavera had been fought. The Portuguese regular troops, under Beresford, had been left to guard the north-east frontier of Portugal, towards Almeida. There was nothing at hand for the immediate support of Sir Arthur's 20,000 British, save the army of Cuesta; but these 30,000 men had already proved themselves worth very little in the field. General Venegas, indeed, had descended with the Spanish army of Andalusia from the Sierra Morena mountains, and had marched through La Mancha upon Madrid, with from 20,000 to 25,000 men; but the Supreme Junta had sent Venegas counter-orders which had had the effect of slackening his march.

At last, however, and, as it turned out, at a most opportune moment, Venegas, a much abler and more honest man than any of the Junta Dons that assumed authority over him, did make a brilliant movement, and show himself on the road that leads to Aranjuez and Madrid; and it was his timely approach on that side which induced Joseph, who had now joined Victor, to engage Sir Arthur Wellesley and Cuesta, in order to save his capital. If Joseph had kept the allies in check at Talavera, for a few days longer, Soult's arrival at Placencia would have obliged the English to retire precipitately into Portugal. But Joseph, and his adviser, Jourdan, fearing that Venegas, from the south, and Sir Robert Wilson, from the north, would enter Madrid, and seize the stores, the reserves, the hospitals, &c.; recommended Marshal Victor to wait no longer, but attack the allies in front; for, if Wellesley were once defeated, Madrid could very easily be protected or recovered, and both Venegas and Wilson, it was thought, might be enveloped and reduced to capitulation.

The movements in Victor's army announced to Sir Arthur that a battle was at hand. His greatest difficulty was in overruling the mulish obstinacy of the old gentleman; but,

at last, he got Cuesta to consent to occupy the ground he had selected for him, which was on the right near the Tagus, and immediately in front of the town of Talavera. This was a position in which the Spaniards could scarcely be seriously attacked it; afforded in abundance those covers under which they had always been found to fight best; the ground was covered by olive-trees, and much intersected by thick mud walls and ditches; there was a strong old church with a heavy battery in front of it, and along the whole line were redoubts, walls, banks, and abattis, or parapets, made of felled trees. All the avenues of the town were defended in a similar manner. The British infantry, in whom Sir Arthur placed full reliance, occupied the left of the line, which was quite open in front, but its extreme left rested upon a steep hill, which was the key of the whole position, and on which was posted a division of infantry, under the orders of Major-General Hill. The whole line extended in length about two miles. There was some skirmishing and outpost fighting in the dark on the night of the 26th. On the 27th, Victor moved from St. Olalla in full force, crossed the Alberche, and attacked two advanced British brigades, which fell back steadily across the plain into their assigned positions in the line. This was at about two o'clock in the afternoon. As the day declined, the French advanced to a general attack; but it was the dusk of the evening before Victor began by a hot cannonade upon the British left, and by an attempt with his cavalry to ride over the Spanish infantry. From the care taken to cover their front, the Spaniards were found to be unapproachable, and the cavalry charge failed completely. Early in the night, Victor followed up his cannonade by pushing a strong division along a valley on the left of the height occupied by General Hill. The French gained momentary possession of that key to our position; but Hill almost instantly attacked with the bayonet, regained possession, and drove the enemy down the steeps. Victor repeated the attack on this point, on which everything depended, at the dead of night: but Hill was reinforced, Sir Arthur himself rode to the spot, and ordered up some more artillery; and, after another terrible conflict in the dark—* a darkness illuminated only by the flames from the cannon's

* Despatches.

mouth and the blaze of musketry—the assailants were again hurled back into the valley, and again left the level ground on the hill-top thickly strewn with dead bodies and wounded men. Repose and a dead silence succeeded; but this was interrupted about midnight, by a firing towards the town of Talavera, which sounded like the crack of doom. “It was not,” says an ear and eye witness, “the straggling, desultory, yet distinct reports of light troops, but a roll of musketry that illuminated the whole extent of the Spanish line. It was one discharge, but of such a nature, that I have never heard it equalled. It appeared not to be returned, nor was it repeated. All again became silent. A false alarm had occasioned this tremendous volley; but we were too distant to ascertain what had produced the violent eruption, or how many of our allies had thrown away their arms and fled, after having delivered a fire sufficiently formidable to have shaken the best and bravest troops.”* But Sir Arthur, who was near at hand, and soon on the spot whence that formidable fire had proceeded, had the mortification of ascertaining that several thousands of the Spaniards, after discharging their pieces, were flying panic-stricken to the rear, followed by their artillery, and creating the greatest confusion among the baggage retainers and mules, &c.; and it was with difficulty that he and Cuesta prevented the rest of the Spanish troops from following this pernicious example. We believe it was never correctly ascertained what created this sudden alarm in troops that were so sheltered and covered, that they had little to fear: perhaps some cows or goats had passed along their front, or perhaps some of those animals which Sancho Panza loved had come in the darkness to browse among the olive-trees; but all that is not hypothetical is, that they made one of the loudest reports that had ever scared the night, and then turned to run. Luckily Victor knew nothing of what was passing; and, after his cavalry had discovered the strength of the Spanish position, he directed all his efforts against the British left. At daylight, on the morning of the 28th, he hurled two more strong divisions of infantry against the fatal height; but the Englishmen there had been told that they must maintain that position, and nobly did they maintain it: Hill lost many

* Colonel Leith Hay.

brave officers and soldiers, and was wounded himself; but he soon had the satisfaction of seeing the two French columns reeling from before his British bayonets, and rolling down the steep. In these attacks on the hill, the French lost about 2,500 men : entire brigades had been destroyed.

Another long pause ensued ; but about the hour of noon, the French renewed their attack upon the whole part of the position occupied by the British army. In consequence of the repeated attempts upon the height on his left, by the valley which ran round the hill, Sir Arthur had placed two brigades of British cavalry in that valley, supported in the rear by a division of Spanish cavalry. The general attack began by the march of several columns of French infantry into the valley, with a view to try the hill once more. These columns were charged by our horse, who prevented the execution of their plan ; but the assailants suffered great loss in the fight, the 23rd Light Dragoons having nearly one-half of their number killed or wounded. While this was going on on the left, heavy columns of the infantry of Sebastiani's corps twice attacked the British right under General Campbell, but they were each time repulsed by the steady fire of the English ; and, when a Spanish regiment of horse came gallantly up and charged them in flank, they retired in disorder, leaving ten guns, and heaps of killed and wounded, behind them. But the principal attack made by Victor, was against Sir Arthur Wellesley's centre, which consisted of the guards and the German Legion. Here the French marshal employed nearly every man he could spare. His massy columns came close up to the British line, as if confident in their vastly superior numbers, and as if absolutely determined, at any cost, to crush the centre, and pass over it to exterminate the disjointed remnants of Wellesley's forces ; but they were most gallantly repulsed by a charge with bayonets by the whole division, and they reeled back in helpless disorder. Unluckily the brigade of guards on the right, elated by their success, and by the inward and intimate conviction that it was not Frenchmen that could withstand a charge of British bayonets, advanced too far in pursuit, and so exposed their left flank to the fire of the French batteries ; as they began to fall back, some of the troops they had been pursuing rallied and turned against them, some supporting columns

and French dragoons advanced ; and now the guards in their turn retired in some disorder. At the same time the German Legion, which was on the left of the guards, and which had not advanced with them, fell into some confusion, and being hard pressed by the French, the legion gave way completely. Sir Arthur's centre was thus broken ; but, as soon as he saw from the summit of the steep hill on the left the over hot charge of the guards, he foresaw what might happen, and provided for it by instantly sending from the hill the 48th regiment, and ordering General Cotton's light cavalry to advance. And now the brave 48th, led on by Colonel Donellan, came up to fill the gap made in the centre, moving in beautiful order amidst the retiring crowds, wheeling back by companies to let the guards and the legion pass through the intervals, and then resuming its line, and marching against the right of the pursuing columns, who, at one moment, seemed almost mixed with our guardsmen and legionaries. When close on the French flank, the 48th plied them with destructive discharges of musketry, and closing upon them with a firm and regular pace, completely checked their forward movement. Our centre was presently restored, for the guards and the German Legion quickly rallied ; and then Cotton's brigade of light cavalry, coming up from the rear at a smart trot, the French columns, whose success had been so momentary, began to waver, their general, Lapisse, was mortally wounded, their loss from the fire of the 48th alone was dreadful, and at last they gave way and retired to their own lines, their retreat being protected by their light troops and artillery. No other attempt was made either to break our centre or to carry the murderous hill : there was, in fact, no more fighting. The British, reduced to less than 14,000 men, and exhausted by fatigue, were unable to pursue the French, and the Spanish army, which had been scarcely engaged, was incapable of making any evolutions. King Joseph's guards and the French reserve had not been engaged during the day, and had Napoleon been there, perhaps a last effort might have been tried ; but, as it was, the French, having been repulsed at all points, were evidently but too happy to desist ; and thus, at about six o'clock in the evening all fighting and firing ceased, each army retaining the position that it had occupied in the morning. Out of the 50,000

men which they had on the field at the beginning of the battle, the French had lost 7,000 in killed and wounded, an immense number of officers, and two generals being among the killed. Out of the less than 20,000 British, 857 had been killed, and 3,913 wounded; 653 were reported missing; and two general officers, Major-General Mackenzie and Brigadier-General Langworth, were among the slain. The French also lost a considerable number of men as prisoners; and, as they retired, they left in the hands of the English seventeen pieces of artillery, with tumbrils and ammunition complete.

The next morning at daybreak the whole French army, who had begun retreating during the night, were on the other side of the Alberche, and taking up a position in the rear of that river, on the heights of Salinas. Except at Albuera, the French never again fought so well throughout the rest of this war, and yet France confessed, in a hurried night-retreat, that she had been beaten and humiliated.

“ Far from the field where late she fought,
The tents where late she lay,
With rapid step and humbled thought,
All night she holds her way;
Leaving to Britain's conquering sons,
Standards rent and ponderous guns,
The trophies of the fray,
The weak, the wounded, and the slain,
The triumph of the battle plain,
The glory of the day.” *

In the course of the same day, the 29th of July, General Robert Craufurd reached Sir Arthur Wellesley's camp from Lisbon, with the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th (rifles). The reinforcement altogether amounted to nearly 3,000 men. This was the light brigade, which was ever after in advance during the Peninsular campaigns, and which acquired military celebrity for its gallantry and quickness of movement. Sir Arthur passed the 29th and 30th in establishing his hospitals in the town of Talavera, and in endeavouring to get provisions for his half-starved men. In this he was assisted neither by the Spanish authorities nor by the Spanish inhabitants. This was the more unpardonable as there were at the moment large

* Right Hon. J. Wilson Croker—"The Battles of Talavera."

deposits of grain—more than sufficient to supply both the Spaniards and the English army in Talavera. But the truth was, the Spaniards hoarded it, and were determined to produce it only for a high price and for ready money. In the state of poverty in which the army of Sir John Moore had been left, that general had been obliged to contract some debts at Salamanca and in various towns in Galicia, and to give tickets or promissory notes on his government for the payment of them: the British Government had not yet paid these debts, which for Spaniards were rather heavy; and, as this evil news got spread over other provinces, it destroyed English credit, and increased the tenacity with which Spaniards generally hold what they have.* But the Spaniards of Talavera and that neighbourhood were not more disposed to open their grain deposits to Cuesta than to Wellesley. "They have no magazines," says Sir Arthur, "nor have we, nor can we collect any, and there is a scramble for everything. . . . I wish that Don Martin de Garay, or the gentlemen of the Junta, before they blame me for not doing more, or impute to me beforehand the probable consequence of the blindness or the indiscretion of others, would either come or send here somebody to satisfy the wants of our half-starved army, which although they have been engaged for two days, and have defeated twice their numbers in the service of Spain, have not bread to eat. It is positively a fact that during the last seven days the British army have not received one-third of their provisions, that at this moment there are nearly 4,000 wounded soldiers dying in the hospital in this town from want of common assistance and necessaries, which any other country in the world would have given even to its enemies, and that I can get no assistance of any description from this country. I cannot prevail upon them even to bury the dead carcasses in the neighbourhood, the stench of which will destroy themselves as well as us."† At the same time General Beresford, from Almeida, was crying out, "Blankets! blankets!" and for clothes wherewith to cover his Portuguese troops, and for provisions wherewith to feed them.

* D.

† Ibid.

WELLINGTON CAMPAIGNS.

A. D. 1809—1810.

NOTWITHSTANDING his brilliant victories at Talavera, Sir Arthur Wellesley was constrained, by want of provisions, by Spanish selfishness and mismanagement, and by fresh blunders committed by old Cuesta and other Spanish generals, to retreat to the line of the Guadiana, where he placed his army in cantonments to cover Portugal from Soult, who cantoned his army in Estremadura and Leon.

In the month of November (1809), two numerous Spanish armies, the one commanded by General Areizaga, the other by the Duke del Parque, rushed madly to battle with the French veterans, and sustained the usual defeats. These disasters and the projects and movements of the French made it necessary for Lord Wellington to quit Spain altogether, to fall back upon the Tagus, to cross that river and to march on the Mondego.* These countermarches, in the rainy season of the year, were admirably performed by our troops.

At the beginning of January, 1810, his lordship fixed his head quarters at Viseu, at the distance of 134 miles N.N.E. from Lisbon, having his outposts along that frontier of Spain towards Ciudad Rodrigo.

The peace with Austria enabled Bonaparte to send large reinforcements from Germany into Spain. During the winter Junot, Drouet, and other chiefs had crossed the Pyrenees with strong corps. Marshal Massena, who had much practice in mountain warfare, and who had obtained the name of the darling child of victory, was sent to take the

* On the 4th of September, 1809, almost as soon as the news of his last remarkable battles reached England, Sir Arthur was raised to the peerage with the titles of Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera.

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the province of Beira, between the rivers Coa and Turones, at the distance of about twenty-eight miles from Ciudad Rodrigo. Lord Wellington brought his army nearer to Almeida, in the expectation that the place would detain the enemy for some time; but, partly through an accident to the chief powder-magazine, and still more through treachery, Almeida surrendered to the French in twelve days. Lord Wellington, however, was provided for everything; and, strange to say, his famed antagonist seemed to be prepared for nothing, and to have no fixed plan.*

Massena let nearly three weeks elapse after the reduction of Almeida before he seriously moved forward. This strange delay nearly brought on the rainy season, which the English general wanted, as the swelling rivers and streams, and the increasing badness of the roads, must greatly retard the march of the French columns.†

* Colonel Leith Hay.

† Wellington Despatches.

these, and several gorges and defiles which, though not regular roads, at times afforded passage to shepherds and their flocks, and smugglers with their mules. To convey some idea of the great extent of the position at Busaco, it has been stated that after 50,000 men had been placed upon it, a space of nearly two miles intervened from the left of General Leith's corps to the right of the third division, which stood next in line. At the loftiest summit of the ragged mountain, about two miles from its northern extremity, there was a lonely convent of Carmelites, and there Lord Wellington fixed his head-quarters.

His lordship himself thus describes the position which he has rendered for ever memorable.

"The Serra de Busaco is a high ridge which extends from the Mondego, in a northerly direction, about eight miles. At the highest point of the ridge, about two miles from its termination, is the convent and garden of Busaco. The Serra de Busaco is connected by a mountainous tract of country with the Serra de Carramula, which extends in a north-easterly direction beyond Viseu, and separates the valley of the Mondego from the valley of the Douro. On the left of the Mondego, nearly in a line with the Serra de Busaco, is another ridge of the same description, called the Serra da Murcella, covered by the river Alva, and connected by other mountainous parts with the Serra d'Estrella.

"All the roads to Coimbra, from the eastward, lead over the one or the other of these Serras. They are very difficult for the passage of an army, the approach to the top of the ridge on both sides being mountainous."*

The 26th of September was a beautiful day, with bright sunshine. From the heights of Busaco, which command a very extensive prospect over the low country to the eastward, all the movements of Massena's army of Portugal were distinctly visible, at first by the aid of glasses, and then to the naked eye: it was impossible to conceal them from the observation of our troops, stationed all along the Serra; nor did the enemy seem to aim at any concealment. One of the animated spectators on the height says:—"Rising grounds were covered with troops, cannon, or equipages; the widely extended country seemed to contain a

* Wellington Despatches.

host moving forward, or gradually condensing into numerous masses, checked in their progress by the grand natural barrier on which we were placed, at the base of which it became necessary to pause. In imposing appearance, as to numerical strength, I have never seen anything comparable to that of the enemy's army from Busaco; it was not alone an army encamped before us, but a multitude: cavalry, infantry, artillery, cars of the country, horses, tribes of mules, with their attendants, suttlers, followers of every description, formed the moving scene upon which Lord Wellington and his army looked down."

The evening of the 26th closed upon the allies finally arranged in position on Busaco; and, after dark, the whole country at the foot of the mountains, and far away in their front, was illuminated by the fires of the French army.

As early as two o'clock in the morning of the 27th, our silent and motionless army could distinctly hear the stir of preparation in the French camp. In the gray of the morning, those immense columns were seen in motion, with our pickets and some of our light troops retiring before them.

It is said that Marshal Ney, on arriving at the base of the Serra de Busaco, had been strongly impressed with an opinion of the unattackable nature of the ground which Wellington had chosen; but that Massena, scorning Ney's advice, determined, after reconnoitring, to try the strength of Busaco. Massena had hoped to cross the Serra, and penetrate to Coimbra, before Wellington could collect an army strong enough to oppose his march; and even now, though he saw clearly enough that the English general was determined to risk the experiment of a battle, he deceived himself as to the amount of his forces: for some corps of the allies were concealed by the nature of the ground, and a Portuguese reserve and some English regiments had been halted out of sight on the reserve of the Serra, or on the face of the hill which slopes down towards Coimbra. Besides, Massena saw that a part of Wellington's front line was composed of Portuguese troops, that entire Portuguese regiments were mixed with the British, and he, and all the French under him, despised the Portuguese troops as much as they did the Spanish; not knowing the almost magical effect which had been produced

course of a very few months by General Beresford's training; and little calculating on the noble aid of the allies and fellow-combatants of the untrained French, the allies were about to display. However, that the Emperor of the French did not exercise sufficient caution by Wellington's vicissitudes at Talavera, and that Massena was misled by his impatient master. In an intercepted letter, Massena, Bonaparte was found reminding that of his great superiority of force, of his 12,000 men, and of his immense train of artillery. "It is ridiculous," said he, "to suppose that 25,000 men can balance 60,000 French, if the latter do not fall on boldly, and after having well observed the blow may be struck." Bonaparte counted the Portuguese troops for nothing, or put them on the same level as the Spaniards; but Massena, and other marshals also, to their great cost, very soon discovered the mistake.*

At about six o'clock in the morning of the 27th, as the mist and gray clouds were rolling away, the French made two desperate simultaneous attacks in great force; the one on the right, and the other on the left of Wellington's position, on the highest part of the Serra. The column which attacked our right was preceded by a cloud of tirailleurs, which out-numbered the light infantry of General Picton, and forced them to retire; some of the tirailleurs gained possession of the highest rocks, and appeared to their comrades below to have got upon the flank of Wellington's right. The attacking column followed rapidly and resolutely; a good part of it reached the top of the ridge, and was in the act of deploying, when it was attacked in the most gallant manner by a part of Picton's division, consisting of the 88th Regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace; the 45th, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. R. Meade; and the 8th Portuguese regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas, the whole being directed by Major-General Picton. These three regiments advanced with the bayonet, and drove the

* For the intercepted letter, see Napier's History of the Peninsular War.

enemy's division from the advantageous ground which they had gained. The Portuguese, charging in line with the British, emulated their prowess, and met with the best encouragement that could possibly attend such a first essay; for the whole work was done in a very few minutes, and the enemy were bayoneted on the ridge, or broken, and hurled down the steep, to a dense mass which Massena had collected there to support and follow up the attack, but which now moved not forward, but backward.

The hardest fighting, the heaviest loss in killed and wounded, and the principal honour of the day, were the share—as combatants—of Picton's gallant division, the always ready and always fighting *Third*.*

Another French division, attacking still farther to the right, without being aware that Lord Wellington's lines extended so far, or that General Leith's corps was there, was brought to a halt by the unexpected appearance of the head of a British column, before it could reach the plateau, or the summit of the hill, and was attacked in a trice by Colonel Barnes' brigade of General Leith's corps, composed of the Royals, the 9th and the 38th Regiments. The 9th, commanded by Colonel Cameron, being the leading battalion of our column, when about a hundred yards distant from the French, wheeled suddenly into line, and fired a volley, the effect of which was terrific and decisive. The ground was covered with dead and dying, not new levies or mercenaries, or half-hearted contingents from foreign dependent states, but men who belonged to the *élite* of the French army, and vauntingly bore the name of "Heroes of Austerlitz." This destructive fire being followed up by an immediate charge, this division gave way and broke, and rushed or rolled down the hill-side as their comrades had done. On the same space of ground, seldom has been seen such a destruction as over-

* See a letter by Major General H. King, and a letter by Major W. Mackie (another officer engaged), in *United Service Journal*, March 1837. See also, in the same valuable publication (May and August, 1838), two letters by Colonel Thomas Lightfoot. There has been a long and somewhat angry controversy on this point. It now, however, appears to be allowed on all hands, that while the chief glory was due to Picton's division, the opportune arrival and noble countenance of the 5th division contributed in a very important manner to our complete
on this wing.

took this French division. Both these divisions, which made the attack upon our right, belonged to the corps of General Regnier, who had witnessed in Egypt and on the plains of Maida what British bayonets could do, and who seemed destined to be particularly unfortunate whenever he met our troops.

The attack on Wellington's left was made with General Loison's division of Marshal Ney's corps, and with one brigade of the division of Marchand; this attacking column being supported, as the other had been, by a mass of troops formed at the base of the Serra, and prepared to move forward at a moment's notice. It was not a whit more fortunate than General Regnier's force, and it scarcely fought so well; it was confronted exclusively by the British light division, under General Craufurd, and General Pack's brigade of Portuguese. One division of infantry alone made any progress to the top of the hill; and, being immediately charged with bayonets by General Craufurd, with the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th British, and the 3rd Portuguese Caçadores, it was broken and driven down with immense loss. The leading regiments of the assailants were almost totally annihilated. A French soldier, who was engaged in this attack, and subsequently made prisoner, explained in a few words the manner in which the survivors effected their escape. "I doubled myself up like a ball, and rolled from the top of the mountain to the bottom, without knowing how!" General Coleman's brigade of Portuguese, which had been kept in reserve, was moved up to the right of Craufurd's division, and made a brilliant and successful charge upon some French, who had not reached so elevated a spot, but who were trying to gain the ridge. These men, too, were driven down with terrible destruction. Some of the Portuguese, charging into a thick mass, got so wedged in among the French, that they had not room to use their bayonets; so, imitating the example which had been set by the English soldiers, they turned up the butt ends of their muskets, and plied them with such vigour as soon to clear the way.

At the various points attempted by the enemy, the fighting lasted several hours; but, except for a moment, in their first attack on our right, it cannot be said that the French had ever a hope or a chance of success. Though they fought like

veteran soldiers, it appeared as if Picton's division had taken their usual confidence out of them.

The little artillery that was used in the action was nearly all Portuguese, and it was exceedingly well served. For some time, the troops at the base of the Serra kept within a short distance, as if intending to renew the attack; but Massena had had enough of that iron ridge, and the rest of the day passed in loose skirmishes between the light troops of the two armies, the British and Portuguese descending the hills to meet their foes. In the words of Lord Wellington himself, who, in these matters, measured every word he said or wrote, the loss sustained by the enemy in his attacks on the heights was enormous; 2,000 were left killed upon the field of battle (killed chiefly by the bayonet), and from 3,000 to 4,000 were wounded. Three generals of division were among the wounded; one general was killed; one general was taken prisoner, together with a few hundred men and officers. The loss of the allied army did not exceed 1,300, of which number 578 were Portuguese—a very convincing proof that the men whom Lord Beresford had trained had gone well into action.

"This movement," says Wellington, "has brought the Portuguese levies into action with the enemy for the first time in an advantageous situation; and they have proved that the trouble which has been taken with them has not been thrown away, and that they are worthy of contending in the same ranks with British troops in this interesting cause, which they afford the best hopes of saving."*

It is reported that, during the brilliant fighting of the 3rd Division, in which some of the Portuguese were sharing, Lord Wellington turned to the marshal who was standing near him, and exclaimed joyfully, "There, Beresford! look at them, now!"†

His lordship applauded the conduct of our 88th, 45th, the 74th, the Royals, the 16th Foot, the 9th, and the 38th, the 43rd, the 52nd, and 95th. Writing to the Earl of Liverpool, on the 30th of September, three days after the battle, his lordship says:—

"Throughout the contest on the Serra, and in all the previous marches, and those which we have since made, the

* Wellington Despatches.

† Major W. Mackie, *United Service Journal*, 1837.

whole army have conducted themselves in the most regular manner. Accordingly, all the operations have been carried on with ease; the soldiers have suffered no privations, have undergone no unnecessary fatigue; there has been no loss of stores, and the army is in the highest spirits.

"I have received throughout the service the greatest assistance from the general and staff officers. Lieut.-General Sir Brent Spencer has given the assistance his experience enables him to afford me; and I am particularly indebted to the adjutant and the quarter-master generals, and the officers of their departments, and to Lieut.-Colonel Bathurst, and the officers of my personal staff; to Major-General Howorth, and the Artillery; and particularly to Lieut.-Colonel Fletcher, Captain Chapman, and the officers of the Royal Engineers. I must likewise mention Mr. Kennedy, and the officers of the Commissariat, which department has been carried on most successfully.

"I should not do justice to the service, or to my own feelings, if I did not take this opportunity of drawing your lordship's attention to the merits of Marshal Beresford. To him, exclusively, under the Portuguese Government, is due the merit of having raised, formed, disciplined, and equipped, the Portuguese army, which has now shown itself capable of engaging and defeating the enemy.

"I have, besides, received from him all the assistance which his experience and abilities, and his knowledge of this country, have qualified him to afford me."*

It is always to be borne in mind that the admirable behaviour of the Portuguese regular troops was owing to English discipline and English officers. A regiment of Portuguese militia ran away in a body as soon as the firing in front commenced.

* Wellington Despatches. Pictorial Hist. of Eng. Sherer. Captain Hamilton, Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, &c.

WELLINGTON CAMPAIGNS.

1810—1811.

MASSENA is reported to have said the day before the battle of Busaco, "I cannot persuade myself that Lord Wellington will risk the loss of his reputation by giving battle; but if he does, I have him! To-morrow we shall effect the conquest of Portugal, and in a few days I shall drown the leopard!" If his confidence had been so very high, his disappointment must have been proportionately great.

Wellington had never intended to make his permanent defence of Lisbon on the Busaco ridge, for there was another route to the capital, and with his inferior forces he could not cover two approaches. Far in the rear of the ridge, which our troops had so nobly defended, his lordship had been for months preparing the famous lines of Torres Vedras, always intending to fall back upon those impregnable lines. His principal object in fighting the battle of Busaco was to give to the people of the country in his rear time to comply with the proclamation he had issued, and to remove out of the way, with all their goods, stores, provisions, and property of every kind—in fact, to leave the country utterly bare to the French.

By the 29th of September, the whole allied army was already in the low country, between the Serra de Busaco and the sea; and on the 30th it was collected on the left bank of the Mondego, whence it leisurely continued its retreat to Torres Vedras. Lord Wellington was never so confident as now.

"I have very little doubt of being able to hold this country against the force which has now attacked it. There will be a breeze near Lisbon, but I know that we shall have the best of it.

"We shall make our retreat to the positions in front of

Lisbon, without much difficulty, and without any loss. *My opinion is that the French are in a scrape.* They are not a sufficient army for their purpose, particularly since their late loss, and that the Portuguese army has behaved so well; and they will find their retreat from this country a most difficult and dangerous operation.” *

On the 7th of October the French van came in sight of the lines of Torres Vedras, within which the English and Portuguese lay snugly quartered, and beyond which, at the distance of only twenty-four miles, lay the city of Lisbon, which Massena was to take.

Vain hope! Baffled presumption! The darling child of Victory could never touch those formidable lines, which the genius of Wellington, the ingenuity of our engineer officers, and the labour of many thousands of men, had fashioned to be his *ne plus ultra*. Massena, with a famishing, wasting army, lay in the bare damp country at the foot of those ridges from the early part of October to the early part of March, when he broke up with his sickly army, and commenced a rapid retreat, which was attended with nearly every possible disaster and horror. Marshal Soult's retreat had been most calamitous, but now Massena's was beyond measure more ruinous. Lord Wellington had called Soult's a *pendant* to Sir John Moore's, but our retreat to Coruña was a pleasant and orderly promenade, compared with that which Massena now made. He was, indeed, *in a scrape*, as Lord Wellington had predicted he would be. His headlong flight, and the hot pursuit of the English and Portuguese, did not cease until the 21st of March, when the French reached Celorico, and re-opened their communications with the garrison they had left at Almeida, and with the Spanish frontier near Ciudad Rodrigo.

After this there was some hard fighting at Sabugal, greatly to the advantage of the allies. Finding that he could not maintain himself even on the extreme frontier of Portugal, Massena, on the 6th of April, crossed the Agueda into Spain, thus terminating the third French invasion of Portugal. Their total loss this time had been immense: including the sick and wounded, Lord Wellington calculated it at not less than 45,000 men.†

* Wellington Despatches.

† Ibid.

Having placed his army in cantonments between the Coa and the Agueda, and given his instructions for the blockade of Almeida, Lord Wellington set out for the south, to see the state of affairs on the Guadiana, and the country near Badajoz, where Marshal Soult was operating. Instead of making the valid resistance which his lordship had expected from it, the Spanish garrison basely surrendered to the French on the 11th of March. This event deranged the whole plan of the campaign.

It was now absolutely necessary to try and recover Badajoz; for so long as the French held that fortress, the southern frontier of Portugal lay open to them. While making the necessary preparations for the siege of Badajoz, his lordship was recalled to the north by the intelligence he received of Massena's movements. That marshal, having refreshed and recruited his beaten army at Salamanca, was returning to the Coa, in order to relieve the French garrison besieged in Almeida. The British commander-in-chief, leaving Marshal Beresford to look after Badajoz, returned with all speed to the Coa, where he arrived on the 28th of April, and made the best dispositions to prevent the relief of Almeida. This, as Massena persisted in his object, brought on the glorious combat of Fuentes de Onoro.

FUENTES DE ONORO.

A. D. 1811. May 5.

LORD WELLINGTON brought no troops with him, but his timely arrival on the scene of action was regarded by the army as worth a reinforcement of 10,000 men. "Indeed," says one of his officers, "there was a charm not only about himself, but all connected with him, for which no odds could compensate." *

On the 2nd of May, the French marshal, having been joined by some fresh cavalry sent to him by Bessières, moved from Ciudad Rodrigo, crossed the Agueda, and entered Portugal with 40,000 foot, 5,000 horse, and thirty pieces of artillery. He had declared to Bessières that it would be a shame and disgrace to allow Almeida to surrender to the English in the presence of two marshals of the empire. Lord Wellington, fully aware of the intention of relieving Almeida at all hazards, determined to fight another battle rather than give up the blockade of that place. The reinforcements sent down to the south to Marshal Beresford had so weakened our main army, that his lordship had only 32,000 foot and 1,200 horse to oppose to Massena. The country, too, near Almeida was in good part very favourable to the operations of cavalry, in which arm Wellington was most deficient. Moreover, in order to maintain the blockade and prevent all access to or egress from the Portuguese fortress, his lordship was obliged to leave a mass of troops under Almeida, and to extend his lines for seven long miles from the river Turones to the river Das Casas (two affluents of the Agueda), having his left on Fort Concepcion, his centre opposite the village of Almeida, and his right at the village of Fuentes de Onoro.

* Kincaid, Adventures in the Rifle Brigade.

This extended position was on a low and open table-land between the two parallel streams, the Turones and Das Casas; the river Coa, which had been crossed, flowed in the rear, and there was only one bridge whereby to cross it in case of a retreat—the bridge of Castello Bom. The ground was openest on the side of Fuentes de Onoro, which village soon merited its name—"the Fountain of Honour,"—and there Massena resolved to attack in great force, hoping to gain the village, turn Lord Wellington's right, push it upon its centre, and then drive the whole of that army back upon the Coa and the one narrow and perilous bridge.

On the morning of the 3rd of May, Massena's army advanced, our foremost light troops slowly retiring before them, across the plains of Espija, and approaching the position appointed for them. Towards evening the French left, under cover of a hot cannonade from a ridge which commanded the village, made a resolute assault upon Fuentes de Onoro. Colonel Williams, with a battalion of light companies, sustained this first attack in a manner worthy of his well-tryed zeal and valour, but his battalion was of necessity driven in by the French, who set up a tremendous shouting. They carried the lower part of the village, and drove the English to the upper part, where the defence was, for a time, confined to a few strong houses and a chapel that stood upon a rock.

But Wellington, at the opportune moment, sent down a fresh brigade, and the confident assailants were driven back at the point of the bayonet. This first support was most gallantly led by Colonel Cadogan of the 71st Regiment, who was ever foremost in the ranks of danger and honour. Massena fed his columns of attack with more and more reinforcements, and the struggle in the narrow streets of the village was tremendous. Repeatedly bayonets were crossed (that very rare occurrence in war), the French and English being occasionally intermixed. But no French troops ever yet stood such a contest, and the assailants were soon driven out of the lower part of the village, and across the Das Casas river. Completely foiled in this effort, Massena passed all the following day in reconnoitring and in making plans of attack which were all foreseen by Wellington and provided for. One of our officers says, "On the 4th, both

armies looked at each other all day without exchanging a shot." *

In the course of that day Marshal Bessières, who had joined Massena with a body of Bonaparte's imperial guards, reconnoitred also, declaring to his impatient and irritated colleague, that great caution and circumspection would be necessary against a commander so skilful, and troops so steady as those now before them.

On the morrow, the 5th of May, as early as three o'clock, the French columns were in motion, and at about six Massena made a grand attack on the British right at Pozo Velho, with the greater part of his army, including the entire mass of his cavalry. In executing some necessary movements upon the open ground, the British light division suffered rather severely from the charge of the French horse, led on by Montbrun, and there was one terribly critical moment, but General Craufurd got his division into squares, Montbrun drew his bridle-rein, and the French horse wheeled round on the plain and retired from the compact masses and the murderous fire of the British infantry; and, though Massena commenced a heavy cannonade which did great execution, twelve British guns were plied with such vigour that his fire soon slackened. After this the French marshals were foiled in everything they attempted; no feint, no movement or manœuvre whatsoever, produced any visible effect. All the troops which Wellington considered it necessary to withdraw from his extreme right and centre to concentrate on his right, the object of Massena's grand attack, were withdrawn and concentrated, a new front was formed, and it was so deeply lined with troops as to strike Massena's heart with despair.

"The execution of our movement presented a magnificent military spectacle, as the plain, between us and the right of the army, was by this time in possession of the French cavalry, and, while we were retiring through it with the order and precision of a common field day, they kept dodging around us, and every instant threatening a charge, without daring to execute it." †

The village of Fuentes de Onoro, again attacked with excessive fury and obstinacy, was again defended as stoutly as it had been on the 3rd. Again there seemed different

* Kincaid.

† Ibid.

shiftings and changes of fortune; early in the contest this noble Highlander, Colonel Cameron, was mortally wounded; and three brave regiments were driven from the lower parts of the village by an attacking column of tremendous strength; at one time the very chapel on the rock above the upper part of the village was abandoned, but Colonel Mackinnon came up with his brigade—

“ Wild from the plaided ranks the yell was given.”—

the Highlanders rushed on to take vengeance for the fall of Cameron, and the entire village was recovered and cleared of all the French, save their dead and their badly wounded. In this hard fighting (and none was ever harder), the 74th Highlanders, the 83rd, and the 88th, added to their high reputation. One kilted hero was seen fighting while riddled with gun-shots, and it is said that he did not fall until he had brought down his ninth Frenchman at the point of his bayonet. Achilles was not so avenged as was our Highland Cameron.

The battle was prolonged in and round the village till the fall of evening, when the French again crossed the stream and retired the distance of a cannon-shot from its bank. Their generals had committed various military blunders, but on the British side there does not appear to have been a single mistake. Our total loss was 235 killed, 1,234 wounded, and 317 missing or prisoners. The loss of the French was much greater: 400 of their dead were counted in the village of Fuentes de Onoro alone, strewing the streets or piled upon one another; many prisoners were taken, and intercepted letters showed that as many as 2,000 or 3,000, or by some accounts 4,000, had been wounded, either in the attacks on the village on the 3rd, or in this more general affair of the 5th.

“ When the sun began to shine (on the morning of the 6th), we proceeded to consign the dead to their last earthly mansions, giving every Englishman a grave to himself, and putting as many Frenchmen into one grave as it could contain.”*

The battle of Fuentes de Onoro was of importance in the eyes of the world, and to the military fame of our country, by being a regular pitched battle, fought by the British, in

* Kincaid.

a position (forced upon Wellington, unless he left Almeida open to Massena) of no particular strength, and, indeed, weak at one point, and with a very inferior force. A good part of the disciplined Portuguese were away in the south, with Beresford, so that the great majority of the troops engaged were British. The British 5th and 6th divisions were posted on the left, to protect the blockade, and, being observed all the time by a French *corps*, they could take no part in the engagement. There were only four British divisions of infantry, one Portuguese brigade, and about 1,000 horse, actually engaged against three French *corps* of infantry, and nearly 5,000 cavalry; for Montbrun, expecting to decide the battle by that one *coup*, charged with all his squadrons, and with almost every horse he had.* Massena fought for the purpose of relieving Almeida, but he failed completely, and, a few days after, that place was evacuated by the French garrison, who blew up some of the works, fled by night, and, getting across the Agueda, joined their main army, though not without the loss of 400 men, the third part of their entire force, and also of their artillery, ammunition, baggage, and everything they possessed, except the ragged clothes on their back, their side-arms, and muskets. Many prisoners also were brought in, and, but for some negligence on the part of our blockading divisions, scarcely a man of that garrison could have escaped.

Massena being thus for the second time repelled from Portugal, his Emperor concluded that he was not the man to drive Wellington out of that country, and sent Marshal Marmont to supersede him.

L'un après l'autre—one after the other—Bonaparte sent nearly all his most famous Marshals into the Peninsula, and one after the other Wellington beat them.

* A. Vieuxseux. Military Life of the Duke. Wellington Despatches. Napier, Hist. of War in the Peninsula. Major Sherer. Kincaid, &c.

ALBUERA.

A. D. 1811. May 16.

THE battle of Fuentes de Onoro was brought on by the determination of Massena, to save Almeida; that of Albuera was fought by Soult to save Badajoz. The latter siege was commenced by Marshal Beresford, while Lord Wellington was returning to the Coa and Agueda, to look after Massena. His lordship having beaten that favourite of fortune in the north, was returning to the south; but before he could join Beresford, the stern conflict at Albuera took place.

Before much progress could be made in the siege of Badajoz, Soult came up with very superior force. On the night of the 12th of May, it was known in the camp of the besiegers that our old adversary was close at hand; and, on the following morning, Beresford, far too weak to attend to two objects at once, raised his siege and prepared to fight Soult in a pitched battle.

Having removed their artillery, stores, &c., the allies took post on the memorable ridge of Albuera: they were between 7,000 and 8,000 British infantry; several of the Portuguese brigades which Beresford had so admirably disciplined; and the Spanish corps of Blake and Castaños, and about 2,000 cavalry: in all about 27,000 men; but the Spaniards, who formed above 10,000 of this total, had scarcely been disciplined at all, and were but little to be depended upon. Another Spanish brigade, under Don Carlos d'España, arrived at Albuera on the 14th; and on the evening of the 15th, after a day of heavy rain, Soult came up with about 19,000 chosen infantry, about 4,000 cavalry, and fifty guns. As at Fuentes de Onoro, the ground was very favourable for cavalry.

The French marshal immediately reconnoitred Beresford's position, and determined on an attack in force on the right flank of the allies, which was occupied by Blake's

Spanish corps, the British occupying the centre. At eight o'clock in the morning of the 16th of May, the French troops were seen in motion; dense masses of infantry, and clouds of cavalry, rolling towards Blake's position, while two heavy columns of infantry, and some horse, marching out of a wood, pointed towards the front of the allied position, as if to attack the bridge, and the unroofed, ruined village of Albuera.

Other demonstrations were made, as though Soult intended to attack the British centre in front; but Beresford saw that this was but a feint, and he immediately sent orders to Blake to change his front, so as to face the French marching upon his right. Blake refused, saying that the real attack of Soult was against the centre, by the bridge of Albuera. The truth appears to have been that Blake knew very well, that if he attempted, with his undisciplined rabble, to change front, or to make any other movement in the presence of an active and highly disciplined enemy, they would fall into irremediable confusion, and either throw down their arms or fly—to be pursued and cut to pieces.

But, when the attempt to manœuvre had become infinitely more difficult than it was when Blake got his orders from Beresford, that presumptuous, self-willed man (his pride was greatly increased since his election by the Cortes to be one of the members of the Regency), when the French were actually appearing on the table-land on his right, and getting ready to enfilade nearly the whole position of the allies, attempted to change his front, and thereupon his Spaniards gave way in disorder, leaving, for a moment, the British centre entirely exposed, and too truly telling the English soldiers what little assistance was to be expected from such allies.

Beresford now ordered the brigades of the 2nd British division to advance to the right, and check the assailants. The first of these brigades (General Colborne's), while in the act of deploying, under a heavy fire of French artillery from the ridges of the hill, which Blake and his Spaniards ought to have held, was attacked in flank and rear by the French cavalry, and the fierce Polish lancers, who committed a dreadful havoc.

Whenever these Poles had served the French—whether in Italy, Germany, Spain, or Portugal—they had distinguished themselves, even in armies not remarkable for humanity, by their savage ferocity, as much as by their bravery and their skill, or address as light cavalry. On the present, as on other occasions, these lancers, with their blood-red flags shaking under the heads of their spears, rode madly over the field to spear the wounded, and to finish them where they fell. The tremendous slaughter made upon Colborne's brigade would, however, have been still greater if these Poles had not thus lost their time in gratifying their unsoldierlike appetite for blood and death; or if, instead of scattering themselves over the field, they had kept together with the French dragoons, and pursued their first advantage, which had been chiefly owing to a surprise.

Two British regiments were almost annihilated; but the 31st Regiment, the left of Colborne's brigade of three regiments, escaped the charge, and, under nearly every possible disadvantage, manfully kept its ground under Major L'Estrange. In liberally recommending to the Duke of York for promotion, a number of officers who distinguished themselves at Albuera, Lord Wellington says:—"But there is one officer, Major L'Estrange, of the 31st, whom I must recommend in the strongest manner for promotion in some way or other. After the other parts of the same brigade were swept off by the cavalry, this little battalion alone held its ground against all the *columns en masse*."*

Houghton's brigade, the next of the two brigades, which Beresford had ordered forward to recover possession of the ridge on the right, reached the summit soon after, and maintained a most desperate struggle against an immensely superior force, and against all arms, artillery, infantry, cavalry, both light and heavy.

When we shall see a well-authenticated instance of the troops of any other nation gaining and keeping such a position against such fearful odds, then we may qualify or waver in our national faith, that the British infantry is the best in the world. Houghton's men, however, fell fast, and his ammunition began to fail. Beresford began to think of a retreat, which would have been ruinous; when the gallant

* Colonel Gurwood, Wellington Despatches.

Colonel Hardinge (now General Viscount Hardinge), on his own responsibility, ordered that General Cole's division should be hurled against the French. An order to this effect was instantly given, and Cole, with the fourth division, which consisted only of the English fusilier brigade and of one Portuguese brigade, promptly advanced to drive the French from all the heights. It was this fusilier brigade that restored the fight, and saved the allied army.

While the Portuguese brigade, under General Harvey, moved round the shoulder of the hill on the right, and some troops under Abercrombie moved round on the left, Cole himself led the matchless fusiliers straight up the fatal hill, which was now completely crowned by the French masses and their artillery. Two or three flags of regiments, and six British guns, were already in the enemy's possession, and the whole of Soult's reserve was coming forward *en masse* to reinforce his columns on the ridge, from which Houghton's thinned brigade seemed on the point of being swept at last. On the ridge and on the slopes, the ground was heaped with dead, and the Polish lancers were riding furiously about the captured English guns on the hill-top.

But General Cole, at the head of his fusiliers, moved steadily onward and upward, dispersed those savage lancers, recovered our six guns, and appeared on the summit of the hill, and on the right of Houghton's brigade, just as Abercrombie took post on his left.

The military historian of these exciting events has given a perfect picture of the scene which ensued. His description has often been quoted; but it would savour of presumption to attempt to give another:—"Such a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke, and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory; they wavered, hesitated, and then, vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Sir William Myers was killed. Cole and the three Colonels, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe, fell wounded, and the fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. Suddenly and sternly recover-

ing, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult, by voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely arising, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen, hovering on the flank, threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as foot by foot, and with a horrid carnage, it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves, joining with the straggling multitudes, endeavour to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the ascent. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and 1,500 unwounded men, the remnant of 6,000 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill."*

The day was now won, and Beresford ordering the Portuguese and Spaniards to advance, the French retreated in dismay and confusion across the Albuera river. At three o'clock in the afternoon the firing, which had begun hotly at about nine o'clock in the morning, ceased. The allies had lost in killed and wounded about 7,000 men, of whom more than two-thirds were British. The French lost, or were computed to have lost, not less than 9,000 men, including two generals killed, and three generals wounded.

If censure was showered upon the head of Marshal Beres-

* Colonel Napier, *Hist. of War in the Peninsula*. "It was observed that our dead, particularly the 57th Regiment, were lying as they had fought in the ranks, and that every wound was in front." Marshal Beresford's Despatch to Lord Wellington, dated Albuera, 18th May.

for his management of this battle, and for his fighting it at all, it was certainly not by his considerate and generous-minded commander-in-chief. Wellington praised Beresford for having raised the siege of Badajoz, without the loss of ordnance or stores of any description; and for having collected the troops under his command, and formed his junction with Blake and Castaños skilfully and promptly; and he did not hesitate to call the battle of Albuera a signal victory, gained by Beresford and his British officers and soldiers, in the most gallant manner. He joined to his admiration of it, his cordial concurrence in the favourable reports made by Beresford of the good conduct of all. He attributed the great sacrifices which the battle had cost us, and the unmolested condition of the French after they had crossed the river, to the right cause: "It was owing to the Spaniards, who could not be moved."

"I should," says his lordship, "feel no anxiety about the result of any of our operations, if the Spaniards were as well disciplined as the soldiers of that nation are brave, and if they were at all moveable; but this is, I fear, beyond hope! All our losses have been caused by this defect. At Talavera the enemy would have been destroyed, if we could have moved the Spaniards. At Albuera the natural thing would have been to support the Spaniards on the right with the Spaniards who were next to them; but any movement of that body would have created an inextricable confusion, and it was necessary to support the right solely with British, and thus the great loss fell upon our troops. In the same way, I suspect, the difficulty and danger of moving the Spanish troops was the cause that General Lapeña did not support General Graham at Barrosa."*

After this murderous conflict, Beresford improved his position, and planted in defiance, along the crest of the hill, some hundreds of spears and flags taken from the Polish lancers, who had paid dearly for their barbarity.† On the morrow, the 17th of May, the two armies remained in their respective positions; not a single movement being hazarded by Soult. On the 18th, Kemmis's brigade of 1,500 English came up and joined Beresford on the ridge of Albuera, and

* Colonel Gurwood, Wellington Despatches.

† Southey, Hist. of the Peninsular War.

then, late at night, the French marshal began to move off his baggage, and some of his wounded, and to prepare for his retreat upon Seville, which he commenced in the morning, leaving behind him, to the generosity and humanity of the English, 800 soldiers severely wounded. On the very next day, Lord Wellington reached Albuera, with two fresh divisions, and gave directions to resume immediately the siege of Badajoz. Owing to our usual deficiency in cavalry, Soult's retreat was not so much molested as it ought to have been; nevertheless, he lost some hundreds of men, and our weak horse defeated his strong rear-guard of cavalry at Usagre. For his great enterprise, the French marshal had almost stripped Andalusia of French troops, yet he now returned to Seville with a curtailed army and a diminished reputation.*

Trenches were opened before Badajoz, but Wellington was obliged to raise the siege by the approach of Marshal Marmont, who had succeeded Massena, and who was joining his forces to those of Soult and Drouet. His lordship fell back, and took up a position near Campo Mayor, along the frontiers of Portugal. Although the French brought together from 60,000 to 70,000 foot and 8,000 horse, and although Wellington, counting Portuguese and some Spaniards, did not muster more than 56,000, of whom only 3,500 were horse, the French marshals would not venture to attack him. After a time, Marmont separated from Soult, and marched back to Salamanca. This rendered indispensable a corresponding movement to the northward on the part of Lord Wellington; and, leaving General Hill with one British division and the Portuguese in the south, his lordship with the rest of the army marched to his old line of the Agueda, and established himself there. Marmont, having received a large reinforcement from France, moved round upon the Agueda, and by his superiority of numbers, especially in cavalry, obliged Wellington, after a partial engagement at El Bodon, to withdraw his army to his old position, a little in the rear, on the Coa. This movement in the face of an enemy numerically so superior, was beautifully executed. Marmont did not venture to press upon the line of the Coa.

* Marshal Beresford's Despatch to Lord Wellington.

BARROSA.

A. D. 1811. March 5.

THIS affair, however honourable to British valour, was little more than a brilliant episode in the war of 1811. As will be seen by the date, it was anterior to the battles of Fuentes de Onoro and Albuera.

In order to defend Cadiz, we had thrown good English troops, and some disciplined Portuguese, into the place, and stationed a strong squadron in the bay. But for this assistance, Soult must have taken this important place at the beginning of the year.

While Marshal Soult was engaged in Estremadura, and Marshal Victor in the siege of Cadiz, General Graham (afterwards the veteran and venerable Lord Lynedoch) issued from Cadiz with the greater part of the British and Portuguese garrison, and embarked, with the intention of landing higher up the Andalusian coast, and of throwing himself upon the rear of Victor and his French blockading army, which was reduced, by the draughts which Soult had been forced to make upon it, to some 16,000 men.

The British and Portuguese, about 4,000 strong, got to sea, for their short voyage, on the 21st of February. Graham had intended to land somewhere between Cape Trafalgar and Cape de Plata, on the Atlantic, or at the old and still essentially Moorish town of Tarifa, on the Straits of Gibraltar; but, finding it impracticable to effect a landing, either from the ocean or in the Straits, he went farther off, passed through the narrow Straits altogether, and, entering the Bay of Gibraltar, landed at Algeciras, which town, with its Moorish aqueduct, faces the impregnable rock.

From Algeciras, Graham had to go back by land to Tarifa. The road between these two old towns, running over mountains, and along the edge of precipices, is about as bad as

any in Europe—difficult in the winter season even to the traveller who has no other encumbrance than a light portmanteau. As it was impassable for wheeled carriages of any description, Graham sent his artillery stores and provisions back to Tarifa by sea; and they were conveyed in boats, and safely landed by our seamen in spite of wind and weather.

A Spanish force, 7,000 strong, under the command of General Lapeña, came into the Straits to co-operate with the English and Portuguese; and, after being thrice driven back, the Spaniards reached Tarifa, and disembarked on the 27th of February. In order to remove all feeling of jealousy on the part of the Spaniards, General Graham consented to yield the superior command to Lapeña, and to serve under him during this expedition. But, with one or two exceptions, it had never been found possible for a British commander and British troops to agree with a Spanish general and Spanish troops: differences of opinion arose immediately, misunderstanding of intention followed; and these evil influences appear to have increased during the march from Tarifa to the neighbourhood of the French positions.

The roads continued to be execrably bad. After the mountains (high off-shoots from the Sierra de Ronda) had been crossed, the army had to traverse a spacious plain, which, in many parts, may be compared to the Pontine marshes, for it is intersected with innumerable streams running in all directions; it has an immense mere—called the Lake of Junda—a lake at this time of the year, but in summer, for the most part, a muddy, slimy, pestiferous bog, across which a high road runs on an artificial causeway.

General Graham had good claim to both epithets, *veteran* and *venerable*, even at this period. In 1811, he was in the sixty-first year of his age. Yet, in the battle of Barrosa, and in those dreadful marches which preceded it, he displayed all the activity, all the spirit and energy, of youth, facing every hazard, and undergoing every fatigue. In crossing the Lake of Junda, he dismounted from his horse, to guide and encourage the infantry soldiers; and he traversed the whole of the inundated causeway on foot, with the water to his waist, and at times almost to his chin.

On either side of the causeway were deep bogs and pools, in which the soldiers would have perished, if they had missed

their footing, or deviated a little from the road. Even the muleteers and peasantry of that part of the country said it was impossible to get an army across. But the feat was achieved, and without any disaster.

In the plain, beyond the lake, at Vega, about midway between Tarifa and the Bay of Cadiz, the French had an outpost of infantry and cavalry; and a little further on, on the road to Medina Sidonia, they had a small fort. Lapeña intended to surprise both these posts; but his measures were so ill taken that there was no surprise at all. The posts were, however, carried by fighting; and at the fort the French lost sixty or seventy men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and abandoned their two cannons and all their stores.

At this point, Lapeña was joined by 1,600 men, from the so-called army of St. Roque. The whole allied force now amounted to 11,200 foot, and 800 horse; but, instead of being kept united, it was divided into three or four columns, which pursued different lines of road, or marched at considerable distances from each other. They had twenty-four pieces of artillery; but this good train was divided, like the rest of the force.

Victor, who was in command of the French army in front of Cadiz, was alarmed at the approach of the enemy on his rear; but this approach was far from being so rapid as it might have been, even after making every allowance for the difficulties of the road; and the French general appears to have had timely notice of the whole plan, and of every movement of the allies. He reinforced General Cassagne, who occupied the town of Medina Sidonia; and he took post himself, with ten battalions, between Medina Sidonia and Chiclana. As Victor made this movement, the Spanish camp-marshal, de Zayas, quitted the Isle of Leon, threw a body of troops over the Santi Petri, and menaced the extreme left of the French lines; and, although vigorously attacked by the French General Villatte, de Zayas kept his ground manfully, repulsing his assailants with loss.

Upon this, Victor marched back towards Chiclana, and ordered Cassagne to join him; for he now expected nothing less than that the allied army, united and led on by Lapeña, would make a concentrated and vigorous attack on the left of his positions, break through his lines, give the hand to de Zayas,

receive supplies and further reinforcements from the Isle of Leon, and from the city of Cadiz, and thus compel the French to raise their siege, or blockade, for good and all.

But an excess of caution made Lapeña slower even than he had been before; much time was lost in crossing the lake of Junda by the narrow, wretched causeway; the allied army was not concentrated; and when General Graham pushed forward, some of the Spaniards hung back, and others swerved from the line of attack.

Upon the morning of the 5th the allies reached the low ridge of Barrosa. These heights are about four miles from the sea mouth of the Santi Petri. To open the communication with the Isla was Lapeña's first object. This being effected, Lapeña moved with the main body of the Spaniards to the heights of Bermeja, and sent orders to Graham to follow in support. "The line of Graham's march was not far from the coast, the direction was nearly parallel with it, and the road lay through a rough plain, thickly wooded. While the general was advancing across this ground to the Bermeja height, distant about three miles, he discovered a French division upon his right flank, only a few hundred yards from the wood, and another ascending the Barrosa ridge, which he had just quitted, and where he had only left a weak rear-guard of British and two Spanish battalions. The French corps was commanded by Marshal Victor in person. Graham saw all the danger of his situation, and decided upon striking the first blow, trusting to valour and a good cause for the issue." * Any hesitation—the shortest delay—would have been fatal. Graham's merit as a general in the affair, was in his instantaneous decision. He countermarched his small force; directed the right brigade, under General Dilkes, against the Barrosa height, and the left, under Colonel Wheatly, against the division beyond the wood upon the plain. "The rear-guard, having no power to resist the enemy's occupation of the Barrosa hill, had retired as they marched up, and the division of Ruffin was now formed upon its summits. That of Leval upon the plain was the first reached by the British. Ten guns, under Major Duncan, opened upon it with a most true and destructive fire, and Colonel Wheatly gallantly advanced, the French

* Major Sherer, *Military Memoirs of the Duke.*

division meeting him most readily. The musketry soon began to roll heavy and deadly; while the riflemen and Portuguese, under Colonel Barnard, who had been thrown out on Colonel Wheatly's left at the commencement, gradually gained ground. At last, Wheatly ordered a charge; and the first line of the French, despite a valiant resistance, was driven upon the second; but the bayonets of the 87th, and some companies of the Coldstream, were in the midst of them before they had time to re-form, and they were driven from their ground in confusion, leaving an eagle with the 87th Regiment. While this was passing on the left, Dilkes marched upon the Barrosa height, and on the lowest part of the brow Ruffin met his attack with eagerness. The fighting was very fierce, and the carnage great, but the struggle was not long, and the French hurried from the hill, leaving three guns and a field of dead with the British. The beaten divisions inclining towards each other as they retired, as soon as they met attempted a new formation, but the British artillery poured upon them so terrible a fire, that to recover from their confusion was impossible, and they crowded fast away in tumult and disorder."*

With a small body of horse, Colonel the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, one of the bravest, as one of the most amiable and best of men, made a dash after the enemy, and captured two howitzers.† But the exhausted state of our troops rendered pursuit impossible, and General Graham wisely halted them for several hours on the eastern face of the ridge which their valour had won.

The results of the victory were the capture of an eagle, six pieces of artillery, and about 500 prisoners, including Generals Ruffin and Rousseau, who both died of their wounds. The French lost nearly a third of their number, more than 3,000 of them being killed, wounded, or captured. The victors also suffered severely, considering the smallness of their force; for 1,200 out of 4,000 lay dead or wounded on the field. During the whole of this critical engagement, General Graham received no support whatever from the Spaniards. The two battalions of that nation who had been

* Major Sherer.

† Memoir of the Services of the late General Sir Frederick Ponsonby, in *United Service Journal*, 1837.

with our rear-guard on the height came up when the enemy were in full retreat, but were neither strong enough nor bold enough to follow them or to do any other service. With a force greatly superior in number to that of General Villatte, who, with only 4,000 men, was posted on the Santi Petri, for the protection of the French lines, had Lapeña thrown himself between that body and the centre, and pushed manfully forward on Chiclana, the most decisive consequences must have ensued. Victor could then have saved himself only by instant and headlong retreat, and Villatte must either have abandoned his lines, or have seen his retreat cut off. Thus, the breaking up of the siege of Cadiz, the object of the united expedition, would have been effected, and one of the French *corps d'armée* would have been utterly ruined. Either through the ignorance or the cowardice of Lapeña, the golden opportunity was utterly lost.

General Graham was naturally indignant at the disgraceful conduct of the Spanish general. After such a lesson, it was impossible that in any future operations he could place any reliance on the support of such a man. He, therefore, withdrew from his command; and early on the next morning crossed the Santi Petri. Lapeña, for several days, remained at Bermeja, anxious, as he declared, to follow up the victory which British blood and British courage had alone achieved. Yet, with a force under his own immediate command of 15,000 men, he refused to advance against the enemy, without the aid and presence of those troops which in the moment of peril he had betrayed.*

The wrath of our soldiers ran so high that they were heard declaring they would rather fight their skulking allies, the Spaniards, than their old enemies the French.

Critics, both at home and abroad, who knew next to nothing of the plan of the expedition, or of the circumstances which led to the combat, were very severe in their censures of the battle of Barrosa, calling it a rash leap in the dark, a chance *melée*, a useless and wanton effusion of blood. But, as usual, the high-minded commander-in-chief was more just to the brave general in the field.

Lord Wellington thus expressed his opinion of the battle of Barrosa, in a warm, friendly letter addressed to General

* Captain Hamilton, *Annals of the Peninsular Campaign*.

Graham on the 25th of March:—"I beg to congratulate you and the brave troops under your command on the signal victory which you gained on the 5th instant. I have no doubt whatever that their success would have had the effect of raising the siege of Cadiz, if the Spanish corps had made any effort to assist them; and I am equally certain, from your account of the ground, that if you had not decided with the utmost promptitude to attack the enemy, and if your attack had not been a most vigorous one, the whole allied army would have been lost. You have to regret that such a victory should not have been followed by all the consequences which might reasonably be expected from it; but you may console yourself with the reflection that you did your utmost, and, at all events, saved the allied army; and that the failure in the extent of benefit to be derived from your exertions is to be attributed to those who would have derived most advantage from them. The conduct of the Spaniards throughout this expedition is precisely the same as I have ever observed it to be. They march the troops night and day, without provisions or rest, and abusing everybody who proposes to afford a moment's delay either to the famished and fatigued soldiers. They reach the enemy in such a state as to be unable to make any exertion or to execute any plan, even if any plan had been formed; and then, when the moment of action arrives, they are totally incapable of movement, and they stand by to see their allies destroyed, and afterwards abuse them because they do not continue, unsupported, exertions to which human nature is not equal. I concur in the propriety of your withdrawing to the Isle on the 6th, as much as I admire the promptitude and determination of your attack of the 5th, and I most sincerely congratulate you and the brave troops under your command on your success." *

* Wellington Despatches.

CAMPAIGN OF 1812.

DURING the time he occupied winter quarters on the Coa, where Marmont had not been able to molest him, Lord Wellington made his preparations for sieges, and for another advance into Spain. He began active operations with the beginning of the year. Ciudad Rodrigo was stormed and taken on the 19th of January, before Marmont could believe in the possibility of our taking the field.

Having taken immediate measures to repair the works, and to put this fortress in a defensible state, his lordship, with suddenness and secrecy, moved southward, threw his army across the Tagus, and prepared to reduce Badajoz before Soult and Marmont should be able to take any effective measures for its relief. Badajoz was taken by assault on the 6th of April, and the whole of the garrison, amounting to nearly 4,000 men, were made prisoners. The French marshals were thunderstruck. Soult retraced his steps to Seville; Marmont hung between the Spanish city of Salamanca and the Portuguese frontier. Wellington determined at once to transfer the seat of war from that frontier to the interior provinces of Spain. Having received reinforcements, his lordship, in addition to 10,000 foot and 1,200 horse left in the south under General Hill, could muster for offensive operations on the north of the Tagus, about 40,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry, including, of course, the Portuguese. With such a force, his lordship was fully equal to cope singly with either of the great armies of the French marshals; but it was calculated from the beginning that a retreat to the Portuguese frontier would be a movement of inevitable necessity if two or more of those armies should effect a junction. Every possible contingency was taken into consideration by our wise commander-in-chief. If, through the corps d'armées of General Hill, the various

Spanish generals commanding in the field, the operations of an Anglo-Sicilian army which was to land on the eastern coast of Spain, and the other co-operations and means more or less at his disposal, he could prevent the French junction, after crushing Marmont, he could not only enter but permanently hold Madrid ; if his means failed, if the co-operation were badly managed (as it was, and *most infamously*), he could lead his army back to his old inexpugnable frontier positions.

His lordship, leaving Portugal behind him, on the 13th of June, advanced to the Tormes.

surrendered or been taken by the 27th, and thereupon the marshal retreated once more, and in the beginning of July, took up a strong position on the northern bank of the Douro. Wellington followed him, and took up a line on the southern bank of that river, the British and Portuguese facing the French. Marmont, who is taxed with being rather too fond of displaying his skill in directing the movements of large masses of men, changed front repeatedly, marched and counter-marched, and perplexed his own people more than his able adversary, by numerous and complicated manœuvres.

In the interval, the French marshal was reinforced by Bonnet's division, which had marched from the Asturias, but not without loss, having being harassed in the mountains by the guerillas.

On the 11th of July, Marmont threw two divisions across the Douro at Toro, when Wellington moved his army to the left to concentrate it on the Guareña, an affluent of the Douro. On the same night the two French divisions recrossed the Douro, where they had crossed it in the morning, and then Marmont ascended the northern bank of the river, with his whole army, to Tordesillas. Here he again crossed over to the southern bank of the Douro, and thence, making a forced march, assembled at Nava del Rey on the 17th. On the 18th, he attempted to cut off Wellington's right, but his troops were repulsed by the charges of the British and Hanoverian cavalry, and the smart advance of the British and Portuguese infantry.

By his manœuvres, however, Marmont had now succeeded in re-establishing his communications with King Joseph and the army of the centre, which was advancing from Madrid to join him. The two armies of Marmont and Wellington were now in line on the opposite banks of the Guareña. But on the 20th, the French marshal crossed that stream on Wellington's right, and advanced towards the Tormes, calculating upon cutting off his antagonist's communications with Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo, which would materially distress the allies. But Wellington's columns were in motion as soon as Marmont's, and during part of that day's march the two hostile armies moved towards Tormes in parallel lines and within half cannon-shot of each other, and in the finest order imaginable.

This striking spectacle has been described by several British officers who were eye-witnesses:—

“A sight more glorious and more solemn war does not often present. Ninety thousand combatants marched side by side, as it were, without collision, each host admiring the array of its opponent, all eyes eager in their gaze, and all ears attent for the signal sound of battle.”*

“When the two armies were thus put in motion, they were within cannon-shot of each other, the French occupying higher ground than the allies; but the space between them was lower than either of the routes, and nothing intervened to obstruct a view of the columns of enemies that thus continued to pursue their course, without the least obstacle to prevent their coming into instantaneous contact, for the slightest divergement from either line of march towards the other would have brought them within musketry distance. I have always considered this day’s march as a very extraordinary scene, only to have occurred from the generals opposed commanding highly disciplined armies, each at the same time pursuing an object from which he was not for an instant to be abstracted by minor circumstances; the French marshal pressing forward to arrive first on the Tormes, Lord Wellington following his motions, and steadily adhering to the defensive, until substantial reasons appeared to demand the adoption of a more decided conduct. There were occasional slight skirmishes, brought on by the routes approaching each other, or by the anxiety of French and allied stragglers to obtain right of pillage in the unfortunate villages which lay in the intermediate space between the two armies; otherwise, no spectator would have imagined that the two immense moving columns that filled the whole country, and seemed interminable, being lost to the eye in dust and distance, comprised two armies animated with earnest desires for the destruction of each other, but who, although possessed of numerous artillery and cavalry, were persevering on their way, as if by mutual consent, refraining from serious hostility, until arrived at the arena destined for the great trial, to which either was now advancing with confidence, and without interruption.”†

* Major M. Sherer, *Military Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington*.

† Colonel Leith Hay, *Narrative of the Peninsular War*.

Another gallant officer, and concise and eloquent writer, says :—" Nothing could be finer or more striking than the spectacle of the hostile armies during the greater part of the march of the 20th. They moved in parallel lines within half-cannon shot of each other, in the most imposing order and regularity. As the diversities of the ground gave either party a temporary advantage, the artillery opened fire ; but, though both armies were prepared in a moment to form line of battle, no collision took place."*

Occasionally there was, indeed, an interchange of cannon-balls, and at every moment each army was ready to form in order of battle. Wellington's determinations were to re-cross the Tormes if Marmont should cross it ; to cover Salamanca as long as he could ; nor to give up his communication with Ciudad Rodrigo ; and, above all, not to fight an action unless under very advantageous circumstances, or unless it should become absolutely necessary. He saw there was nothing to be got or to be hoped for by advancing into Castile. The wheat harvest had not yet been reaped ; and even if he had had (what he had not) an abundant supply of money, he could not have procured anything from the country ; for he could not follow the example of the French, who were laying waste whole districts in order to procure a scanty subsistence of unripe wheat. To the British general the keeping open of the communications was almost everything, while, to the French general, who had not to look to legitimate or regular supplies, it was almost nothing. Both Soult and Massena had contrived to live in Portugal, when all their communications had been cut off ; and now, Marmont, for a certain time, could do as much in Spain. Even now he had been surrounded for the last six weeks, and scarcely even a letter had reached him. " But," says Lord Wellington, " the system of organized rapine and plunder, and the extraordinary discipline so long established in the French army, enables it to subsist at the expense of the total ruin of the country in which it has been placed ; I am not certain that Marshal Marmont has not now at his command a greater quantity of provisions and supplies of every description than we have."†

* Captain Hamilton.

† Despatch to Earl Bathurst (the new Secretary-at-War), dated near Salamanca, 21st July.

By advancing even the short distance which he had advanced into Spain, his lordship had compelled Marmont to abandon the Asturias; by calling to his aid Bonnet, and every French soldier that was there, he had afforded encouragement to the Spaniards, and an opportunity of recruiting fresh armies; he had diverted the attention of the French from several remaining provinces of the kingdom, and had compelled them to leave Madrid in a very weak state. On commencing his advance he was justified in calculating upon a chance of out-manceuvring the French marshal, whose conduct had not been such as to impress him with any high notion of his military genius or capacity; and any brilliant success on his part was almost sure to compel Soult to raise the blockade of Cadiz, if not to evacuate the whole of Andalusia.

On the 21st of July both Marmont and Wellington crossed the Tormes, the allied army passing by the bridge of Salamanca; the French, by the fords higher up the river. The British general placed his troops in a position, the left of which rested on the southern bank of the river, and the right on one of two steep hills, which from their similarity and contiguity are called *Dos Arapiles*. The French marshal nearly faced him, stretching his left towards the roads leading to Ciudad Rodrigo. Both armies were still very near Salamanca.

The river Tormes was not crossed before darkness had closed in; and our troops had scarcely reached their bivouacs ere a tremendous thunderstorm commenced. The rain fell in torrents; the most vivid flashes of lightning were succeeded by instantaneous peals of thunder;—a more violent crash of the elements had seldom been witnessed. General Le Marchant's brigade of cavalry had halted; the men, dismounted, were either seated or lying on the ground, holding their horses, which, alarmed by the thunder, snorted and started with such violence, that many of them broke loose, and galloped across the country in all directions. "This dispersion, and the frightened horses passing without riders, in a state of wildness, added to the awful effect of the tempest; nor was the situation in which we were otherwise placed one of great brightness."*

In the course of the night Lord Wellington received cer-

* Colonel Leith Hay, *Narrative of the Peninsular War*.

tain intelligence that General Clausel had arrived at Pollos on the 20th, with the cavalry and horse artillery of the army of the north; and his lordship was quite certain that these troops could join Marmont on the 22nd or 23rd at latest. There was, therefore, no time to be lost, and his lordship determined that, if circumstances should not permit him to attack Marmont on the morrow (the 22nd), he would move towards Ciudad Rodrigo without further loss of time, as the great difference in the numbers of cavalry might make a march of manœuvre, such as he had been making for the last four or five days, very difficult, and its result doubtful.* Marmont was favoured by some woods, which partially concealed his movements; on the morning of the 22nd some sharp skirmishing took place, and the French succeeded in gaining possession of the more distant of the two Arapiles, by which they would have it in their power to annoy, and, perhaps, turn the right of the British, and thus cut them off from Ciudad Rodrigo.

This rendered it necessary for Wellington to extend his right *en potence* to the heights behind the village of Arapiles, and to occupy that village with light infantry. After a variety of evolutions and movements on the part of Marmont, which seemed to denote that he had scarcely formed a plan, and which lasted from an early hour in the morning till two o'clock in the afternoon, he opened a very heavy cannonade. This artillery-firing did the allies very little damage, but under cover of it Marmont extended his left, and moved forward his troops, apparently with an intention to embrace, by the position of his troops, and by his fire, the post on that of the two Arapiles which the allies possessed, and from thence to attack and break Wellington's line, or, at all events, to render difficult any movement of the allies to their right. "But," adds Lord Wellington, "the extension of his left, and its advance upon our right, notwithstanding that his troops still occupied very strong ground, and his position was well defended by cannon, gave me an opportunity of attacking him, for which I had long been anxious." His lordship immediately strengthened his right, and made an impe-

* Despatch to Earl Bathurst, dated July 24th.

tuous attack. This masterly movement, which, in reality, decided the battle, has been praised, and that almost unanimously, by French military writers. Marmont's extended left was soon turned and beaten on the heights, and his front being attacked, gave way, and was driven from one height to another. Marshal Marmont, being severely wounded by a shell in the arm and side, gave up the command to General Bonnet. Wherever the French attempted to make a stand, they were charged with the bayonet. Bonnet being wounded, the command devolved upon Clausel, who had arrived on the field of battle, and who now withdrew the troops with great skill, and formed them into a new position nearly at right angles with their original one. His cavalry was numerous, his artillery very formidable.

But Lord Wellington directed a fresh attack, and our 6th division, ascending to Clausel's position under a sweeping fire of artillery and musketry, gained the level ground, and then charged with the bayonet; and our 4th division coming up at the opportune moment to aid the 6th, the French abandoned the ground in great confusion, and fled through the woods towards the Tormes. They were closely pursued by the 1st and light divisions, by General W. Anson's brigade of the 4th division, and by some squadrons of cavalry under General Sir Stapleton Cotton; but it was now dark night, and many of the French escaped under the cover of darkness, who must otherwise have been taken. The pursuit was renewed the next morning at break of day, and by the same troops, only strengthened by some brigades of cavalry which had joined during the night. The two cavalry brigades of General Bock and General Anstruther came up with the French rear of cavalry and infantry near La Serna, and, after a gallant charge made by two brigades of dragoons, the French cavalry fled, abandoning the infantry to their fate; and the whole body of that infantry, consisting of three battalions, were made prisoners. During their flight on the 23rd, the enemy were joined by the cavalry and artillery of the army of the north, which, through Wellington's prompt decision, had arrived too late to be of much use.

On the night of the 23rd, Clausel's head-quarters were at Flores de Avila, not less than ten leagues from the field of battle. Headlong as was this flight, they were, however,

followed very closely the whole way from Salamanca to Valladolid.

The loss of the French in this remarkable battle was very severe: 3 generals were killed, 4 wounded; 1 general, 6 field officers, 130 officers of inferior rank, and nearly 7,000 men were taken prisoners; their total loss in killed and wounded could not be ascertained; but there was no disguising the fact that they left two of their eagles and six colours in possession of the British. They also abandoned 20 pieces of artillery, several ammunition waggons, &c. The field of battle was very thick with dead. The allies alone had 694 killed and 4,270 wounded, out of which number 2,714 were British, 1,552 Portuguese, and all the rest—that is to say, *four*—Spaniards. The proportion of officers were very great; General Le Marchant was killed, and Generals Beresford, Leith, Cole, Spry, and Cotton, were wounded.*

In a letter to the Secretary-at-War (dated July 28th) Wellington said:—"It is difficult to judge of the exact loss of the French; but it is said to be, in all, between 17,000 and 20,000 men. They all agree, that, if we had had an hour more daylight, the whole army would have been in our hands. General Clausel, who is wounded, now commands the army. The only apprehension I have is, that, when the army of Portugal and the army of the king shall have joined, they will be too strong for us in cavalry. *I am convinced that their infantry will make no stand.*"

A report has been circulated, that the Duke of Wellington has been heard to say, that if called upon to name among his battles that on which he would be best contented to rest his reputation as a general, he would name Salamanca. It may reasonably be doubted whether the Duke, who could not bear to speak of his own exploits, and who constantly showed an aversion to set phrases and antitheses, ever uttered the words attributed to him; but, taken in conjunction with the long and brilliant movements which preceded it, the battle of Salamanca may be safely called one of the Duke's most glorious victories. The most that the great man said of the affair, at the time, was—"There was no mistake com-

* Wellington Despatches. Southey, Hist. of the War in the Peninsula. Major Sherer. Captain Hamilton. Napier. Leith Hay, &c.

mitted; everything went on as it ought; and there never was an army so beaten in so short a time We fell upon Marmont, turning his left flank; and I never saw an army receive such a beating."*

- * Letter to Lord Bathurst, and Letter to Sir Thomas Graham.

CAMPAIGN OF 1812 (*continued*).

HAVING clipped the wings of Marmont and Clausel at Salamanca, Lord Wellington marched against the French army of the centre, which, in order to favour the escape of the defeated force, had approached the flank of the allies.

On the 7th of August, his lordship commenced his movement on Madrid, by the route of Segovia, leaving a force on the Douro, under General Paget, to observe the motions of the enemy. Joseph Bonaparte could offer no serious resistance. Thrown into consternation by the unexpected and rapid advance of the allies, the intrusive king, after various movements in the field, fled, rather than retreated, from Madrid; and, on the 12th of August, Wellington and his army entered into that city, and were joyfully and triumphantly received as deliverers.

In consequence of the battle of Salamanca, and the advance on the Spanish capital, the position and moral condition of the French armies were materially changed. Marshal Soult, after threatening Sir Rowland Hill with a very superior force, had once more turned his face from Portugal, had given up the siege of Cadiz, and, abandoning Andalusia, was now concentrating his forces in Granada.* As Hill had nothing more to do on the Guadiana, he was directed, by Lord Wellington, to move to the Upper Tagus, and connect his operations with those of the main body of our army. This active and skilful general's movements obliged the fugitive king to undertake fresh flights: Joseph, who had retired to Toledo, flitted from that city to Almanza (near the scene of the battle which

* Hill, when menaced by the overwhelming force of Soult, retreated to the position of Albuera, which had now been defended by entrenchments and redoubts. The spot had a sinister sound in French ears; the marshal had no wish to play the bloody drama over again; and, after scanning the position, he withdrew without making any attempt.

Lord Galway had lost in Queen Anne's days, during the war of succession), from which point he could communicate both with Soult and Suchet. All the contingencies on which the retention of Madrid by the allies, or the only alternative, a retreat, depended, turned out unfavourable to our victorious leader. The Anglo-Sicilian army, which was to have made so powerful a diversion by landing on the east coast of Spain, being woefully managed and conducted, did very little when it got there; the various Spanish generals, whose co-operation had been hoped for, had been risking field-battles, and losing them, and were now nowhere. In the neighbourhood of Madrid, the Spaniards made no active exertions against the common enemy; they had nothing in the field but a few bands of guerillas. From the day of his arrival, it was made apparent to Wellington that he could calculate with security on nothing but his own troops. Four years of French military occupation, and forced contribution, never left full coffers anywhere. The British commander-in-chief could not realize at Madrid, by drafts upon the British treasury, a sum of money adequate to the most pressing wants of his army.* It was, therefore, in vain to think of remaining at Madrid, where, if the allied army had not first been starved, three or four French armies, presenting a total of more than 100,000 men, must have closed round it, and have cut off all retreat. The alternative now left to Lord Wellington was either to move to the north against Clausel, or to move to the south against Soult. He determined on the first of these movements, hoping that, although Clausel had received large reinforcements, he might be able to give him some such lesson as he had bestowed on Marmont at Salamanca. Leaving two divisions under Hill, near Madrid, his lordship, on the first of September, marched back towards Valladolid. His troops required many things, but the Spanish capital could furnish nothing. Some heavy guns were wanted for siege work, and of these there were plenty in Madrid; but there were no cattle to draw them. His lordship could not find means of moving even *one* of those guns with him.†

* Wellington Despatches.

† Wellington Despatches, Letter to the Earl of Liverpool. This remarkable letter, written after the retreat, and dated Ciudad Rodrigo, November 23rd, 1812, conveys a most perfect idea of the difficulties

On the 7th of September, his lordship re-entered Valladolid. On the 19th, the allied army entered Burgos, the French falling back to Briviesca, but leaving 2,000 men, under General Dubreton, in the castle of Burgos. His lordship immediately endeavoured to try whether he could not reduce this important fortress before the French should have time to join and come up with him. But he was badly provided with artillery, and the other means required for such a siege; the place proved much stronger than had been expected; the Spanish General Ballasteros scandalously failed in his engagements; Soult and King Joseph were coming on with 70,000 men; and, on the 21st of October, the siege of Burgos was raised, and the allied army retired in good order to Valencia, where it was joined by a fresh brigade from England, under Lord Dalhousie, who had landed at Coruña, and boldly marched through the northern provinces. General Hill, who had been left with the two divisions near Madrid, was carefully and skilfully retreating upon Salamanca. The French army from the north, now under the command of Souham, got close upon the main body of the allies, and repeatedly attacked and harassed our rear-guard, until they reached the river Douro at Tudela, when Souham halted, waiting to be joined by Soult from the south. Lord Wellington halted not, but, crossing the river on the 29th of October, continued his retreat to the Tormes, being joined, on his way thither, on the 3rd of November, by Sir Rowland Hill. This junction was most admirably effected. After getting across the Douro, and giving the hand to Hill, his lordship congratulated himself on his success. "I assure you," he wrote to one of the heads of Government, "that, considering the number of the enemy (among whom is Caffarelli's infantry, as well as his cavalry), and considering the state of the Spanish troops, the great proportion of foreign troops in the divisions which I have with me, and their general weakness, and the weakness of our cavalry, I think I have escaped from the worst military situation I was ever in."

with which our army had to contend, through the poverty of the country, and the indolence, improvidence, thoughtlessness, and laxity of the

Despatches, Letter to Earl Bathurst, dated Rueda,

Souham and Soult joined their forces, which were now estimated at 75,000 foot and 12,000 cavalry; while Wellington's army, counting Spaniards and all, did not exceed 48,000 foot and 5,000 horse. Nevertheless, posting his forces on the Dos Arapiles, near Salamanca, he, on the 14th of November, offered the enemy battle; but, having seen that Soult and Souham were determined not to attack him on the good ground he had chosen, and the field of his recent victory, his lordship moved the greater part of his troops through Salamanca on the 15th, and on the 16th pressed his retreat on Ciudad Rodrigo. The weather was deplorable, the country swamped, and every road spoiled by heavy rains; the whole region was bare of provisions, famine-stricken; our troops suffered cruel privations, but sustained none but the most trifling injuries from the enemy. By the 20th of November, the whole of the allied army was safe across the Agueda. The main body of the British and Portuguese were then distributed in their old cantonments within the frontier of Portugal, between the Agueda and the Coa; and Hill's corps, moving into Spanish Estremadura, took up cantonments near Coria, and towards the Tagus. Portugal was as safe as if her great deliverer had never for a moment quitted her territory.

Thus ended the great campaign of 1812, which was not much less remarkable and glorious in its retreat from Burgos than in its victory at Salamanca. While the army remained in quiet winter-quarters, Lord Wellington still further improved its discipline, and took measures to promote a still greater facility and rapidity of movement, when it should be again called into the field. But, in some important essentials, the home government did not supply his lordship with a sufficiently liberal hand: his cavalry remained too weak, and his siege *materiel* was defective to the last. This paltry government saving was effected at the cost of the lives of thousands of our bravest soldiers, who fell at San Sebastian and elsewhere.

After alluding to loud accusations and outcries raised by a certain political party in England on receipt of the intelligence of the retreat from Burgos, a gallant officer says with commendable spirit:—

“By such base and contemptible clamour it was little pro-

bable that Lord Wellington would be moved. No man ever sacrificed less to the acquisition of mere temporary and vulgar popularity; none has ever done more to secure the lasting gratitude of his country. He knew that the campaign which had thus exposed him to contumely and abuse, had shed fresh and unfading lustre on the British arms. It had been marked by three signal triumphs, the reduction of Ciudad Rodrigo, of Badajoz, and by the victory at Salamanca. These had been achieved at a time when the military power of the Spanish was at the lowest ebb. With an army whose effective force did not certainly exceed 60,000 men, he had traversed the interior of Spain—defeated a powerful army—occupied the capital—liberated the southern provinces—and, by a series of nicely calculated manœuvres, baffled the pursuit of an enemy overpoweringly superior. At the very period when all this had been effected, the enemy had a force of two hundred thousand men in the Peninsula, commanded by leaders of high name and pretensions, and whose fame had become familiar to all Europe."

CAMPAIGN OF 1813.

THE glorious warfare of this year did not terminate until Lord Wellington had invaded the South of France, and had obtained a firm footing in that country.

Doing at last what they ought to have done at first, the Spanish provisional government made Lord Wellington the Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish armies, and took some measures to improve the discipline and effectiveness of their troops. In the main, however, these things remained but as a good intention, for the regency had hardly any money except what they received from England; and the pride, ignorance, and indocility of the Spanish commanders and field officers, and the slothfulness and indiscipline of the Spanish soldiers, were evils not to be remedied of a sudden, or in the course of one trying campaign.

Therefore the only army upon which Wellington could rely for field operations consisted of about 63,000 British and Portuguese infantry, and about 6,000 cavalry. His lordship commenced active operations about the middle of May, causing the allied army to enter Spain in three separate bodies; the left under Sir Thomas Graham, the hero of Barrosa, the right under the indefatigable Hill, and the centre under his own immediate command. The combined movements of these three divisions were so well managed that the French were taken by surprise. On the 1st of June they were in full retreat before Graham, and Graham being joined by Wellington these two divisions pushed forward for Valladolid. On the 3rd of June, Hill effected his junction, and the allied army was also joined by the Spanish army of Galicia, and by a Spanish force from the south. As Lord Wellington advanced, Joseph Bonaparte fled from Madrid, for the last of many times. He was followed by his court and retainers, who hastily packed up what they could carry

with them. The French army retired to Burgos, where they had strengthened the works of the castle. But on the 12th of June, Wellington being near at hand, the French abandoned Burgos, blew up the fortifications of the castle, and retreated to the Ebro. This line, so much nearer to their own frontiers, they thought they could defend; and they threw a strong garrison into the fortress, and did everything to render the passage of the Ebro dangerous or difficult. But finding out a new road through a rugged country, Lord Wellington completely turned the French position on the Ebro, and drove them back upon Vittoria, after an engagement at Osma.

VITTORIA.

A. D. 1813. June 21.

By the 20th of June, the whole of the allied army was beyond the Ebro, and concentrated near Vittoria. On the 19th, the enemy, commanded by Joseph Bonaparte, having Marshal Jourdan as his major-general and director, had taken up a strong position in front of Vittoria, their left resting upon the heights which terminate at La Puebla de Arganzon, and extending from thence across the valley of the Zadorra, in front of the village of Arinez; the right of their centre occupying a height which commanded the valley of the Zadorra, and their right being stationed at the town of Vittoria, being destined to defend the passages of the river Zadorra, in the neighbourhood; they had a reserve in the rear of their left, at the village of Gomecha. By this disposition, the French covered the three great roads from Madrid, Bilbao, and Logroño, which unite at Vittoria. Though few on either side may have thought of them, there were traditions and reminiscences attached to the spot: on the ridges which the French army occupied, or in the country within sight of them, our Edward the Black Prince had fought and won the great battle of Najara, defeating the French army of Bertram du Guesclin. The nature of the country through which the allied army had passed since it had reached the Ebro had necessarily extended its columns, and Wellington halted on the 20th in order to close them up. He also moved his left to the ground where it was most likely it would be required, and carefully reconnoitred King Joseph's or Marshal Jourdan's position, with a view to the attack to be made on the following morning, if the French should still remain in it. The enemy kept their ground, and early on the morning of the 21st of June the glorious battle of Vittoria was begun.

The operations of the day commenced by General Sir Rowland Hill obtaining possession of the heights of La Puebla, on which the enemy's left rested. At the moment of Hill's attack, Jourdan reinforced his troops stationed on those heights, and, after the heights had been carried by the allies, he made repeated and desperate efforts to recover them; but all was in vain, and Hill's battalions, among whom was a Spanish brigade, under General Morillo, kept possession of those important heights throughout the battle. The contest here was, however, very severe, and the loss sustained considerable: General Morillo was wounded, but remained on the field; Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. Cadogan was mortally wounded, but though he knew that he was dying, he had himself carried to a place whence he could see all the operations. Under cover of the possession of these well-defended heights, Sir Rowland Hill, with all the rest of his division, successively passed the Zadorra, at La Puebla and the defile formed by the heights and the river Zadorra, and attacked and gained possession of the village of Subijana de Alava, which also stood on a height. Here, too, the French made desperate efforts to recover possession; but they were not more successful than they had been at La Puebla. Jourdan now ordered the French left to fall back for the defence of the city of Vittoria. In the mean while the rest of the allied army had come, or was fast coming, into action; moving on in two other separate columns of attack. The difficult nature of the country prevented the communication between these two columns, and between either of them and Hill's column, which formed our right. For some time Wellington was left in an anxious state of uncertainty, not knowing whether Hill had succeeded, or whether the column under the command of the Earl of Dalhousie had arrived at the station appointed for it. But everything went well, and as he had ordered, the combined movements were all executed with rare precision, both as to place and time. The fourth and light divisions, under General Cole, and forming part of our middle column, crossed the Zadorra by the bridges of Nanciaras and Tras Puentes, immediately after Sir Rowland Hill had got possession of Subijana de Alava; and, almost as soon as these had crossed, the Earl Dalhousie's column arrived at Mendoza; and the third division, under Sir

Thomas Picton, crossed at a bridge higher up, being immediately followed by the seventh division, led on by Dalhousie in person. As the allied divisions passed the river, the scene exhibited to those on the heights was one of the most animating ever beheld by soldiers. "The whole country," says one who was both an actor and a spectator, "seemed to be filled with troops; the sun shone bright, not a cloud obscured the brilliant and glowing atmosphere. From right to left, as far as the eye could reach, scarcely the most diminutive space intervened between bodies of troops, either already engaged or rapidly advancing into action; artillery and musketry were heard in one continued, uninterrupted volume of sound; and, although the great force of French cannon had not yet opened upon the assailants, the fire had already become exceedingly violent." These four united divisions, now forming the centre of the allied army, were destined to attack the height which commanded the valley of the Zadorra, and on which the right of the French centre was placed, while Sir Rowland Hill should move forward from Subijana de Alava to attack the left; but Jourdan having weakened his line, to strengthen his detachments on the hills, abandoned his position in the valley of the Zadorra as soon as he saw Wellington's disposition to attack it, and commenced his retreat in good order towards Vittoria. Before retreating, the French had met the heads of our advancing columns with a destructive fire; but General Picton's division—the always fighting third—having come in contact with a strong body of the enemy, had driven it back, and had taken its guns.

As Jourdan fell back upon Vittoria, closing up his long lines, which had been far too much extended, our troops continued to advance in admirable order, notwithstanding the difficulty of the ground. In the mean time, while this was passing in front, General Sir Thomas Graham, moving along the road from Bilbao with our left, had attacked the French right, which was posted on the heights beyond the Zadorra, above the village of Abechuco, and had dislodged it from thence, and then, ascending the right bank of the Zadorra towards the Bayonne road, he carried the village of Gamarra Mayor; and at nearly the same time, the Spanish division of Longa carried the village of Gamarra Menor, which is on

the right bank of the river opposite the Bayonne road, that runs along the left bank, the heights of which were occupied by two divisions of French infantry in reserve. In the execution of these services, Graham's divisions, including Spanish as well as Portuguese troops, were closely and desperately engaged, and all behaved admirably; some Portuguese Caçadores particularly distinguishing themselves. The enemy had a division of infantry advanced on the great road from Vittoria to Bilbao, in order to keep open the line of retreat to the latter city; and the right of this division rested on some strong heights, which cover the village of Gamarra Mayor. Both Gamarra Mayor and Abechuco were strongly occupied as *têtes de ponts*, and could not be carried without great difficulty. It was Major-General Robertson's brigade of the fifth division that most gallantly stormed and carried Gamarra Mayor, advancing in columns of battalions, under a very heavy fire of artillery and musketry, and without firing a shot. Robertson's brigade was, however, assisted by two guns of Major Lawson's brigade of artillery. At this village the enemy suffered severely, and lost three more pieces of cannon. The village of Abechuco had been carried by Colonel Halkett's brigade, supported by General Bradford's brigade of Portuguese infantry, and covered by a strong battery, consisting of horse and foot artillery. During the attack at Abechuco, the French had made the greatest efforts to re-possess themselves of the village of Gamarra Mayor, but they had been gallantly repulsed by the fifth division, under the command of Major-General Oswald.

When the French had been driven from all their positions, and their main body had been driven through the town of Vittoria, the whole of the allied army co-operated in the pursuit, which was continued by all till after it was dark. The movements of the troops under Sir Thomas Graham, and their possession of Gamarra and Abechuco, and of the Bayonne road, intercepted the enemy's retreat by that highway to France. They were, therefore, obliged to turn to the road leading to Pamplona; and they were unable to hold any position beyond Vittoria for sufficient length of time to allow their baggage, stores, and artillery, to be drawn off. The whole, therefore, of the artillery which had not already

been taken by Lord Wellington's troops in their successive attacks of positions, together with all their ammunition and baggage, and nearly everything else they had, was captured close to Vittoria. "I have reason to believe," wrote his lordship, "that the enemy carried off with them one gun and one howitzer only." As darkness set in, the French columns mixed and dispersed, running off in all directions. The intruder Joseph had a very narrow escape; his travelling-carriage, his papers, were taken; and several of his attendants were captured or cut down, or shot in their flight by the revengeful Spaniards. To the French it was an irremediable, a fatal defeat—it was the most complete reverse they ever experienced in the Peninsula; and few battles anywhere have been more decisive. The immense quantity of artillery introduced by Bonaparte into his armies, had made it imperative on Wellington to increase the number of his own guns; and never previously had so large a body of British artillery been engaged as at Vittoria.

The French army rallied at no point of its line; nor was there the slightest effort made by them, after passing the city of Vittoria, to check the rapid pursuit of the allies. To escape with nothing but life, and the clothes on their backs, seemed to have become their sole object. Their artillery-drivers cut their traces, left their guns on the uneven rough ground, and galloped off with their horses. The amount of spoil gathered by the pursuers was immense, and of the most varied description, resembling, in many particulars, the spoils of an Oriental, rather than those of a European army. Joseph Bonaparte, who had been nicknamed by the sober Spaniards "King of the Cooks," "Little Joseph of the Bottles," was a self-indulging, luxurious, sensual, voluptuous man; and wherever he went he carried with him all his luxuries and means of enjoyment.* His splendid sideboard of plate, his larder, and his cellar, or its choicest contents, fell into the hands of the conquerors; his fine wardrobe, some of his women, and some of his plunder, including splendid pictures by the old Spanish masters, were taken also. Many of the French officers had followed Joseph's example as far as their means allowed; and thus the finest wines and the choicest viands were picked up in profusion.' The wives and mistresses of

* Pictorial History.

the officers had gathered together in one house, where they were safe, and from whence they were sent in their own carriages with a flag of truce to Pamplona. Poodles, parrots, and monkeys, were among the prisoners. Seldom has such a scene of confusion been witnessed as that which the roads leading from the field of battle presented; broken-down waggons, stocked with claret and champagne, others laden with eatables dressed and undressed, casks of brandy, apparel of every kind, barrels of money, books, papers, sheep, cattle, horses, and mules, abandoned in the flight. The baggage was presently rifled, and the followers of the camp attired themselves in the gala-dresses of the flying enemy. Portuguese boys figured about in the dress-coats of French general officers; and they who happened to draw a woman's wardrobe in the lottery, converted silks, satins, and embroidered muslins into scarfs and sashes for their masquerade triumph. Some of the more fortunate soldiers got possession of the army chest, and loaded themselves with money The camp of every division was like a fair, benches were laid from waggon to waggon, and there the soldiers held an auction through the night, and disposed of such plunder as had fallen to their share, to any one who would purchase it. "The soldiers of the army," said Lord Wellington, "have got among them about a million sterling in money, with the exception of about 100,000 dollars which were got for the military chest." Among the innumerable trophies of the field was the baton or marshal's staff of Jourdan. Lord Wellington sent it to the Prince Regent, who gave him in return the baton of a field-marshal of Great Britain. Of arms and materials of war there were taken 151 pieces of brass ordnance, 415 caissons, more than 14,000 round of ammunition, nearly 2,000,000 of musket ball-cartridges, 40,668 lbs. of gunpowder, 56 forage-waggons, and 44 forge-waggons. When the battle began, the numerical strength of the two armies was about equal. But on the side of the allies, the Spaniards, though they behaved better than they had hitherto done, were not to be compared with the French soldiery. The French had in many actions made greater slaughter of a Spanish army; but they had never, in any one instance, reduced an army, even of raw volunteers, to such a state of total wreck. They saved themselves from

destruction or from captivity, by abandoning the whole matériel of the army, and by running like a mob. Only about 1,000 of them were taken, for, lightened of their usual burthens, they ran with wonderful alacrity; the country was too much intersected with canals and ditches for our cavalry to act with effect in pursuit; and our infantry, who moved in military order, could not be expected to keep up with a rout of fugitives. Moreover—as Wellington deeply regretted—the spoils of the field occupied and detained his troops; and the money, the wine, and the other luxuries they obtained induced some degree of sluggishness. This has happened in all similar cases. And there still remains to be added, that the troops, in their long march from the Portuguese frontier, had worn out their shoes, and were, in good part, barefooted; while, owing to the slowness with which his supplies had been sent up, Wellington had no new shoes to give them.

The French acknowledged a loss, in killed and wounded, of 8,000 men; but their loss was unquestionably much greater. The total loss of the allies was 740 killed, and 4,174 wounded. Lord Wellington was liberal and even enthusiastic in his praise of all engaged—of officers and men. He particularly acknowledged his obligations to Generals Graham and Hill, General Morillo, and General the Honourable W. Stewart, Generals the Earl of Dalhousie, Sir Thomas Picton, Sir Lowry Cole; to his Quartermaster-General, Sir George Murray, who had again given the greatest assistance; to Lord Aylmer, the deputy adjutant-general; and to many others, including Sir Richard Fletcher and the officers of the Royal Engineers. All the more scientific parts of the army had indeed been vastly improved since the time when Wellington first took the command of our forces in the Peninsula; and the department of the quartermaster-general, upon which so much depends, and the service of the Engineers, had been brought from a very defective to an all but perfect condition, by Sir George Murray, Aylmer, Fletcher, and other able and painstaking men. Wellington also mentioned in his despatch that his serene highness the hereditary Prince of Orange (afterwards King of Holland) was in the field as his aide-de-camp, and conducted himself with his usual gallantry and intelligence.

The news of this decisive battle of Vittoria gave strength,

spirit, and union, to the allied armies acting against Bonaparte in Germany, dissipated the last misgivings and indecisions of Austria, broke up the congress assembled at Prague, in Bohemia, which before would have treated with the French, and have left them in possession of many of their conquests; and it gave to the voice of the British Government and its envoys a vast increase of consideration and influence. Without this battle of Vittoria and its glorious results in June, there would have been no battle of Leipzig in October.

King Joseph hardly once looked back until he had reached the strong walls of Pamplona, in Navarre, among lofty mountains, the offshoots of the Pyrenean chain.

CAMPAIGN OF 1813 (*Continued*).

THE battle of Vittoria gave Joseph Bonaparte his passport out of Spain. "The whole plunder of Spain was disgorged in a moment; and he who had passed the Pyrenees as a monarch, recrossed them as a fugitive." *

Sir Thomas Graham continued to push the enemy along the road, to Bayonne, beating them from every position in which they attempted to make a stand. In this cheering chase the Spaniards plucked up heart. The enemy were driven across the Bidassao, the boundary river between Spain and France, by a brigade of the Gallician army under General Castaños. By the 30th of June the garrison of Passages, a post with a harbour of considerable importance, surrendered to the Spanish general Longa, and St. Sebastian was blockaded by a detachment of Spanish troops.

In retiring from the Ebro the French had left a garrison in Pancorbo. Against this place Lord Wellington detached the Spanish reserve under the Count de Bisbal, who, on the first of July, forced the castle to capitulate, and made all the garrison prisoners.

After a very short stay in Pamplona, Joseph had withdrawn his wings from the Spanish territory, leaving three divisions of his centre, under General Gazan, in the Pyrenean valley of El Bastan, a fertile and very defensible country. But Wellington sent Sir Rowland Hill in one direction, and Lord Dalhousie in another, to fall upon Gazan; and, after a few skilful manœuvres and brilliant attacks, the French, driven from every post, were compelled to evacuate that district, and to seek safety in their own country, on the other side the Pyrenees.

The day after our great victory, General Clausel, ignorant of what had happened, advanced to Vittoria, which he found

* Captain Hamilton, *Annals*.

occupied by General Pakenham's division. Informed, now, of the dismal catastrophe which had befallen Joseph and Marshal Jourdan, Clausel instantly retreated on Logrono, where he remained several days in a state of bewilderment. Finding that Lord Wellington had completely barred his direct road to France, he now fell back upon Saragosa, by forced marches, and from that city he fled to the mountain pass of Jaca. Clausel entered France on the 2nd of July, but he had been compelled to leave his artillery behind him, and his heavy baggage and some hundreds of his people were captured by the famed guerilla chief Mina, who had hotly pursued him from Logrono to Saragosa, and from Saragosa to the borders of France.

Thus with the exception of the garrisons of Pamplona and St. Sebastian, the French had now entirely cleared out of Spain. Pamplona was placed under blockade by a corps of Spaniards. St. Sebastian was invested forthwith; and Sir Thomas Graham, with the first and fifth divisions of our army, was left to prosecute the siege.

After almost incredible exertions, and vexations and delays arising from want of provisions, want of military stores, and *want of money*, Lord Wellington fixed his head-quarters at Ostiz, at the foot of the Pyrenees, and began to divide and dispose his troops so as to secure the passes of those mountains and the roads leading from France. This was no easy operation, for the mountain range to be guarded was not less than sixty English miles in length, the practicable passes were not two or three, but six or eight, and there were other rough roads or paths across the Pyrenees, and running between or turning the greater passes, which might be traversed by an enemy so light and active and so accustomed to mountain warfare as the French. Lord Wellington estimated all the passes, good and bad, at not less than *seventy*. It should seem as if the government at home fancied that he might defend the Pyrenees as he had done the heights of Torres Vedras, without allowing the French to penetrate anywhere; but he showed them beforehand that this was impossible.* A change was now indeed about to take place in the character of the contest. It had already

* Letter to the Earl of Liverpool, dated Lezaca, 25th July, in Despatches.

been proved that in a *rase campagne*, or in any situation approaching to an open country, the veterans of France were not a match for the British infantry; but now the allied army was to defend a series of mountain defiles, in a country where neither cavalry nor artillery could be employed; our troops were about to enter into a struggle for which they were unprepared by any former experience; while the system of mountain warfare was one for which the lightness and activity of the French troops peculiarly fitted them, and in which they had hitherto been considered unrivalled.*

Our sentinels now looked down from the rugged frontier of Spain upon the level and cultivated plains of France, which lay in sunshine at their feet. Thus, in five and forty days from the opening of this memorable campaign, Wellington had conducted the allied army from the frontiers of Portugal to the confines of France; he had marched 400 miles, had gained one of the completest victories, had driven the French right through a country abounding in strong positions, had liberated Spain, and was now standing as a conqueror on the skirts of France, who had been sending forth her armies to invade all the countries of Europe.†

The Emperor of the French once more sent Marshal Soult to measure swords with our great commander. Soult was to take the entire command of the defeated troops, to re-equip them, to gather up formidable reinforcements, to lead his masses rapidly against Wellington, to clear the French frontier of the odious presence of the English, to re-open the passes of the Pyrenees, to relieve Pamplona and St. Sebastian, and to drive the allied army behind the Ebro. By the 13th of July, Soult, to all appearance full of confidence, reached the frontier, and took the command. To revive the spirits of his soldiers he issued one of those boastful proclamations, to which the French were so much addicted. "I have borne testimony to the Emperor," said Soult, "of your bravery and zeal: his instructions are that you must drive the enemy from these heights, which enable them to look proudly down on our fertile valleys, and then chase them beyond the Ebro. It is on the Spanish soil that your

* Captain Hamilton, *Annals of the Peninsular Campaign*.

† Major Sherer, *Military Memoirs of the Duke*.

tents must next be pitched, and your resources drawn. Let the account of our successes be dated from Vittoria, and let the fête day of his imperial majesty be celebrated in that city!" When that auspicious day arrived, the 15th of August, Marshal Soult and his army, instead of being at Vittoria, were on the wrong side of the Pyrenees, after having been repeatedly beaten and scattered; and the allied army, instead of having been driven beyond the Ebro, was on the Bidassao, with a firm footing in France.

BATTLES OF THE PYRENEES.

A. D. 1813. July 25-6, August.

HAVING given the most minute instructions for rendering safe and effectual the blockade of Pamplona, a very strong fortress, wherein were shut up some 4,000 French troops, who had more than 200 cannon in battery, Wellington quitted the upper passes of the Pyrenees, and went down to the shores of the Atlantic, to superintend the siege of San Sebastian, with some faint hope of carrying that formidable place before Soult should put himself in motion. But his lordship's means for pressing a siege were, as they ever had been, exceedingly defective, and both the fortress and the garrison were found to be even stronger than he had expected. On the 14th of July, batteries were opened against the convent of San Bartolomeo and outworks. Leaving Sir Thomas Graham to conduct the siege according to a plan which his lordship had drawn up, the commander-in-chief returned to the main body of his army.

On the 17th of July, the convent and a redoubt were carried by assault; but, on the 25th, one of our storming parties was repulsed, and hurled back, with the loss of 500 killed and wounded, and 100 taken. Upon this disastrous intelligence, Wellington galloped back to the coast; and, finding that even the ammunition was almost exhausted, he gave his orders to suspend the operations of the siege for a time, and to blockade the place, and guard the seaward pass, to prevent the arrival of any succour from France.

The night of this very day, as he was riding to his headquarters, now established at Lezaca, Wellington received the reports that the great army of Soult, from 70,000 to 80,000 strong, was in rapid motion; that the French had overpowered his troops in two of the mountain-passes on the right of the allied army, had penetrated with overwhelming num-

bers into the valleys of the Pyrenees, and were pressing onwards for Pamplona. "Well," said the general to the officer who thus reported, "we must do the best we can to stop them!" And stop them he did, after a whole week of brilliant manœuvres, rapid movements, and almost constant fighting.

Soult, with admirable diligence and ability, had reorganized his army, in nine divisions of infantry, two of dragoons, and one of cavalry. He had been strongly reinforced, other reinforcements were forming in his rear on the Garonne; and he had been well supplied with artillery, arms, ammunition, and stores. On the evening of the 24th of July, he had suddenly collected between 30,000 and 40,000 men on the French side of the Pyrenees, at St. Jean Pied de Port, near the opening of the pass of Roncesvalles. At the same time, another column of attack, 13,000 strong, was assembled at Espeletta, near the pass of Maya. His plan was to attack at one and the same time the pass of Roncesvalles and the pass of Maya, the roads from which converge on Pamplona; and, accordingly, under cover of some feints and manœuvres, principally made by some thousands of National Guards, attached to his regular army, which distracted the attention of the allies towards other roads or paths, the French rushed into those two passes early on the 25th, Soult leading in person the greater column.

In both of the passes, and on the heights above them, there was desperate fighting. They fought on the mountain tops, which could scarcely have witnessed any other combat than that of the Pyrenean eagles; they fought among jagged rocks, and over profound abysses; they fought amidst clouds and mists, for those mountain tops were 5,000 feet above the level of the plains of France, and the rains, which had fallen in torrents during several preceding days, were evaporating in the morning and noon-day sun, were steaming heavenward, and clothing the loftiest peaks with fantastic wreaths.

The British disputed nearly every foot of ground, only yielding, at last, to the immeasurable superiority of numbers, and then retreating, in admirable order, to good positions. In the Maya Pass alone, where a handful of men opposed, for a long time, an immense and condensed French column, and where General Stewart never had more than 4,000 or 5,000

men to bring into action against the 13,000 fighting men of General d'Erlon, the allies lost 1,600 men in killed and wounded; of this number, 1,400 were British troops. All here had fought heroically; but the 92nd Regiment suffered most in the unequal contest. The advancing enemy was stopped by the mass of its dead and dying; it never gave way until two-thirds of its men, who were principally natives of Ireland, had fallen to the ground, and even then it rallied on the secondary position. These dauntless Irishmen would, indeed, have graced Thermopylæ. D'Erlon had purchased his very imperfect advantage at a dear price: the number of his killed and wounded could not be ascertained, but it was estimated roundly at 1,800 men; and, what was of equal importance, was the fact that, after the bloody lesson they had received in the Maya Pass—after seeing how a diminutive number of British troops could stand, even when taken by surprise, in an isolated position—his men became uncommonly shy of fighting.

Marshal Soult's great plan was deranged by the protracted stay of this corps on the Col de Maya, and several ingenious theories have been spun to account for D'Erlon's long delay; but it appears to us that this delay was chiefly, if not wholly, attributable to the discouragement of his troops. In the Roncesvalles Pass, General Cole, with 10,000 or 11,000 bayonets, long opposed the 30,000 bayonets of Soult, and when he gave way it was only by a slow and orderly retreat, and to a position where the French did not dare to attack him. Cole lost about 380 men in killed and wounded, and Soult himself acknowledged a loss of 400 men. The French marshal had not gained ten miles of advance; and, from the two passes which he had forced, the distance to Pamplona was not less than twenty-two miles, with strong defensive positions, and intrepid and increasing enemies between. Upon these considerations, and on account of the immovableness and torpidity of D'Erlon's corps, Soult must indeed have felt that this day's operations were unsatisfactory. After the two passes had been forced, Picton, with the third and fourth divisions, retired leisurely, and in beautiful order, before Soult; and on the 27th took up a position, in battle order, to cover the large Spanish division that was blockading Pamplona, the first great object of Soult's advance. At the

same time Sir Rowland Hill fell back and took post at Trurita. Sir George Murray, the Quartermaster-General, at the critical moment, had taken upon himself some heavy responsibility; and his movements and arrangements were approved and applauded by Wellington, who on this day joined the main body of the army on the field. The commander-in-chief was received with enthusiastic cheers by the soldiers, who thus intimated the little doubt they had of being able to drive Soult back across the Pyrenees. There was the same enthusiasm everywhere. On his way to the main body, as he had ridden past the several corps, which were all instantly put in motion, with his own clear orders for their guidance, he was loudly cheered by all the men. The disposable forces of the allies were now concentrated to the right; but their numbers were much reduced by the blockades of Pamplona and San Sebastian. Soult formed his army on the right of a mountain, right opposite to the allies; and on the evening of the 27th he moved down and made a partial attack on Wellington's fourth division. The French were foiled and beaten—repulsed even at some points by the Spanish infantry, which they had so long despised. It was made evident that the French veterans, who had been engaged in Spain against the British, had lost much of their vivacity and confidence, and that a party of Soult's reinforcements consisted of conscripts and new levies, who were hardly equal to a contest with such of the Spanish regiments as had submitted to any degree of discipline. On the other side, the novel sight of the French flying from their levelled bayonets, gave the Spaniards great encouragement. But, unluckily, Spanish valour continued to the last to be subject to hot and cold fits; and, through the bad qualities of the great majority of their officers, their discipline could never be perfect. On the following day—the 28th of July, and the fourth anniversary of the battle of Talavera—Soult renewed his attack, and this time in full force. First he fell upon our left, and then he fell on the centre of the British position, which was drawn up on the hills. Nearly the whole brunt of this attack of an army was borne by a single division—by our fourth division under Sir Lowry Cole, who repulsed the French with the bayonet. In one single instance the French succeeded in overpowering a

Portuguese battalion, on the right of General Ross's brigade. This obliged Ross to retire, and thereupon the enemy established themselves for a moment in the line of the allies. But Wellington directed the 27th and 48th Regiments to charge them, and the French were presently driven down the hill at the bayonet's point, and with a frightful loss. Soon after the fighting ceased: the French had had more than enough of it.

The next day, the 29th, the two armies remained inactive; Soult evidently doubting of his power to break through the allies to relieve Pamplona. He resolved, however, to make one effort more before carrying his tamed eagles back to France; and, giving up all thoughts of forcing Wellington's centre, he moved off a large body on his right with the purpose of turning the British left by a sudden, heavy, concentrated attack on Sir Rowland Hill. If this attack should succeed entirely, he might be enabled to relieve, by a continued movement to his right, not Pamplona, but San Sebastian; or, if it succeeded but partially, it would open to the French a better line of retreat than they now possessed, and put him in communication with his strong reserve on the Bidassoa, under the command of General Villatte.

On the 30th, Soult, by manœuvring on the left flank of Hill's corps, obliged that general to retreat from one height to another range about a mile in the rear; but, when the French attacked Hill on that second height, they were repulsed with loss. They repeated their assault upon Hill's front; but Hill was reinforced by troops that marched rapidly from the British centre to the left, and the French brigade was driven down the slopes by the death-dealing bayonets. Every effort of the French ended in the same disaster; and while Soult was vainly throwing his columns against Hill, Wellington attacked the French corps in his own front. These corps had been weakened in order to strengthen their right and dislodge Hill, but they occupied a very strong position between the valley of the Lanz, and the valley of the Arga; they were in possession of the strong village of Ostiz; they were protected by rocks and woods, and their ground was lofty, and, to a timid eye, impregnable. But Picton was sent to turn the left of this position by the road of Roncesvalles, and Lord Dalhousie, with the seventh

division, was sent across other mountains to turn the right. Our soldiers scrambled over the steep and rugged heights like the goats that were native to them. Picton and Dalhousie turned the two flanks, and attacked with the greatest spirit, driving the French out of Ostiz: and, as soon as these flank movements had taken effect, Sir Lowry Cole attacked the enemy right in front with two British and two Portuguese battalions. The French soon gave way, and fled precipitately. They were pursued by Lord Wellington as far as Olague; and here, at sunset, a halt was called, this part of our army being in the rear of the great French right which had been engaging Sir Rowland Hill, and which had been so well beaten by him. Foiled at all points, every part of the French army began to retreat, under cover of darkness, and they kept marching throughout the night. Soult tried no more. At one time his foremost division had been within two short leagues of Pamplona, but he had not been able to do the least thing for that important fortress, the blockaded French garrison of which heard for several successive days the not distant firing, telling them of the desperate efforts made by their countrymen to relieve them, and the resolute determination of the allies that they should not be relieved. On the morning of the 31st Soult's scattered and dismayed forces were in full retreat into France, followed by the allies, who succeeded in taking many prisoners and much baggage.

These various combats are called the "battles of the Pyrenees." The fighting had been of the hardest kind. In a private letter, written just after the events, Wellington said, "I never saw such fighting as we have had here. It began on the 25th of July, and, excepting the 29th, when not a shot was fired, we had it every day till the 2nd of August. The battle of the 28th was fair *bludgeon* work. The fourth division was principally engaged, and the loss of the enemy was immense. Our loss has likewise been very severe, but not of a nature to cripple us." The entire loss of the allies, including the casualties of the pursuit, amounted to about 6,200 men. "I hope," says Wellington, "that Soult will not feel any inclination to renew his expedition. The French army must have suffered considerably. Between the 25th of last month and the 2nd of this, they were engaged seriously not less than ten times; on many occa-

sions in attacking very strong positions, in others beat from them or pursued. I understand that their officers say they have lost 15,000 men. I thought so; but, as they say so, I now think more. I believe we have about 4,000 prisoners. It is strange enough that our diminution of strength up to the 31st did not exceed 1,500 men, although I believe our casualties are 6,000."

But if all Wellington's orders had been properly obeyed by the officers in command of detached corps, if some of the Spaniards had been where they ought to have been, and if many events which ought to have been in the English general's favour, had not turned out unfortunately, Marshal Soult must have surrendered at discretion, and scarcely a soldier of his army could have got through the mountain passes into France. General Hill overtook Soult's rear-guard in the pass of Donna Maria, took many prisoners, and then joined Lord Wellington on the heights beyond the pass. Soult was in a deep narrow valley, but, not being pursued, he halted in San Estevan. Three British divisions and one of Spaniards were behind the mountains which overlook that town, and the Spaniards that Sir Thomas Graham had detached from the siege of San Sebastian, were marching to block up the exits from the valley. Wellington thought he had Soult in a trap: he gave strict orders to prevent the lighting of fires, the straggling of soldiers, and everything that might betray to the French the secret that the divisions of a great army were gathering round them, and he concealed himself behind some rocks, whence he could clearly observe every movement of the enemy. Three drunken or marauding English soldiers destroyed the combinations, and saved Marshal Soult from a most terrible and inevitable disaster: these worthless fellows strolled down the valley, were surprised by four French gendarmes, and were carried to Soult in San Estevan. Shortly afterwards Soult's drums beat to arms, and the French columns began to move out of the town towards the French mouth of the pass.

This was on the 31st of July. The way was steep and very narrow, the multitude was great, and the baggage, and the wounded men, borne on their comrades' shoulders, formed such a long line of procession, that Soult's rear was still near San Estevan on the morning of the 1st of August, and

scarcely had they marched a league from that town, when they were assailed by a terrible fire from the skirmishers of our fourth division, and some Spaniards who covered the heights on the right side of the valley. The French could scarcely reply to this hot fire; their troops and baggage got mixed, many of the men fled up the hills on the opposite side, and Soult, who rode to the spot, could hardly prevent a general flight and dispersion. As it was, many prisoners and much baggage were taken by the allies at every step. As the French advanced, the valley narrowed to a mere cleft in the rocks, and they had to cross a mountain torrent by a crazy narrow bridge. The Spanish generals, Longa and Barceñas, ought, in accordance with their instructions, to have been with their whole divisions at the head of this chasm, and on the bridge; but there was nothing there but a single battalion of Spanish Cazadores, who were not capable of sustaining the French charge, headed by General d'Erlon.

Thus Soult got out of that coupe-gorge. But his perils and his losses were not yet over, for the whole of Reille's division had yet to pass, and our hard-fighting, hard-marching light division was now close at hand. As the shades of evening were deepening in that deep chasm, the head of our light division, after marching for nineteen consecutive hours over forty miles of rough mountain roads, reached the head of a precipice near the bridge of Zanzi, and saw below them, within pistol-shot, Reille's division rushing along that horrid defile. A crash of musketry and rifles first told the French of the presence of their foes. A river flowed between them and the English; but the French were wedged in a narrow road, with inaccessible rocks on one side, and the river on the other; and at the same moment other light troops were coming up the pass from San Estevan, to take Reille's people in the rear.

A British officer, an eye-witness, has thus described the terrible scene which ensued. "Confusion impossible to describe followed; the French wounded were thrown down in the rush, and trampled upon; the cavalry drew their swords, and endeavoured to charge up the pass; but the infantry beat them back, and several, horses and all, were precipitated into the river; some fired vertically at us, the

wounded called out for quarter, while others pointed to them, supported as they were on branches of trees, on which were suspended great-coats clotted with gore, and blood-stained sheets, taken from different habitations to aid the sufferers." Brave British soldiers could not fire at such piteous objects as these: they satisfied themselves with keeping possession of the bridge, and with charging or firing at those who had still muskets, and bayonets, or sabres, in their hands, and who were trying to force the passage. The evening was rapidly succeeded by dark night, and then, finding out a side path, and climbing over rocks and mountains, the greater part of Reilles's forces escaped and joined Soult at Echalar. But they left behind them all their baggage, and a great many more prisoners.

Yet Lord Wellington was greatly and justly discontented with the result of this day's operations. Marshal Soult, who ought to have been his prisoner, rallied his shattered and disheartened divisions as best he could, during the night, bringing his right wing at the rock of Ivantelly, to communicate with the left of Villatte's reserve, which was found in position on the French side of the Pyrenees.

On the following morning, the 2nd of August, Lord Wellington, who had come up towards this point with his 4th, 7th, and light divisions, fell upon General Clausel, who was commanding Soult's rear-guard, and who was in possession of an exceedingly strong position, near the town of Echalar. General Barnes, with his single brigade, about 1,500 strong, was the first to arrive at the foot of that hill; and, without waiting for the other divisions, Barnes rushed up the steep height, under a tremendous fire of musketry and artillery, charged Clausel's 6,000 men, and drove them from their position. Clausel's men were the same who had failed in the attack near Sorauren, on the 28th, who had been thoroughly beaten on the 30th, and who had suffered so severely the day before this action at Echalar, in getting from San Estevan. It was not in the nature of Frenchmen to stand such a succession of reverses and calamities; their spirit was evaporating like the late rains; and time, and effusion of new blood—an intermixture with other men, who still, in their ignorance, believed that the English were no soldiers, and Wellington was no general—was necessary to re-invigorate them.

On the same day, the 2nd of August, the French were dislodged from Ivantelly, a lofty mountain; and here, notwithstanding their position and their numbers, the work was done by Colonel Andrew Barnard, with five companies of his riflemen, supported by four companies of the 43rd.

Soult now drew closer to his reserves behind the Bidassao, put some of his disorganized corps behind the line of his reserve, and called for reinforcements, and collected all the detachments and National Guards that he could. Wellington had, on the 1st of August, directed Sir Thomas Graham to collect all his forces, to advance from San Sebastian, and bring up pontoons for crossing the Bidassao; but very weighty considerations induced him to abandon this design of following Soult into France; and, therefore, after nine days of incessant motion, and ten serious actions, the two armies rested quiet in their respective positions. The English flag again waved triumphantly in the pass of Roncesvalles, where it had been seen, centuries ago, with Edward the Black Prince, and in the pass of Maya, and in all the chief defiles; the British troops again looked down upon the plains of France; they had a firm footing on the skirts of that kingdom: and the foraging parties of the Spaniards often penetrated for miles beyond the frontier. The young Prince of Orange (the late King of the Netherlands), who had now followed Wellington for two years, and who had a horse killed under him, in one of the recent engagements, was the bearer of his lordship's despatches to the British Government.

ORTHEZ.

A. D. 1814. February 27.

THE victories of the Pyrenees, and the consequent fall of San Sebastian and Pamplona, left the road into France open to the victorious army of the Duke of Wellington. Between the middle of October and the early part of November, the whole army crossed the Bidassao, which there forms the frontier between France and Spain. Marshal Soult retired, skirmishing where he could, and making a stand in some strong positions, for his army had been greatly reinforced. There was some hard fighting on the Nive, and on the Nivelle; but Soult was pushed back to the Adour, and across that river, on the further side of which positions strongly entrenched were preparing for him.

By Lord Wellington's earliest operations on the right, that flank of his army had been at once cleared, and the enemy had been driven from a country much intersected by rivers, and singularly difficult and defensible.

The position Soult now occupied at Sauveterre was covered by a broad river, and in other points very advantageous. Lord Wellington made so strong a demonstration upon the front of the line on which Soult now rested that, while the attention of the marshal was wholly engaged by the movements in his front, Sir Rowland Hill crossed the Gave d'Oleron, at Villeneuve, without any opposition, on the 24th of February, and turned his left. Upon this, Soult hastily abandoned his ground, transferred his head-quarters to Orthez, and took up a formidable position behind the Pau. The third and light divisions, under Sir Thomas Picton, had followed the corps of Hill, and passed the Gave d'Oleron at the same spot; and the sixth division, under Sir Henry Clinton, had crossed, also, between Montfort and Laas, without meeting any resistance; while Marshal Beresford, on the

left, kept the enemy close within their *tête-de-pont* at Peyrehorade. Lord Wellington, now disposing his force in three columns, determined to attack the position of Orthez. The left, under Marshal Beresford, forded the Pau about four miles above Peyrehorade, and, marching up the right bank, joined the cavalry and General Picton's division, which had crossed by a ford below Berenx. Sir Rowland Hill, with his own corps, supported by the sixth and light divisions, marched to force the bridge of Orthez; but the approach was found so strongly guarded by defences and troops, that the attempt was countermanded.

About eight in the morning of the 27th of February, the sixth and light divisions were moved down the river, (to the spot where Picton had forded on the afternoon of the preceding day), and crossed over by a bridge of boats, which Lord Wellington had directed to be laid down for the artillery. The corps of Sir Rowland Hill remained upon the high road to Sauveterre, opposite the bridge and valley of Orthez. The passage of the Pau, from the depth of the fords, and the force of the current, proved very difficult; but the soldiers, by supporting each other steadily, surmounted the danger, and crossed without loss.

Lord Wellington, having carefully reconnoitred the enemy's position, decided to attack it. Their left flank rested upon the town of Orthez, and their line was posted upon a range of heights, extending about a mile in the direction of Dax. Their right stood on a bluff, abrupt point, and was covered in front by the village of St. Boes. The centre of their line, owing to the form of the hill, stood considerably retired; and, being thus sheltered by the advanced position of the flanks, was unassailable. A reserve, of two divisions of infantry and a brigade of cavalry, was drawn up on a very elevated and commanding height upon the road to Sault de Navailles.

The dispositions of Lord Wellington were soon made. Marshal Beresford, with the fourth and seventh divisions, and Colonel Vivian's brigade of cavalry, were ordered to carry the village of St. Boes, on the right, and to assault the hill above it. Sir Thomas Picton was ordered to march with the third and sixth divisions, and a brigade of cavalry, under Lord Edward Somerset, upon the centre and left of

the enemy. The light division, under Baron Alten, was directed to advance up a ravine between these two columns, and to give support where it might be wanted. Sir Rowland Hill was instructed to lead his corps across the river, by a ford about two miles above Orthez, to gain a point in the enemy's rear, and cut off his communication with the town of Pau.

The left wing of the allies began the battle. Sir Lowry Cole, with the fourth division, after a sharp contest, carried the village of St. Boes with spirit. Marshal Beresford now moved forward, with the division of General Cole still leading, to attack the right of the enemy on the bold hill above. The troops advanced in gallant order, but the approach was along a narrow ridge, with ravines on either side. Upon the summit of this, two lines of French infantry were drawn up to oppose them. It was not possible for the assailants to advance upon the enemy in a line of more than two battalions in front. The ground over which they marched was commanded by a heavy battery of field artillery; and in the upper part of the ravines upon their flanks, the French had posted strong bodies of light infantry. The troops behaved admirably well, and made brave efforts to reach the summit of the position, but in vain.

They were beaten back by a terrible fire both of artillery and infantry. A Portuguese brigade was so roughly handled, that it broke in confusion, and was only saved by the timely support of a brigade of the light division, which moved upon its flank and covered its retreat. Under these circumstances, Lord Wellington executed one of those sudden changes of attack which exhibit the ready resource and firm resolve of a bold and able general.

He directed General Walker, with the seventh division, and Colonel Barnard with a brigade of the light division, to ascend the height by its left, and attack the enemy's right at that bend by which it was connected with the centre. At the same time, he ordered Sir Thomas Picton and Sir Henry Clinton to lead forward their divisions, which had hitherto been waiting the result of Marshal Beresford's assault. Thus, suddenly, the face of the battle was changed; for these orders were executed with such rapidity and boldness, that the crest of the position was soon gained, and, after some

fierce and desperate fighting on the heights, the enemy suddenly retired, moving off at first in good order, and disputing their ground as they retreated handsomely. A body of French cavalry, in particular, made a gallant charge upon two corps of the sixth division, in an effort to seize the artillery of that division, but it failed, and they were repulsed steadily by the 42nd Foot. All the regiments of the third division fought hard, and were distinguished; and a brigade under General Inglis, made a most gallant charge with the bayonet on the enemy's left flank; nor could anything be finer than the advance of the 52nd Regiment, under Colonel Colborne, which, after the change of attack, led first up the hill.

Marshal Soult conducted his army to the rear in regular échellons of divisions, and they held the several positions taken up till the allies closed on their front and moved upon their flank; but, as soon as he found that Lord Wellington had sent a corps across the river, and that Sir Rowland was in full march to intercept his retreat, he hastened the pace of his columns, till, as Sir Rowland pressed onwards upon a parallel line of march to cut him off from Sault de Navailles, the French broke their formation, and ran for that point with such speed, that the great body of them passed it in a crowd. However, nearly two thousand prisoners were taken in the pursuit; for wherever any obstacle checked their hurry, they suffered greatly. Near Sault de Navailles, Lord Edward Somerset charged them with his cavalry, and captured a great number of prisoners; and they left several guns to the victors. The French loss in killed, wounded, and taken, exceeded 6,000, and some hundreds afterward deserted, or rather disbanded, and went to their homes. The loss of the allies amounted to 277 killed, 1,923 wounded, and from sixty to seventy missing. The skill with which, at a critical part of the contest, Wellington suddenly changed front and the whole face of the battle, excited both surprise and admiration.

In this battle, Lord Wellington was struck by a spent ball: happily, it did but graze his skin, nor did he quit his saddle ill the day was won; but he then found himself so lamed and stiff that he could not ride in the pursuit. This was the only time that our most fortunate and immortal chieftain was

ever hit. In all his battles this was his only bodily hurt—a contusion rather than a wound. Yet wherever and whenever his presence was required, he exposed himself like a common dragoon.

The French army retired in the night to Hagetman, where it was joined by the garrison of Dax, and continued its retreat to St. Sever.

General Hill—who was afterwards Lord Hill, and bore the appropriate motto *Avancez*—followed up the retreating foe, overtook him, on the 2nd of March, in front of Aire, and, in spite of the formidable ground he occupied, charged him, beat him from the field, made a great number of prisoners, and drove Soult along the right bank of the Adour. In this affair, when the Portuguese under de Costa displayed great bravery, the allies did not lose more than twenty in killed, and 136 in wounded. Unhappily, the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Hood, of the Staff, was among the slain.

After such a continuity of reverse and defeat, Bonaparte's best marshal—who, indisputably, was Marshal Soult—appeared to lose heart, and he was every day further discouraged by the news he received of the progress in other parts of France of the grand allied armies against his master. His hopes had somewhat revived at Orthez, but on the loss of that field, his brow was clouded, and he was found that night in a fit of absent-mindedness and despondence.

“He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.”

But with his sadness he re-assumed the unflinching resolution, and a good deal of the confidence of the veteran soldier and well-skilled chief; and to the last gasp, or to the last forlorn-hope of success, he and his army contended with great steadiness and bravery with their pursuers.*

* Wellington Despatches. Major Moyle Sherer, *Military Memoirs of the Duke*. Napier, *Peninsular War*, &c.

TOULOUSE.

A. D. 1814. Easter Sunday, April 10.

THERE was some hard fighting after the battle of Orthes, as at Aire; but Soult was obliged to continue his retreat, and to leave the road to the important city of Bordeaux open to the British. The Duke of Wellington detached Marshal Beresford with a considerable force, to take possession of that city.

On the 20th of March, Soult was driven from some heights he had occupied beyond Tarbes. In the darkness of night, the marshal then retired by St. Gaudens on Toulouse, to attempt a last stand in that strong neighbourhood.

Being without encumbrances, he marched rapidly, destroyed the bridges in his rear, and entered Toulouse on the 24th. The cavalry, under General Fane, came up with his rearguard at St. Gaudens, and made some prisoners, but he was not further molested. The allies being encumbered with a pontoon train, followed by most of their supplies, and moving over bad roads under heavy rain, marched slowly, and did not arrive before Toulouse till the 27th, when they halted upon the left bank of the Garonne opposite the city.

Here Soult assembled every disposable soldier, and occupied a position, the local advantages of which he carefully improved by fortifying the approaches with skill, and constructing on the position itself redoubts of considerable strength.

The city of Toulouse covers a space of ground, about two miles in length from north to south; and the breadth from east to west is a mile and a quarter. The Faubourg St. Cyprien stands on the left bank of the Garonne, and is surrounded, like the city itself, by an ancient wall of brick, lofty, of considerable thickness, and flanked by towers. This

faubourg is connected with the city by a good bridge of stone.

About two miles below the city the canal of Languedoc enters the Garonne. This canal and the river surround Toulouse on three sides. On the fourth, or to the south, an open space extends from the Garonne to the canal. To the east of the canal there is a range of heights, and beyond flows a river called the Ers. All the roads from the eastward pass over these heights.

Here was the field position of the enemy. Upon the left and centre five redoubts had been constructed of a very strong profile, and they were connected by lines of intrenchment; but the right of this line, being covered by the river Ers at the distance of half gun-shot, had no such defences. The bridges on the canal were guarded by *têtes de pont*, and commanded by artillery from the old walls of the city. All the bridges over the Ers by which their right could be approached were broken down, except one at the village of Croix d'Orade, which they left standing for their convenience, with the intention of destroying it at the last moment. On the side of St. Cyprien, the enemy had thrown up strong field works in front of the ancient walls, and formed an impregnable *tête de pont*. The south front of the city is not covered either by the river or the canal; but it cannot be directly approached, owing to the badness of the roads, which are not practicable for artillery, and to those heights upon the east which command them. The width and rapidity of the Garonne completed the security of the enemy's position, and increased the difficulties of the assailant.

In short, the marshal now occupied another intrenched camp of a very formidable description, on the eastern side of the city of Toulouse, on a range of heights between the river Ers and the great canal of Languedoc. Some of his redoubts and *têtes de pont* on the river and on the canal were tremendous, and both canal and river must be crossed by the allies. The marshal had pretty nearly an equality of numbers, while in artillery he had a great superiority. According to the best calculation which has been made, Soult had not less than 42,000 men, while Wellington had, in British, Germans and Portuguese, about 30,000 good troops, and in Spaniards about 15,000, which scarcely could be called *good* troops.

Nearly the whole position was bristling with Soult's guns; and many of these were so planted in battery on the summits of hills, that they could make a plunging fire into the ascending columns of attack. Moreover, there were many strongly built houses, which had been fortified and crammed with *tirailleurs*: and there were scattered villages, strong stone walls separating the vineyards and orchards, and a multiplicity of streamlets and of trenches cut for the purposes of irrigation. Even at the chance of a little repetition, we would impress upon the reader's mind the difficulties of the locality. All the roads were detestable, some of them knee-deep with mud, or soft slippery clay, which was far more disadvantageous to those who had to march considerable distances to get to the attack, than to those who were fixed and stationary, and who had to meet the attack behind prepared and fortified lines. It had rained pitilessly for many days; and the rain, besides rendering the bad roads worse, had swelled the river Garonne, had delayed the passage of Wellington, and had given Soult the more time to complete his defences. On the 28th, Lord Wellington attempted to lay down a bridge at Portet, a village above the town; but, when the sheer-line was stretched across, the width proved more than the pontoons would cover. Upon the 31st, a passable point was found higher up. It was some time, however, before the spot was fixed on, when, after the difficulty of the 28th, some officer had expressed an apprehension that it might not be practicable to lay down a bridge till the river had fallen, Lord Wellington observed instantly with cheerful animation, but with strong decision, "If it will not do one way, we must try another, for I never in my life gave up anything I once undertook."

As soon as the pontoons were laid down, near Roques, on the 31st, Sir Rowland Hill led his corps across the river; but, from the state of the roads, and the nature of the country, which had been soaked with the late rains, he found it impossible to march upon Toulouse from that point. The efforts were for a time persevered in; but the road proving quite impassable, he countermarched, and returned to the left bank. On the 4th of April, a bridge was laid down considerably below the city, at a bend in the river, about half a league above Grenade. Here, under the cover of flanking batteries,

Marshal Beresford, with the fourth and sixth divisions and some cavalry, crossed and established himself on the right bank. These troops were to have been followed by the Spanish corps under General Freire, and by the light division; but the river suddenly rose, and it became necessary to take up a part of the bridge instantly, and on the morrow to remove the whole. Thus Marshal Beresford was left upon the right bank in a very anxious position, and might have been attacked by a very superior force. However, no attack was made. The flood subsided, and, upon the 8th, the pontoons were again put down, and the Spaniards of Freire crossed to the right bank. A brilliant affair of cavalry, in which the 18th Hussars, led by Colonel Vivian, overthrew a body of the enemy's horse in front of the village of Croix d'Orade, enabled that officer to seize the bridge, and thus secured an approach to the enemy's position of great importance. In the skirmish the French were pursued so closely, that they lost 100 prisoners. During this period, the corps of Sir Rowland Hill remained in front of the Faubourg St. Cyprien; and the attention of the enemy was thus diverted from Marshal Beresford. On the night of the 8th, the bridge by which that marshal and the Spaniards had crossed the Garonne, was removed and brought higher up the river, and put down near Auonne. This could not be effected so as to admit of the light division passing on the 9th, soon enough for a general engagement on that day; but, early on the 10th, the light and third divisions crossed the river, and the whole army was in motion, or under arms to attack the enemy.

The corps of Sir Rowland Hill observed the Faubourg St. Cyprien, and confined the enemy closely within his works. The third division was to make a heavy demonstration against the canal bridge and the town immediately to the right of the river; and the light division was to act upon the left of the third, and to observe and shut up the road of Paris. Marshal Beresford was to lead the fourth and sixth divisions across the Ers, seize the village of Montblanc, and moving along the bank of the Ers, till he gained the right flank of the enemy's position, he was to form and attack it. The Spaniards under Freire were to ascend the left of the enemy's position at the same moment that Beresford

assaulted the right, and push forward upon the heights till they should meet his column. Such were the dispositions for the attack.

The heights upon the left of the enemy's position, called La Pujade, were guarded by two divisions of infantry, having in their front a brigade of horse. Those of Mont Calvinet, on the right centre, were occupied by one division of infantry; and those of Mont Audran, on the extreme right, were held by one brigade of infantry, with a strong body of cavalry in their front, on the road to Bordeaux. Heavy columns of reserve were posted in rear of the heights. The canal, from the rear of La Pujade to its junction with the Garonne, was guarded by strong bodies of infantry. The suburb of St. Cyprien was occupied by a division; and that of St. Etienne, upon the eastern side, by another; and various posts in the faubourg and on the walls were defended by reserve conscripts and national guards. *

Most fortunate it was that the 18th Hussars, under the immediate command of Colonel Vivian, had attacked and defeated that superior body of French cavalry, had driven them through the village of Croix d'Orade, had taken those 100 prisoners, and had given the allies possession of an important bridge over the Ers.

As day dawned on the morning of the 10th of April (it was Easter Sunday, the holiest of all Sabbaths, a day of peace and reconciliation, and the church-bells of the distant villages were calling the devout peasantry to matins and early mass), the columns of the allies began to move to their various points of attack, and to one of the fiercest and deadliest scenes that war can present.

Marshal Beresford moved first with the 4th and 6th divisions, who crossed the Ers by the bridge of Croix d'Orade, gained after some hard fighting possession of the village of Montblanc, and then attacked and carried some heights on Soult's right, and the redoubt which had been intended to cover and protect that flank: but the French were still in possession of four other redoubts, and of the intrenchments and fortified houses, from which they could not be dislodged without artillery—and to drag heavy guns up those steepes and along those execrable roads was work that must require

* Sherer.

great time, and the exertions of men as well as horses. Nearly at the same moment that Beresford fell upon Soult's right, Wellington threw forward the Spanish division of General Freire to fall upon Soult's left. At first these Spaniards were repulsed, and, being panic-stricken by the destructive fire of the French redoubts, and then being charged by French bayonets, they staggered, wavered, and began a flight down the hills, which might have been attended with very fatal consequences; but one Spanish regiment, the Tiradores de Cantabria, got well under the French intrenchments, stood as firm as a rock, and then the British light division, coming up at the charging pace, rallied the Spaniards who had given ground, and advanced with them to the attack with an irresistible fury, and with a contempt of wounds and death.

General Mendizabal, who was in the field as a volunteer, General Espeleta, several chiefs of corps, and officers of the staff, were wounded, and the men were mowed down by whole ranks at a time; but there they stood on the brow of that bloody hill until Wellington was enabled to reinforce them, and until Beresford had made sure of the victory by breaking, crushing, and turning the French right.

Beresford had been obliged, by the badness of the roads, to leave his artillery in the village of Montblanc; and, notwithstanding all the exertions that were made, some time elapsed before the guns could be brought up. During this trying interval, Beresford's two divisions were exposed to the hottest fire of Soult's batteries; but the men sheltered themselves as best they could behind the redoubt they had captured. As soon as his artillery arrived (it was about the hour of noon), Beresford continued his movement along the ridge, and carried, with the single brigade of General Pack, the two principal redoubts, and all the fortified houses in the enemy's centre.

The enemy made a desperate effort from the side of the canal of Languedoc to regain those redoubts, but they were repulsed by the British bayonets with considerable loss; General Taupin, who had led them on, was slain; and Beresford's sixth division continuing its movement along the ridge of the heights, and the Spanish troops making a corresponding movement upon the front, the French were soon

driven from the two redoubts and the intrenchments they had on their left; and the whole range of heights, which Soult and his engineer officers had taken such pains to fortify, remained in the undisturbed possession of the allies and of Marshal Beresford.

The ground not admitting of the operations of our cavalry, they had no opportunity of charging the retiring foe, who withdrew with some confusion across the canal of Languedoc into the town of Toulouse, which Soult at one time thought of defending.

Victory could not be gained upon such ground, and in the teeth of so many strong works, without great loss: 600 of the allies lay dead on the field, about 4,000 were wounded; Colonel Coghlan of the 61st was killed in the attack on the heights, General Pack was wounded, Colonel Douglas, of the 8th Portuguese Regiment, lost his leg, and many brave officers were maimed and disabled.

There is the usual difficulty in striking the balance of loss: Soult confessed to 3,200 in killed and wounded; and, as his people had fought in good part under cover, and had not contended long after they had lost their redoubts, fortified houses, and intrenchments, it is probable that his army suffered somewhat less than the allies. Our loss fell the heaviest on Marshal Beresford's sixth division; for, although the fourth division had been exposed on their march along the French front to a galling fire, they were not so much engaged as the sixth.

Other divisions of the army were not engaged at all. But Picton, with his fighting third division, got his Welsh head heated, and committed an act of imprudence, engaging in earnest where he had been ordered only to make a feint, and storming a tremendous *tête de pont* which he had been ordered to observe. In the repulse sustained at this point a good many of the fighting men were laid low, Major-General Brisbane was wounded, and Colonel Forbes, of the 45th, was killed.

It has been assumed by some that the total loss in the battle of the British and Portuguese exceeded 4,500 killed and wounded, while that of the Spaniards did not fall short of 2,000. Several of the British regiments, especially in the sixth division, lost more than half their numbers. In addi-

tion to the two French generals who were killed, three others were wounded and taken.

Before the hour of *Ave Maria*, the allies were established on three sides of Toulouse, and the French were driven by Sir Rowland Hill from their exterior works in the suburbs on the left of the Garonne, within the ancient walls of the town.

On the night of the 11th, Soult evacuated Toulouse by the only road which was yet open to him, and retired by Castelnaudry to Carcassonne. He left behind him in the town 1,600 wounded men, three generals (Harispe, Baurot, and St. Hilaire), various pieces of artillery, large quantities of ammunition, and stores of every description. All these were taken by the allies. On the 12th, Wellington entered Toulouse, to the infinite joy of the inhabitants, who were thus relieved from the dread of a siege. His lordship found the white flag of the Bourbons flying, and all the authorities and a large proportion of the inhabitants wearing white cockades and scarfs. The mayor had quitted the town with Soult's army, but his *adjoint*, with a numerous deputation, presented an address to his lordship, requesting him to receive the keys of the good and loyal city, in the name of "our dear King," Louis XVIII., who had become the dearer through twenty years of cruel suffering; and also to accept on his own account the boundless gratitude which the people of Toulouse felt for his lordship's grand, generous, and (in history) unparalleled conduct. Lord Wellington told them, as he had told the people of Bordeaux, that the only wish of the government he served was, and ever had been, a peace founded upon justice, and the independence of Europe; that he had every reason to believe that ambassadors of the allied powers were still engaged in negotiating such a peace, "if it were possible to obtain it from the actual government of France;" that he saw that the city of Toulouse, like a great many other towns of France, contained persons who were anxious to throw off the yoke and to assist in the restoration of the House of Bourbon, but that they must judge for themselves whether, after the information he had given them, it would be prudent for them to declare against the existing government. If they should declare in favour of the Bourbons, it would be his duty to

treat them as allies as long as the war lasted; but he must remind them that, if the allies should make peace with Napoleon, it would not be in his power, after such peace, to give them any more assistance or protection.

But the people of Toulouse had already committed themselves by hoisting the white flag, and they were now knocking the statue of Napoleon from its base, and pulling down and destroying the eagles and other emblems of the imperial government; and in the afternoon of that day the English Colonel Cooke and the French Colonel St. Simon arrived from Paris, with the news that the allies had entered the French capital, that a provisional government had been established in the name of Louis XVIII., and that Bonaparte had abdicated at Fontainebleau as far back as the 4th of April, or six days before the battle of Toulouse was fought. From Lord Wellington's head-quarters, Colonel Cooke, and St. Simon, proceeded to those of Marshal Soult. They had a good ride for it, as Soult's army had gone off at such speed, that they had marched twenty-two miles in the first night. They were furnished with intelligence and with documents of the most undoubted authenticity, but the French Marshal said he could not think himself justified in submitting to the provisional government, as he had received no orders or information from the Emperor Napoleon. In a polite and delicate letter, written on the 14th, Lord Wellington excused himself from accepting an armistice, unless the Marshal should previously acknowledge the provisional government of France. It seemed still imperative to prevent the junction of Soult and Suchet, whose two armies might become the *noyau* of a civil war in France in favour of Napoleon's pretensions for his son, the King of Rome, or in favour of Napoleon himself. That daring, desperate man had not yet quitted France; his act of abdication might not be very binding upon one who had never been bound by any act or treaty; he was not a prisoner, but still surrounded by many of his devoted guards; by the route traced out for him to go to the island of Elba, he must traverse the southern provinces and approach Suchet's army—and might he not join it?

Thus the same reasons which induced the British general to give battle at Toulouse still continued, and were, perhaps,

strengthened by the information he now possessed on the real state of affairs; and therefore it was that he refused the armistice and made his preparations for pursuing Soult. On the 16th and 17th, the allied army marched towards Castelnau-dry and Carcassonne. On the 16th, Lord Wellington despatched another officer, who had been sent from Paris, to Marshal Soult, with fuller information; and in the course of the 17th, General Gazan came down from Soult's headquarters to inform his lordship that the Marshal had at length acknowledged the provisional government. Gazan also presented a letter from Soult himself, who stated that he had received orders from Marshal Berthier to stop all hostilities and conclude a friendly convention with Lord Wellington. This convention was settled and signed on the 18th, and a line of demarcation was drawn between the two armies. The head-quarters of Wellington remained at Toulouse. On the next day, Marshal Suchet concluded a like convention. On the 21st, Lord Wellington, by general orders, congratulated his gallant army on the near prospect of the termination of their toils and dangers, and thanked them "for their uniform discipline and gallantry in the field, and for their conciliating conduct towards the inhabitants of the country."

The last affair of this memorable war, was a savage and meaningless sortie and slaughter, made by General Thouvenot and the French garrison of Bayonne, in which General Sir John Hope was severely wounded and made prisoner; but the battle of Toulouse was the last real battle, and the wind-up of Wellington's doings with Soult. It was, as we have sufficiently shown, a remarkable combat; but the most remarkable part of the story yet remains to be told:—the French claimed, and some of them to this day pertinaciously claim, the victory!

The brief account of the battle, as given in this volume, is derived entirely from the despatches and private letters of Wellington, who never exaggerated an advantage or concealed a reverse, even when concealment, utterly impossible here, might have been practicable; who never spoke of his victories except in a brief, quiet manner; who never spun a rhetorical sentence in his life about his own exploits. On no former occasion, not even after the great battle of Vittoria,

When Soult proffered his allegiance to Louis XVIII., a line of demarcation was drawn between the two armies in the south of France; the head-quarters of Lord Wellington continuing to be at Toulouse.

After visiting Madrid and Paris, and transacting an immensity of political business in those two capitals, Wellington returned to the south of France, and on the 14th of June, 1814, at Bordeaux, finally took leave of his noble army.

Many of his best officers, and a very considerable portion of his most tried and veteran troops, were shipped off for the war then unhappily in progress in the United States, and were in America, in the West Indies, or on the Atlantic Ocean, when they ought to have been with their great commander in the Netherlands. During the crisis of the bloody day of Waterloo, not a few officers were heard wishing that they had on the field those "Old Peninsulars," instead of new levies and young troops, who had never before been under fire, or seen a shot fired in earnest.

In the course of these remarkable campaigns, which extended from August 1808 to the middle of April 1814, and of which we have given only the great field-battles, Wellington had beaten, in succession, every French general that had been sent against him. Junot, Delaborde, Marshal Soult, Marshal Victor, Marshal Massena, Marshal Ney, Marshal Victor, Marshal Marmont, General Clausel, Marshal Jourdan, and Marshal Soult again, had all been foiled and defeated by forces, in nearly every instance, far inferior in numbers to their own. Nothing remained but for Wellington to contend on the field with Napoleon Bonaparte himself. And this contest was soon to take place. No reflecting person acquainted with the condition of France, ought to have believed that the ex-Emperor of the French would long remain within the narrow limits of the Mediterranean island to which he had been consigned by the allied powers.

the battle of Toulouse is discussed and set at rest. I have seen no French attempt at refutation worth a moment's notice.

QUATRE BRAS.

A. D. 1815. June 16.

ON the 26th of February, 1815, Napoleon Bonaparte escaped from Elba. On the 1st of March he landed at Cannes, and on the night of the 20th of that month, having been joined by the whole French army, he triumphantly re-entered Paris. On the night of the 11th of June he quitted Paris to open the campaign in the Netherlands, where the English and their allies were concentrating their forces. As he stepped into his travelling carriage, his countenance, which had long been clouded, brightened up, and he said, with a confident tone, "*Je vais me mesurer avec ce Vilainton.*" (I am going to measure myself with this Wellington). He had assembled an army of about 125,000 men, chiefly veteran troops, of whom 25,000 were cavalry, and 350 pieces of artillery. With this force, he advanced to the Belgian frontier on the 14th of June, and on the very next day the stern conflict began.

In the mean time, the Duke of Wellington had raised his force in the field to about 76,000 men, of whom not near one-half were British. Knowing that his adversary would bring with him a tremendous artillery, Wellington had applied for 150 British pieces; but so miserably had he been supplied by our government, and by those who kept the keys at Woolwich, where there were guns enough to cannonade the world, that, when he united all his English pieces with those of the Dutch and German under him, he found he had only some eighty-four pieces.

The Duke's head-quarters were at Brussels, the capital of the country, which it was Bonaparte's first great object to gain, and the possession of which would have given the French immense advantages—moral and political, as well as military. On the Duke's left lay Marshal Blücher, with the Prussian army, estimated (after the junction of Bülow's corps) at about 80,000 men. The old marshal was well

supplied with artillery, his government having sent him 200 cannon; but, unluckily, his artillerymen were not very good, and he had to complain of the manner in which his guns were served when the French fell upon him. Blücher's head-quarters were at Namur.

The two armies were, of necessity, spread over a wide extent of country. The Duke of Wellington's had to preserve its communications with England, Holland, and Germany; to be near enough to connect readily with the Prussian army, and to protect Brussels. Blücher's army had to preserve its communications with the country in its rear and on his left, through which the reinforcements of the grand allied armies were to advance; he had to give the hand to Wellington, and, at the same time, he had to watch a long extent of frontier; and on that north-eastern frontier of France there were many strong fortresses, which enabled Bonaparte to make his movements, and to attack wherever he chose, without letting his attack be foreseen by the enemy.

In front of the extended lines of the British and their immediate allies, the Hanoverians, Brunswickers, &c., there were, besides country by-roads, no fewer than four great roads (paved roads, proper for the passage of artillery, and for all military purposes); and it was *because* there were all these roads leading from the French departments of the north, and the fortresses on the French frontier; and *because* the Duke of Wellington could not possibly tell or foresee by which of these roads the French might choose to advance, that part of his forces were widely spread, in order to watch them all, while the remainder of his army was kept in hand, in order to be thrown upon whatever point the attack should be made against. These men were every way better in and round Brussels than they would have been if bivouacked and cantoned on the high roads; and the artillery was also better there, for of this arm Wellington had not to spare: it was needful that he should have it all on the field of battle, and embracing all the possible lines by which the French might attack, the British general had, where it stood, the best means of moving it rapidly to any one of them. If the guns had been collected on one point, and the enemy had attacked at another, the guns could not have been so easily moved. If, as some commanders might have done, he had

kept his troops marching and countermarching from point to point, he would very uselessly have wasted the strength and spirit of the men before the day of battle arrived.

Concentration of force is the finest of all things in war, in its proper place ; and several of the continental armies, and especially the Austrians, had been, and continue to be, deservedly censured for their practice of extension in line, and separation of parts. But there are cases in which the idea of concentration is an absurdity ; and certain English writers, destitute of military study, and incapable of comprehending the simplest principles of the military art, have taken up the old criticism against the Austrian generals, and have applied it to a case to which it is utterly inapplicable.

If, as he had once hoped, the Duke of Wellington had been enabled to commence operations by acting on the offensive, then he would have attacked Bonaparte on the French frontier in one or two condensed masses ; and then Bonaparte, not knowing where the attack would be made, must have had his army stretched out in lines along that frontier, having merely reserved to himself (as Wellington did) the best plan and the best means of concentration when and where the attack should be made. But the Duke had not received from England the accession of strength which he had calculated upon ; the grand army of Prince Schwartzemberg was still somewhere in Germany, and, with none but Blucher to co-operate with him, and with forces which, if united, would not have exceeded by 30,000 men the army which Bonaparte had actually in the field, it would indeed have been rash to attack a frontier covered with numerous and well-garrisoned fortresses, or to invade France, where an army of reserve was collecting to support the army on the frontier.

We trust that these few words will enable the reader to understand the absurd charge, that the Duke of Wellington was not only out-manceuvred and out-generaled, but actually taken by surprise—an ignorant piece of babble, which has been recently and very ably exposed, but which every patriotic and well-informed writer ought to continue to hold up to scorn and derision, until the fallacy is utterly exploded, or left only in French books, where the truth in such matters is never to be expected.*

* See an admirable memorandum on the battle of Waterloo, by

It was on the 15th of June that Bonaparte crossed the Sambre, and advanced upon Charleroi. At sunset, on the preceding evening, all had been quiet upon the frontier, and nothing had been observed at the Prussian outposts. As the foremost of the French columns had been put in motion as early as two or three o'clock in the morning, they fell suddenly upon those outposts just as day was dawning. The outposts fell back, and then a report was sent to the Duke of Wellington, who gave his orders for holding his troops in readiness to march. But it was not as yet sufficiently clear that Bonaparte intended the attack upon Charleroi to be a serious one, and that he really intended to open his road to Brussels by the valley of the Sambre. The Duke, therefore, waited until correct intelligence from various quarters proved, beyond the reach of a doubt, that the advance upon Charleroi was the real attack.

It was useless to move, and he had determined, all along, not to move, until he got information which could not be obtained before the event happened—that is, before the first French columns, advancing by the valley of the Sambre, were swelled to a great army—an operation which requires rather more time than is taken in the writing of a critical orhapsodical sentence for a book.

The certain and decided information was brought to Brussels by the Prince of Orange, who had so often “gone the pace” for the British general in the Peninsula. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the prince found the Duke at dinner, at his hotel, about a hundred yards from his quarters in the park, which he had taken care not to quit during the morning, or even during the preceding day. The Prince of Orange was soon followed by the Prussian general Muffin, who brought accounts of the French onset, &c.*

Now that it was time to put his army in motion, Wellington put it in motion to his left. The orders for this memorable march were not decided upon in a scene of merriment and festivity, and at midnight, but in the Duke's hotel,

Sir Francis Head, in *Quarterly Review*, No. CXLIII.; and a very able article on the Life of Blücher, and the operations of Waterloo, in the same publication, No. CXL.

* Wellington Despatches. Pict. Hist. of England.

and at about five o'clock in the afternoon. These orders must have reached most of the corps by eight, and probably all the corps by ten o'clock at night. It is quite true that the Duke did go to a ball that evening, and that many of his officers went as well as he, because their business of the day was done, and because their presence was not required for such details as packing up the baggage, &c. The Duke's being at the ball was a proof of his equanimity at the most critical moment of his whole life. The Duchess of Richmond's ball was a gay one, and Wellington, and his officers present at it, were as cheerful as any part of that gay company. About midnight the general officers were quietly warned, and quietly disappeared from the ball-room. Shortly after, the younger officers were summoned from the dance, but without any bustle.

By this time the troops were mustering, and before the sun of the 16th of June rose, "all were marching to the field of honor, and many to an early grave."

Major M. Sherer, who seems to be in general very correct, follows the widely spread error (which Lord Byron has in a manner perpetuated in verse), that the Duke's marching orders were decided upon at the Duchess of Richmond's ball. We know that many persons present at that ball believed this to be the case; but the contrary is proved by the writer in the "Quarterly Review," who has evidently had official sources of information, and whose account we have followed. The old story is, moreover, at variance with the Duke's memorandum for the deputy quarter-master general, of the 15th of June.* We also gather from the latter valuable repertory that the Duke's stay at the Duchess of Richmond's ball must have been but short; for at half-past nine in the evening, we find him writing to the Duke of Berri, and at ten to the Duke of Feltre (General Clarke), who had remained steady to the Bourbons. In the earlier part of the same day, the Duke had written a letter to General Sir Henry Clinton, and a very long letter, in French, and on the always difficult subject of strategy, to the Emperor Alexander. And yet, forsooth, his grace was taken by surprise and flustered! The

* *Quarterly Review*, No. XC. Colonel Gurwood, Wellington Despatches.

most surprising thing is how so absurd a story ever obtained even a momentary belief.

Before our officers, who had been at the ball, moved from Brussels, there had been some hard fighting.

In the course of the 15th Bonaparte had established his head quarters at Charleroi, and Blücher had concentrated the Prussian army upon Sombref, occupying the villages of St. Amand and Ligny, in front of that position; and Marshal Ney, continuing his march along the road which leads from Charleroi to Brussels, had attacked, on the evening of the 15th, with his advanced guard, a brigade of the army of the Netherlands, under the Prince of Weimar, and had forced it back to a farm-house on the road, called Quatre Bras, from the local circumstances that the road from Charleroi to Brussels, and the road from Nivelles to Namur, intersect each other, and form, as it were, four arms or branches at that point.

But the Prince of Orange had immediately reinforced Weimar's brigade, and had kept the farm-house as if it had been a fortress. This was the work of the 15th. The time which would allow Ney to bring up his main body, would also allow Wellington to bring up his, or, at least, a sufficient part of it to checkmate the French marshal.

But early on the morning of the 16th, the Prince of Orange pushed back Ney's advanced guard, and recovered some of the ground between Quatre Bras and Charleroi, which had been lost on the evening of the 15th. A constant skirmishing was maintained until nearly mid-day, without any marked result in favour of either party.* At about half-past two in the day, General Picton came up to Quatre Bras with the 5th division, and he was soon followed by the Duke of Brunswick's corps and the Nassau troops.

Some hours before this the Duke of Wellington had ridden across the country to confer with Blücher, at Bry, about five miles from Quatre Bras. At that time Ney was not in strength in front of Quatre Bras, nor was Bonaparte in strength in the immediate front of the Prussians, at Ligny. But the French, having all the advantages which are in-

* Captain W. Siborne, *Hist. of the War in France and Belgium in 1815*, containing minute details of the battles of Quatre Bras, Ligny, Wavre, and Waterloo.

separable from offensive movements, massed their columns of attack quickly in Blücher's front; and at the same time, Ney gathered his strength near Quatre Bras.

The game to be played was now opened. Bonaparte was to crush the Prussian marshal, while Ney drove back the English duke. As the Prussian corps of General Bulow had not joined, Blücher, after making a most desperate resistance, particularly in the villages of St. Amand and Ligny, and after displaying the greatest personal bravery, was compelled to quit his position at Sombref. With a frightful loss, but still with perfect order, the Prussians retired in the course of the night upon Wavre. The French, who had suffered severely, did not pursue. But, in point of fact, there could be no pursuit, as the French did not know for some hours that there was any retreat; the Prussians had not ceased fighting until it was dark night. At daylight, on the next morning, it was easy to see that they were gone; but it was not until the hour of noon that Bonaparte ascertained what route Blücher had taken, and ordered Grouchy to follow him with 32,000 men.

In this battle of Ligny, the veteran Blücher, while charging at the head of some cavalry, had his horse killed under him, and narrowly escaped the two perils—death and captivity. He had fought with all the heroism of a Paladin; even in the roar of artillery and tumult of the fight, his voice was frequently heard as he shouted his well-known words of encouragement, "Forward! Forward, Forward, my children!" The active, intrepid, indefatigable Colonel (now Viscount) Hardinge, who, for good reasons, had been sent by the Duke of Wellington to serve with the old marshal, was badly wounded and forced to submit in the course of that dreary night to the amputation of his left hand.

About 10,000 levies, from the Prussian provinces on the Rhine, behaved badly in the action, and dispersed as soon as it was over. This was not merely from their being raw recruits; the fellows were disaffected, and, in their hearts, inclined to Bonaparte and the French.

In the mean time, Ney had failed in his attacks upon Wellington at Quatre Bras. A little after three o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th, the French marshal, who had concentrated nearly 40,000 men, commenced his attack with

two heavy columns of infantry, a large body of cavalry, and a numerous and well served artillery. At that moment there were not more than 19,000 of the allies at Quatre Bras, and of these only 4,500 were British infantry. These last forces, and the Brunswickers, were, however, not to be broken by any charge or by any mode of attack; and Ney, after repeated efforts, was repulsed.

We were very inferior to the enemy in cavalry and artillery. Ney had more than 50 guns, while we had only 28, and no horse to depend upon except a few squadrons of Brunswick Hussars. We had indeed on the field about 2,000 Belgian cavalry, but these were worse than nothing, for they could neither charge nor stand a charge, and at an early period of the battle, they fled for Brussels in the most disgraceful disorder. As they swept across the whole breadth of the road, and drew rein for no one, they carried away the Duke of Wellington and his staff as far as the village of Quatre Bras. The Duke and the officers with him soon got out of the vortex and re-appeared on the field of battle; but nothing more was seen of those mounted Belgians.

The third division, under General Alten, now came up, and joined Picton's unflinching fifth. Ney made another grand attack upon the left, but he was again met by impenetrable, immovable squares of infantry, and was again repulsed. Ney then tried the right of the position of Quatre Bras, and advancing under cover of a little wood, and attacking in great force, and with wonderful impetuosity, he cowed some of the worst of Wellington's contingents that were posted on that right; but just as the Belgian infantry were giving way, General Cooke came up, and joined battle with some of the English guards, and the French were once more repelled. They gathered thickly in the little wood near the farmhouse; but now the Duke of Wellington sent General Maitland and his brigade to clear the wood, and it was presently cleared, and the French were seen retreating in great confusion.

The enemy had never fought with more resolution or with greater fury. They had come on shouting, "Down with the English! No quarter! No quarter!" Availing themselves of their great superiority in cavalry, they had made some

daring and destructive charges. Catching the 42nd Highlanders in the middle of a field of rye, the cuirassiers charged them there, killed their brave colonel, and cut to pieces two companies which had not time to gain the square. But from that square there proceeded such a fire, and then such work with the bayonet, that only a few of the French horsemen got out alive from the rye field. In one instance the 44th, while engaged in front with infantry, were suddenly attacked by lancers in their rear. There was no time for forming square, but the rear rank faced about in line, and in line they beat off the lancers and brought half of them to the ground.

The conflict had been tremendous, the loss on both sides very great; but the British commander had completely repulsed Ney's superior force, and had succeeded in his present great object, which was to prevent Ney from turning Blücher's right, and thus throwing himself between the Prussians and the British. The two great battles fought on this day were only preludes to the greater massacre at Waterloo; yet at Ligny, Blücher had lost, in killed and wounded, from 11,000 to 12,000 men, and Wellington had lost at Quatre Bras 2,380 in wounded, and 350 in killed.

The latter loss was made up entirely of British, Brunswickers, and Hanoverians.

Among the slain was the brave Duke of Brunswick (he fell while rallying his men who had been shaken by an awful fire of artillery, and, like his father, he died the death of a hero, in fighting the inveterate enemies of his country), Lieutenant-Colonel John Cameron, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert Macara, and many other excellent officers, both British and Hanoverian.

The loss of the French amounted to about 4,000 killed, wounded, and missing; and on that side there fell a great number of distinguished officers.

The glory of the day was all due to the British, the Hanoverian, and the Brunswick infantry. Among the British, the Highland regiments most signalized themselves, and among those Highlanders, perhaps, the 42nd bore the bell. The long tried discipline and steadiness of this regiment, which was exposed to one of the most critical junctures

tures that can occur in war, never forsook it for a single moment.

Though surprised by a mass of French lancers before they could form the rear face of their square, they beat off their foes, hemmed them in, and either bayoneted them or took them prisoners, whilst the endangered face, restored as if by magic, successfully repelled all further attempts on the part of the French. But the second battalion of the 44th (East Essex), and the 33rd (West Riding Y.), which had once been Wellington's regiment, and which long continued a favourite with him, may be said to have rivalled the 42nd.

It must not be forgotten that during all the latter part of the action we were completely abandoned by the 2nd Dutch Belgian infantry division, which amounted to no less than 7,500 men! This gave our people good reason to anticipate how much they were to expect from such allies on the day of decisive battle. And at Waterloo the Dutch-Belgian troops confirmed their evil reputation.

The result of the two battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras was what has been stated, but lies of the first magnitude were thought necessary to keep Bonaparte's cause up and alive in Paris; and Marshal Soult, in a despatch to Marshal Davoust, now war minister, did not scruple to announce that the Emperor Napoleon had beaten both Wellington and Blücher, and had completely separated their two armies—had separated them beyond the hope of ever uniting again in his front. "Wellington and Blücher," wrote Soult, "saved themselves with difficulty. The effect was theatrical: in an instant the firing ceased, and the enemy was routed in all directions." It was announced that the Emperor Napoleon would enter Brussels on the 17th! Another despatch, published in the *Moniteur*, said, "The noble lord must have been confounded! Prisoners are taken by bands; they do not know what has become of their commanders; the rout is complete on this side; and we hope to hear no more of the Prussians for some time, even if they should be able to rally. As for the English, we shall now see what will become of them! The Emperor is there!"

Verily they did very soon see what had become of the English, and at Waterloo they learned to their cost that Wellington was *there*.

As at Ligny, the fighting at Quatre Bras did not cease until the setting-in of night. "We fell back upon the road to Frasnes. The moon rose angrily—still a few cannon-shots were heard after daylight had departed; but gradually they ceased. The fires were lighted, and such miserable provisions as could be procured were furnished to our harassed soldiery; and while strong piquets were posted in the front and flanks, the remnant of the British and their brave Allies piled arms and stretched themselves on the battle-field."* The failure of the French attacks on Quatre Bras, made by veteran troops in very superior numbers, seemed to most continental officers quite unaccountable; and Ney's apology, for what all must admit to have been a defeat, is not maintainable for a moment. Many of the Allies were raw soldiers, and being a good many miles in advance of their reserve, the supporting troops reached the ground late in the day. Ney, afterwards, excused himself at the expense of the military reputation of his master, blaming him as the cause that the 1st corps of the French army "was idly paraded between Ligny and Quatre Bras without firing a shot," while he (Ney) was contending with Wellington. The French troops had never fought with more fury or ferocity. Horse and foot, they had fallen upon our unsupported infantry, screaming—"Down with the English! No quarter! No quarter!" The Brunswickers, with their skulls and cross-bones on their caps, in commemoration of the bloody death of their former duke in battle with the French, and with the present death of that duke's son and successor, little needed such incentives; but the British troops were exasperated by the cries of the French, and were driven into an equal fury by seeing that the enemy really acted according to their words. The almost total absence of prisoners, after the battle, in the French and English camps, too clearly proves that little quarter was given on either side.

On the following morning, the 17th of June, the Duke of Wellington made a retrograde movement upon Waterloo, corresponding, indeed, to the retreat-movement of Blücher upon Wavre, but in strict accordance with the plan and combinations which had been previously agreed upon by him

* Stories of Waterloo.

ton's men lay upon the wet earth, or among the dripping corn-fields, was a dreary night, with heavy rain, thunder, lightning, and violent gusts of wind. A more cheerless bivouac was never occupied by an army. The men longed for the morrow.

WATERLOO.

A. D. 1815. Sunday, June 18.

THAT morrow came at last; but Sunday, the 18th of June, was but a dull day; for, though the storm ceased, the sky was overcast with clouds, through which the sun rarely broke.

"All at once the scene became animated and exciting. Drums, bugles, and trumpets were heard over the whole field, sounding the assembly; and never was the call to arms in either army, responded to with greater zeal, alacrity, and cheerfulness. While the regimental inspections, tellings-off, and preparatory arrangements of detail were proceeding, staff officers were seen galloping in various directions, and shortly afterwards the different brigades, which, by their bivouacs, had but faintly and irregularly traced the line of battle taken up by each army, were moved and distributed in the precise order prescribed by the two illustrious chiefs who had on that day, and for the first and only time, met to measure swords."*

The position which the Duke had taken up, was in front of the village of Waterloo, and crossed the high roads from Charleroi and Nivelles; it had its right thrown back to a ravine near Merke-Braine, which was occupied, and its left extended to a height above the hamlet of Ter-la-Haye, which was likewise occupied; and in front of the right centre, and near the Nivelles road, our troops held the house and gardens of Hougomont, which covered the return of that flank; and in front of the left centre they occupied the farm of La Haye Sainte. By our left we communicated with Marshal Blücher at Wavre, through Ohain, and the marshal had promised the Duke that in case of his being attacked, he would

* Captain W. Siborne.



WATERLOO



support him with one or more corps, as might be necessary.* In the rear of the British centre, was the farm of Mont St. Jean, and a little further behind, the village of that name. The French often call the battle of Waterloo, "the massacre of Mont St. Jean."†

The Duke's force, united in the position above indicated, was 72,720 men. Of this number, including the King's German Legion, who merited to be classed with English troops, 36,273 were British, 7,447 were Hanoverians in British pay, and partly commanded by British officers, 8,000 were Brunswickers, and 21,000 were Belgian and Nassau troops, mostly of an inferior quality. There were good and brave men among the German troops that were classed under the name *Nassau*; but it is believed that the Duke would have given all the truly Belgian regiments for as many companies of the Portuguese, who had become under him nearly as good soldiers as our own. Let me repeat—and let it be borne in mind—that many of the troops, British as well as foreign, had never been under fire before this campaign; while the enemy's troops were veterans almost to a man.

Bonaparte had collected his army on a range of heights in front of the British position, and not above a mile from it; his right was in advance of Planchenois, his line crossed the Charleroi road at the farm of La Belle Alliance; his left rested on the Genappe road. Behind the French the ground rose considerably, and was skirted by thick woods; in the rear of the British and their allies, was the famed old forest of Soignies. Deducting Grouchy's 32,000 men (who were looking after Blücher), and about 13,000 for the French killed and wounded at St. Amand, Ligny, and Quatre Bras, and making a liberal allowance for stragglers, patrols, &c., the troops collected must have been at least 75,000 in number. Their order of battle was at once grand, simple, and imposing. "It presented to its skilful designer the most ample means of sustaining, by an immediate and efficient support, any attack, from whatever point he might wish to direct it, and of possessing everywhere a respectable force at hand to oppose any attack upon himself, from whatever quarter it might be made. It was no less remarkable for

* Despatch to Earl Bathurst, vol xii. p. 481.

† "Pict. Hist.," Reign of George III.

the certainty and precision with which the several masses, constituting thirteen distinct columns, advanced to their destined stations, than for the unusual degree of warfare pay and most martial bearing with which the lines drew up their march, *à l'array*. The French movements throughout were executed under the cheering and soul-stirring sounds of drums, brass, and trumpets, sending forth the long-cherished military air of the republican and of the empire. The weather had now cleared up a little, and to the Anglo-allied army the growing of the opposing heights by the French lines, with all its accompanying circumstances, presented a magnificent spectacle."

Early in the morning, when Bonaparte mounted his horse to survey Wellington's position, he could see but few troops. This induced him to fancy that the British general, with whom he had come to measure himself, had beaten a retreat, and had left only a rear-guard, which would presently follow him. General Foy, who had served a long time in Spain, is said to have remarked, - "Wellington never shows his troops; but if he is kinder, I must warn your majesty that the English infantry in those combats is the very devil!" *La France ne doit pas en faire le double.* Marshal Soult is said to have added his warning to that of Foy. But whatever were the opinions of the marshals and generals who had really measured themselves with our great Captain in the Peninsula, it seems quite certain that Bonaparte began the battle with a confident assurance of success, for he knew his own vast superiority in artillery, and he had run into the worst mistake that Marshal Blücher, dispirited by the loss he had sustained at Ligny, would continue his retreat in order to avoid Grouchy, and would not rally anywhere near enough to support Wellington.

Soon after ten o'clock on the Sabbath morn, a great stir was observed along the French lines; and presently a furious attack was made upon the post at Hougomont, on the right of Wellington's centre. Hougomont, with its farm-house and garden, was occupied by a detachment from General Byng's brigade of guards, who maintained the post throughout the day, in the teeth of desperate and repeated attacks of large bodies of the enemy. The first attack upon the right

• Captain Siborne.

of our centre was accompanied by a very heavy cannonade upon our whole line. This cannonade was kept up nearly throughout the day, being intended to support the frequent attacks of cavalry and infantry, now mixed and now separate, which were made along our line, from right to left, and from left to right. The Duke had nothing like the number of guns which Bonaparte brought forward; but such guns as he had were served to perfection; and the advanced batteries of our centre, firing case-shot, committed a fearful havoc upon the French columns which successively attacked our post at Hougomont.* The incessant roar of artillery on both sides for so many hours, gave to the combat a peculiar and awful character. There was no manœuvring either on the part of Bonaparte, or on the part of Wellington; the object of the British general was to maintain his position till the arrival of some Prussian corps should enable him to quit it, and crush his foe; the object of that foe was to drive him from his position, and to crush him before Blücher should be able to send a single battalion to his support. And to this end Bonaparte kept repeating his attacks with heavy columns of infantry, and with a numerous and brilliant cavalry, hammering at us nearly all the time with his immense artillery. Never, throughout the whole of his career, had he received from his soldiers more unequivocal demonstrations of confidence in his power, and complete devotion to his cause, than were manifested in this short and fatal campaign, by which that career was terminated. With an army thus animated by one sentiment, and presenting in appearance and material all that his practised eye could deserve, it may readily be conceived that he fully participated in the confidence of a signal victory, generally entertained by his troops, and perhaps by all his officers who had not served against Wellington until now.

At one moment the left of our position was in some danger through the sudden retreat of a whole brigade of Belgians.

From each attempt, the French columns returned shattered and thinned; but fresh columns were formed and hurled against the same, or some other part of Wellington's line. The repulses were numerous, the glimpses of success brief and few. In one of their attacks, the French carried the

* The French had 246 guns, the allies only 156.

farm-house of La Haye Sainte, as a detachment of the light battalion of the German Legion which occupied it had expended all their ammunition, and the enemy had cut off the only communication there was with them. But before they yielded that farm-house, those brave Germans were, to a man, either killed or wounded; and as the French gave them no quarter, they all died.

Fearful fighting took place at the farm-house of Hougoumont, under the eye of the emperor's brother, Jerome Bonaparte, who long kept pushing his columns of attack. Our Coldstream Guards and 3rd Regiment in advance of the farm, covered by a hay-stack and the hedge-row of a lane, and our 1st Regiment, outside in the great orchard on the left, kept their ground and inflicted great loss; but the French rushed up to the garden walls, and were there saluted by a deadly fire from loop-holes and platforms along those walls, which laid prostrate their leading files. As more and more French infantry were pushed forward through the woods in support of this attack, Major Bull's horse-battery, recommencing its fire, spread destruction and confusion in their ranks. Fresh attacks, with vastly augmented numbers, were made upon the same point. The covering hay-stack was set in a blaze by the French, but the Coldstream Guards held their ground until they saw themselves completely out-flanked, and in danger of being cut off from all retreat. They then withdrew into the great court-yard, and endeavoured to block up the gate with ladders, posts, planks, wheelbarrows, or whatever was nearest at hand. The French, however, succeeded in forcing the gate; but the defenders betook themselves to the nearest cover, whence they poured a murderous fire upon the intruders, and then, rushing forward, commenced a hand-to-hand struggle, which was distinguished by the most intrepid courage on both sides. The heroes on our side were Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonell, Captain Wyndham, Ensigns Gooch and Harvey, and Sergeant Graham, of the Coldstream Guards. Such of the French as had entered the court-yard fell a sacrifice to their daring. Other attacks made by the French in still increasing numbers, being met by reinforcements on our side, were equally unsuccessful and fatal to those who made them, and the chateau of Hougoumont, encumbered and surrounded by

the dying and the dead, remained in the hands of the British.

Bonaparte ordered his cavalry to charge the British infantry in squadrons and in masses ; to charge home ; to charge again and again ; and to find out some way through those ringing muskets, and those hedges of glittering bayonets ! But this was work beyond the power even of his steel-clad cuirassiers, or of his long-armed Polish lancers : our infantry formed in squares, and the best of those horsemen bit the dust. At times the French cavalry were seen walking their horses about our infrangible squares, as if they had been of the same army. Some of their regiments gave proof, not only of great bravery, but also of rare perseverance. All their efforts, however, were unavailing ; and the dogged determination of Bonaparte in throwing them forward so repeatedly, to do what they were clearly incapable of doing, ended in their almost total destruction. Their *coup-de-grace* was hastened by a magnificent charge of British cavalry.* Although the Scots Greys—"those terrible Greys !"—had astonished the French, and drawn from Bonaparte an involuntary exclamation of astonishment and admiration, our cavalry had hitherto been very little more than a spectator of the field ; it had suffered somewhat from the incessant French cannonade, but all the horses that were not wounded were fresh and vigorous ; and there were horses there of the true high English breed, and riders on them whom no continental cavalry could hope to stand against !

At the proper moment, the Duke of Wellington called up Lord E. Somerset's brigade of heavy cavalry, consisting of the Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, and the 1st Dragoon Guards, and directed them to charge the already crippled and disheartened cavalry of Bonaparte. These splendid regiments absolutely rode down and over their comparatively feeble opponents ; horses and men fell at their shock ; the Cuirassiers, whose breast-plates had glittered in so many battles and victories, disappeared from the world as a corps, and became a thing that had been ; they were completely cut up.

After this almost total destruction of his cavalry, and after the frightful reduction of his columns of infantry,

* Pict. Hist. Reign of George III.

Bonaparte was, if not as good as beaten, at the least put into a condition from which the Duke could have nothing to apprehend, even though no Prussians had come up. Except the Guards, every part of the French army had been engaged, repulsed, and frightfully thinned. Not a point of the British position had been carried—not a single square had been broken; and though our loss in killed and wounded had been great, some of the Duke's troops had not yet been engaged at all, and all were full of heart and of confidence in their great leader.

Bonaparte had invited Ney to dine with him that evening at Brussels; and at six o'clock he is *said* to have remarked, that they would yet arrive there in good time. This is merely a *say*: at six P.M., and at no part of the day, did they see a chance of getting to Brussels.

General Clausewitz may be taken as a competent, and as an unprejudiced authority as to the condition in which the two contending armies stood when the Prussians came up. Clausewitz was chief of the staff to the third corps of the Prussian army. If he had prejudices, they were not likely to be in favour of Wellington and against Blücher. He knocks on the head the nonsense that has been circulated about the Duke having exhausted his reserves in the action; and he enumerates the tenth British brigade, the whole division of Chassè, and the cavalry of Collaert, as having been little or not at all engaged; and to these he might have added two entire brigades of light cavalry. Moreover, General Clausewitz expresses a positive opinion, that, even had the whole of Grouchy's force come up at Waterloo (which it could not do, and which it was prevented from doing by Bonaparte's lamentable mistake about Blücher, and by the positive orders he had himself given to Grouchy), the Duke of Wellington could have had nothing to fear pending Blücher's march and arrival.* Had "Marshal Forwards" not come up when he did, the Duke would have kept his own; and the last charges of the French, if made at all, would have been repulsed, as all their preceding attacks had been. But had the French retreated, there could have been no pursuit; and if Blücher had not been at hand,

* General Clausewitz, as cited in *Quarterly Review*, No. 140, article "Life of Blücher."

there might have been a renewal of the combat on the morrow.

Lord E. Somerset's heavy brigade of cavalry had made its annihilating charge: there was a pause in the battle; and it was about seven o'clock in the evening when artillery was heard at a distance, and a staff-officer reported to the Duke that the head of a Prussian column was now coming in sight. Very shortly after, Bulow's corps, advancing upon La Belle Alliance, began to engage the French right. And now was the short agony for Bonaparte. He called forward his guard, which he had kept in reserve for a last desperate effort. He led it forward in person, to the foot of our position; but, then, he turned aside, and took shelter behind some swelling ground. The guard moved onward, looking on Bonaparte as they passed him. "*Morituri te salutant.*"* He ought to have gone on with it, and to have died with it; but he neither headed it nor followed it; nor did he, during any part of this day, expose his person freely in the *mêlée* of the battle, as he had done in the spring of 1814, in the battles of Craonne, Arcis-sur-Aube, and in other affairs on French ground. Ney went on with that great forlorn hope, and, unluckily for himself, was not killed. The guard advanced in two massy columns, leaving only four battalions of the old guard in reserve, near to the sheltered spot where Bonaparte sat on his horse, sallow, rigid, and fixed like a mummy. The guards moved resolutely on, with supported arms, under a destructive fire from our position. They were met by General Maitland's brigade of English Guards, and General Adam's brigade, which were rapidly moved from the right by the Duke of Wellington in person, who formed them four deep, and flanked their line with artillery. That the Duke, on first moving them from some cover under which they had been screened, shouted out, "Up! Guards, and at them!" is now recognized as a fable. His Grace never did anything theatrically, and never used any such language to his troops. An aide-de-camp gave the order in the usual quiet manner; the officers in command of our Guards obeyed the order under the eye of their great chief; and the Duke advanced with the Guards over the brow of

* Suetonius, in Claudian.

the low hill, and then stood to meet the last charge. When within fifty yards from the line of the English Guards, the French Guards attempted to deploy; but the close fire upon them was too terrible; their flanks were enveloped, they got mixed together in a confused mass, and in that condition they were slaughtered, broken, and driven down the slope of the hill. There was no more fighting; that Grand Army of Bonaparte—the last of all, and the most desperate of all—never again stood, nor attempted to rally! All the rest of the work was headlong, unresisted pursuit, slaughter of fugitives, who had entirely lost their military formations; and capture of prisoners, artillery, and spoils. The army was destroyed, as an army, before the pursuit began. If it had not been so, the Prussians could not possibly have found the pursuit such easy work.

So long as his Old Guard had been kept in reserve and exposed to no loss, the Emperor might be said to have possessed the means of effecting a retreat. Under cover of those magnificent corps he might have withdrawn his shattered forces, and retired upon the French frontier, which was so near at hand. But this would only have given the English and Prussians the opportunity of leisurely completing their junction; and he knew that other armies were fast coming up to aid Wellington and Blücher in a march upon Paris. He had, therefore, felt that a victory at Waterloo, or utter ruin, was his only alternative, and, therefore, he had risked the Old Guard, and lost the only force which could have covered his retreat.

In flying, Bonaparte and his guards left about 150 pieces of cannon in the hands of the English. Before that flight began, Blücher had been for a time hotly engaged at Planchenois. At a farm-house called "Maison Rouge," or "Maison du Roi," at a short distance behind Planchenois and the farm of La Belle Alliance, the Duke and the Marshal met, and Blücher, in the manner of the continent, embraced and hugged his victorious partner. Here Wellington gave orders for the halt and bivouac of his own fatigued troops, and handed over the task of further pursuit to the Prussians. Blücher swore that he would follow up the French with his last horse, and his last man. He started off immediately with his two Prussian corps, who began the

chase with the encouragement of three cheers from the English army.*

"The guard dies, but does not surrender!" This was a self-flattering fiction which the French afterwards recorded in prose and rhyme, in paintings, engravings, and sculptures, and in all manner of ways. But these flying French guards really surrendered in bands, and cried for quarter. Close to Genappe, Blücher captured sixty guns, belonging to the said imperial guard, together with carriages, baggage, &c., belonging to Bonaparte himself. The moon had now risen, and in broad moonlight the Prussians kept up the chase, the French abandoning all they had, and scarcely attempting to stop anywhere till they had got within the lines of their own frontier fortresses, from which they had issued with so much pride and confidence only five days before. The high-road, says General Gueisenau, resembled the sea-shore after some great shipwreck; it was covered with cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wreck of every description.

In the mean while the British and their allies, by the same broad moonlight, were counting their dead and picking up their wounded; or, rather, they were making a beginning, for those sad offices took up not only that night, but the whole of the following morning. The loss had been immense. The British and Hanoverians alone had 2,432 killed and 9,528 wounded, in the battle of Waterloo. The loss of officers was more than proportionate to the loss of men, above 600 having been killed or wounded in the British and Hanoverian corps alone. General Picton, who had been wounded at Quatre Bras, and who had concealed his hurt, was shot through the brain early in the battle, as he was leading his division to a bayonet charge. General Sir William Ponsonby, who was with the heavy cavalry, was killed by a Polish lancer; his relative, General Sir Frederick Ponsonby, was shot through the body by a Frenchman, was ridden over by the charging cavalry, and was speared, as he lay bleeding and helpless on the ground, by a savage Pole; but he miraculously recovered, and lived many years to charm all those who knew him, or who

* Southey, in *Quarterly Review*, vol. xiii. Wellington Despatches, vol. xii., pp. 4, 81, 8. Sir Francis Head, *Quarterly Review*. General Alava's account, &c., &c., &c.

ever approached him. Colonel de Lancy, the excellent quarter-master-general, was killed by a shot in the middle of the action. The Earl of Uxbridge lost his leg. General Cooke, General Halkett, General Sir Edward Barnes, General Baron Alten, Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Fitz Somerset, the Honourable T. Howard, the Prince of Orange were all among the wounded, and most of them were severely wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Alexander Gordon, brother to the present Earl of Aberdeen, died of his wounds soon after being removed from the field. The gallant Duke of Brunswick perished, as we have seen on the 16th, at Quatre Bras; he fell at the head of his own black hussars. The officers of several foreign nations who came to volunteer their services to the Duke, did not escape unhurt: the Austrian general, Vincent, was wounded, and Count Pozzo di Borgo, who was then both a general and a diplomatist in the service of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, received a contusion. The Spanish general Alava, had some hair-breadth escapes. On the Duke's staff there was hardly an officer that escaped wounds or death. At one moment he had no officer near him to carry out an immediate order, except a young Piedmontese gentleman of the noble family of de Salis. "Were you ever in a battle before?" said the Duke. "No, my lord," replied the young officer. "Then," said the Duke, "you are a lucky man, for you will never see such another."*

During the whole of the dreadful day the Duke was calm and collected, his countenance was serene and even cheerful except at times when his eye rested on the heaps of his killed and wounded. He stood for a long time near a remarkable tree with his spy-glass in his hand, and so near to some of the French posts that his features could be distinctly seen by the aid of a glass. An Italian officer, who was with Bonaparte, told me, a few years after the battle, that the quietness of the Duke's demeanour, and the tranquillity of his countenance, struck him with dismay, and made him believe that he must have some enormous force concealed on the reserve of his position, or that Blücher was coming up hours before he did. I can conceive that this equanimity and perfect self-possession afterwards gave way for a time.

* Sir Francis Head, in *Quarterly Review*.

"On the night of the memorable battle," says a British officer, "the words and emotions of the conqueror will long be remembered with those who sat with him at supper, after the anxious and awful day had closed. The fountain of a great heart lies deep, and the self-government of a calm mind permits no tears. But this night, Wellington repeatedly leaned back upon his chair, and rubbing his hands convulsively, exclaimed aloud, 'Thank God, I have met him! Thank God, I have met him!' And ever as he spoke, the smile that lighted up his eye was immediately dimmed by those few and big tears that gush warm from a grateful heart."*

The conduct and movements of General Grouchy, upon whom the French would have thrown the entire blame of losing the battle, has been grossly misrepresented and falsified. Grouchy, in tracking Blücher, could do little or nothing to injure him; and Grouchy was not up in time to take part in the battle with Wellington, simply because he could not get there in time, or, indeed, at all. The Prussian general, Thielman, with 16,000 men, kept him and his 32,000 French fully employed on the river Dyle for several hours, during which Blücher threw himself between Grouchy and Bonaparte with his superior forces. When evening was setting in, when our cavalry was crushing the French, and when the Prussian Marshal was giving the hand to the Duke, Grouchy was thirteen or fourteen good English miles off, with sorely fatigued troops. He was not at Waterloo, simply because he could not, by any possibility, be there. There was no treachery in the case. If Grouchy could even have done that which Bonaparte too confidently expected he would do, he would not have been at Waterloo; but, in that case, no more would Blücher. It was too much for the French to pretend they anticipated that Grouchy would prevent the junction of Blücher and Wellington, by driving the Prussians towards the Rhine, and be also on the field of Waterloo! The day after that battle he fell rapidly back upon the frontier of France, conducting his retreat in a manner which did honour to him as a general.†

On the first day of his pursuit (the first after the battle)

* Major M. Sherer, 'Military Memoir.'

† Pict. Hist. Reign of George III.

brave old Blücher wrote to his lady:—"My dear wife, you well know what I promised you, and I have kept my word. Superiority of numbers forced me to give way on the 17th; but on the 18th, in conjunction with my friend Wellington, I put an end at once to Bonaparte's dancing."

On the same day, the Duke (among other letters of condolence and of business) wrote to the Earl of Aberdeen:—"You will readily give credit to the existence of the extreme grief with which I announce to you the death of your gallant brother. . . . He received the wound which occasioned his death, while rallying one of the Brunswick battalions which was shaking a little, and he lived long enough to be informed by myself of the glorious result of our actions, to which he had so much contributed by his active and zealous assistance. I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow with which I look around me, and contemplate the loss which I have sustained particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot suggest it as any to you and his friends; but I hope it may be expected that this last one has been so decisive, as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded, by the early attainment of our just object. It is *then* that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen, will be some consolation for their loss."*

There were many other officers of noble name and ancient lineage, whose loss was equally deplored by a wide circle of relatives, connections, and friends, as well as by all who knew them, and by the army at large.

Major the Honourable Frederick Howard, † of the 10th Hussars, was slain, at the very close of the battle, in making a most gallant charge on the face and angle of a French square. Our Hussars charged home to the bayonets of the French guard, and a conflict of the fiercest kind ensued. Major Howard was killed at the head of his men. He was shot in the mouth, he fell senseless to the ground, and then one of the imperial guard stepped out of the ranks, and

* Despatches, vol. xii., p. 488.

† Son of Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, and uncle to the present Earl of Carlisle, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Dowager Lady Dover, &c.

—tally beat his head with the butt-end of his musket. It
 —as said of him by a brother officer,—“I never knew Howard
 —or say a thing one could have wished otherwise.”*

“Full many a warrior on that dreadful day,
 Brave, generous, gentle, breathed his soul away,
 But one more gentle, generous, or brave,
 Never in battle found a soldier's grave.

* * * * *
 Short were your pangs, but ere the spirit fled,
 Heaven grant you saw that not in vain you bled;
 That your brave followers on the broken foe,
 With vengeance wing'd dealt many a deadly blow,
 Till mercy check'd each hand, and bade them spare
 The suppliant remnants of the vanquished square.”†

— Such of the 10th Hussars as were up to make this daring
 — charge (they were comparatively but a handful of men), were
 exasperated almost to madness by seeing the fall of gallant
 young Howard and three of his brother officers: notwithstanding
 the rapid diminution of their originally weak number,
 they continued cutting at the French infantry, parrying
 bayonet thrusts with their sabres, and spurring on to the
 — very points of the bayonets. Although the square of the
 — imperial guard, which was a very strong one, could not be
 — said to have been broken, for the veteran soldiers who
 formed it knew too well the strength of a square and their
 own power of resistance against such a handful of horsemen,
 yet, yielding to the pressure, that square continued to fall
 back until it reached a narrow hollow in rear of La Belle Alliance,
 where it broke up and fled, in order to join the rest of
 the fugitives, who, for a length of time, seem never to have
 looked behind them, nor to have thought of their comrades
 in the rear.

The loss of men and officers among the British, Hanoverian, and Brunswick divisions, was astounding! General Picton, when he went into action with the 5th division, counted more than 5,000 men: at the end of their fighting that division could scarcely muster 1,800 bayonets. With two brigades of this force (counting about 3,000 men), ranged

* Captain W. Siborne.

† Lines by a surviving officer of the 10th Hussars. See Appendix to Captain Siborne's valuable work.

side by side, in a thin two-deep line, Picton made head against three French columns, who amounted to nearly 12,000 men, who had hitherto appeared to be victorious, and who, at the moment, were elated by the dastardly rout of the Dutch-Belgians. This was one of the noblest of the many heroic parts of the battle, which are far too numerous to be enumerated or even alluded to in a work like this. Though outflanked and so enormously outnumbered, the British infantry, awaiting the word of command from the loud, and sharp, and well-known voice of their sturdy, dauntless old leader, stood as firmly as rocks, or as dwarf oaks rooted to the soil. Suddenly the French column halted and commenced a deployment to its right. Picton, seizing upon the favourable moment, ordered his men to fire a volley into the deploying mass, and the brief but full and condensed report of this volley had scarcely died away, when Picton's voice was heard loudly shouting, "Charge! Charge! Hurrah!" Some delay and considerable loss (particularly on the part of the 79th Highlanders) were experienced in clearing the hedges in our front; but the check was brief, order was speedily restored, "and then, levelling their bayonets, the brigade disclosed to view the glorious sight of a British line of infantry at the charge."*

It was during this brief struggle near the hedges that Picton was struck by a musket-ball on the right temple. Though the wound was mortal, he did not roll from the saddle or fall to the ground—he died on the back of his war-horse. The mortal blow was first perceived by Lord Uxbridge's aide-de-camp, Captain Horace Seymour, to whom Picton was in the act of giving orders for rallying the Highlanders. Captain Seymour, whose own horse was just then hit and falling, called the attention of Picton's aide-de-camp, Captain Tyler, to the fate of his general, and, in the next moment, the hero's lifeless corpse was, with the assistance of a private soldier of the nearest regiment, borne from off his charger by that meritorious officer, Captain Tyler. Thus fell the fearless old soldier, who, as the leader of the 3rd, or "fighting division," had acquired an imperishable renown with the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular war. His spirit passed away amidst the roaring din of battle, and his

* Siborne.

eyes closed on his last of fields in the very moment of the advance of his troops to glorious victory.* It is said that one of Napoleon's first inquiries on the morning of this tragic day was—"Where is Picton's division?" Long before the close of the day he found out to his incalculable cost where it was!

We have given the entire number of men with which the Duke commenced the action; but it is to be borne in mind that out of this number—counting infantry, cavalry, and artillery—only 23,991 were British, and that of these our native troops many were quite new in the field of battle. Nor is it to be forgotten that the Dutch-Belgian forces, who were so lukewarm or so untrue, and who did so little for us, counted as 18,384 in the Duke's total. If, instead of these unworthy forces, at whom our indignant soldiers hissed and hooted on the battle field, and into whose flying or sneaking ranks they would have fired, had they not been restrained by their officers, the Duke had had but nine or ten thousand more troops of native growth and native courage, and innate loyalty and patriotism, the battle of Waterloo would neither have lasted so long nor cost us so much. The total loss of the British troops alone, in killed and wounded and missing, was 6,050, or within a trifle of one man in every four.

The Hanoverian portion of the army, 11,110, was thinned by 1,818, or more than one in six; the King's German legion, who counted 9,042, lost in the same way in killed, wounded, and missing, 1,381 men. The small loss of the cowards or unfaithful need not be cyphered.

Of the French losses in battle, since the commencement of these revolutionary wars, no accurate returns were ever made. After such a dolorous rout as that at Waterloo they were less likely than before to count their killed and wounded—nor, in fact, could they have counted them at the time. Subsequently, however, estimates have been formed as well by French as by British and Prussian officers, and an approximation to the truth is probably made in a received statement, that 25,000 French were put *hors de combat* on the field of battle. Add to this the multitudes that were cut or knocked down in the flight, or that perished on the roads from wounds and fatigue, or died in deserted villages from

* Siborne.

want of food and surgical relief, and the list of maimed must ascend to a truly fearful amount!

There was little more manœuvring at Waterloo than there had been at Toulouse. It was all a battle of hard, direct fighting, consisting, until nearly the close of the day, of furious attacks on the one side, and of indomitable defence on the other. Our success can be justly referred only to an admirable system of resistance formed by our great commander, and to the stamina and enduring valour of the soldiers whom he commanded. Chance had no effect upon results; Wellington's sure game was to act only on the defensive. Having thoroughly matured his arrangements with Blücher, for mutual support, he knew that, at the latest, before night, the Prussians must be on the field. Bad weather and bad roads, swollen streams, together with the conflagration of a town on the line of march, which, to save the Prussian tumbrils from explosion, rendered necessary a circuitous movement,—all these incidents, while they, of necessity, protracted the struggle on the actual battle-field for several hours beyond what might have been reasonably computed, only go to prove that the Duke, in accepting battle, under a well-founded belief that he should be supported by the foremost columns of the Prussians in *four* hours (whereas single-handed he had to maintain the combat and hold his ground during the space of *eight* hours), had left nothing dependent upon accident, but, providing for the worst contingencies, had formed his calculations with admirable skill, and with a justifiable confidence in the tenacity of his troops, and in what they would do for him if put to it. For hours the mass of our forces had only to stand still and act on the defensive, or to repel the assaults made upon them. In this long interval everything depended on their coolness, fortitude, powers of endurance and patience, in the face of such a carnage as mortal man had rarely witnessed. Every moment they stood brought Blücher and his Prussians nearer to them. At one turn of the battle, when some of our squares were battered and reduced by his artillery, Bonaparte said to Marshal Soult—"How beautifully that English infantry fights, but it must give way!" When some English officers advised Wellington to withdraw the exhausted regiments, the Duke coolly said, "Will they stand?"—"Till

they perish!" was the reply. "Then let them stand, and we will stand with them till the last, for the position must not be weakened," said the Duke.

To screen the fame of their Emperor and the glory of their veteran army, the French threw a heavy load of blame upon Marshal Ney, and a still heavier one upon General Grouchy. But at Ligny Ney had done his best, and had been foiled or beaten, and at Waterloo it was not he but the Emperor who commanded. As for Grouchy, he could not, as we have shown, be present in the fight. Had he disobeyed the orders which his master had put upon him, and made a movement by his left, he would have effected nothing beyond the delay of Napoleon's overthrow for a night. Had he come up in the afternoon, the day would probably have ended in a drawn battle, and Wellington might have been obliged to retire before nightfall into the forest of Soignies. But in a very short time after Grouchy, Blücher, unimpeded and unwatched, would have been up also; by dawn on the next morning the Anglo-Prussian army, issuing from the cover of the woods, would have become the assailant, "and with numbers far superior to his own, who will pretend to say that Napoleon's defeat on the 19th would not have been as certain and as signal as his *déroute* on the 18th—upon that fatal evening which closed upon a fallen empire and a lost field?" *

At Waterloo, in the 47th year of his age, the Duke of Wellington sheathed his sword never to draw it again on a field of battle. He won his last and crowning victory when full of health and vigour, and but little past the prime of matured manhood.

* Maxwell.

NEPAULESE WAR —BATTLE OF MUKWANPOOR

A. D. 1816—February 27.

WITH Waterloo our armies had done fighting in Europe. In Asia our immense and constantly extending dominions continued to call upon our courage and skill, and to find employment, year after year, for many of our troops. Whatever we tried the pacific and non-aggrandizement system we were attacked by some of our neighbours or by some of our dependents, who, mistaking forbearance and a pacific disposition for weakness, raised the standard of revolt, and endeavoured to form great hostile leagues against us.

Lord Minto, who assumed the governor-generalship in 1807, and retained it to the close of 1813, was bound by his instructions, and inclined by his own disposition, to eschew conquest and avoid war in continental India. His tranquil attitude only emboldened the Nepaulese, the Burmese, and other turbulent people, to insult and even invade and ravage our frontiers, while other tribes in the heart of our territories began to form hostile combinations and to arm themselves. If his lordship's government had lasted only six months longer he must—in spite, or rather in consequence, of his pacific policy—have found himself involved in extensive wars. His successor, the Marquis of Hastings, a brave old soldier, was compelled to draw the sword at once, for the Gorkhas, who domineered in Nepaul, retained that passion for war and conquest to which they owed their recently established dominion, and, except in the neighbourhood of our strong military stations on that frontier, it was found impossible to check their border forays. While some negotiations were opening, these Gorkhas of Nepaul attacked and murdered all our police officers stationed in Bootwul.

The Nepaulese war was rendered remarkable by the spirit and hardihood of the Gorkhas, and by their rare skill and

rapidity in stockading positions. As they advanced they covered their front, day after day, by strong palisades, and in case of a retreat they fell back upon the works they had left in their rear—upon a long, continuous series of stockades and fortified positions, which were generally placed in the strongest parts of the country, and which were to be approached only through dense forests, or narrow, steep, perilous mountain passes. It appears that while their army was on the advance, these positions were leisurely strengthened by the Gorkhas, or by the other tribes who inhabited the country, and were in subjection to those fierce conquerors.

The Nepaulese frontier was about 600 miles in length, and for the most part exceedingly rugged; and the enemy had the command of all the passes of the mountains and forests. Very few parts of the country had ever been examined by Europeans. The Nepaulese were as jealous and vigilant, and as resolute in opposing the visits of strangers, as were the Chinese, from whom most of their tribes originally descended.*

Lord Moira, however, resolved that his forces should act offensively along the whole line of the frontier, and break into the country from different points. For the whole plan of the campaign—which was clearly defective through want of local information—his lordship seems to be answerable. Major-General Marley, with the principal force, consisting of about 8,000 men, was to march upon Katmandoo, the capital; Major-General Wood was to overrun all Bootwul and to menace Gulpa; Major-General Gillespie was to seize the passes of the rivers Jumna and Ganges, in order to cut off the retreat of the enemy to the eastward; and Major-General Ochterlony, with the 4th corps, was to invade the western provinces of the Gorkhas. The Gorkhas alone had at this time, about 12,000 fighting men, dressed, armed, and disciplined, in imitation of the Company's sepoys, and if this imitation was not very perfect, the men were robust, active,

* History of the Political and Military Transactions in India, during the Administration of the Marquis of Hastings, 1813-23. By Henry T. Prinsep, Esq. Walter Hamilton. Account of the Kingdom of Nepal and of the Territories annexed to this Dominion by the House of Gorkha.

and courageous. The numbers of combatants collected from other tribes and disciplined only in the Nepanlese school, were high at some parts of the war. The strength of the country was great, being skirted and intersected by lofty mountains, and abounding in excellent defensive positions. As our forces advanced towards the frontiers, the Gorkha officers ordered that all the wells should be poisoned; but this is a threat which has often been used, and has never been carried extensively into practice. The Nepanlese mode of making stockades in excellent positions, and the stubbornness with which they defend them, proved more mischievous to the invaders. General Gillespie, who had had a narrow escape at the massacre of Vellore, fought his way well into the country, but was killed on the 30th of October, 1814, in a too hasty assault on the fort of Kalunga. General Wood failed completely in his operations, and General Marley failed so miserably, as to be taxed by the commander-in-chief with gross neglect and imbecility. The mistake common to all these commanders in the first Nepaul campaign, appears to have been a too great contempt for these new and untried enemies. But the whole campaign must be considered as a war of experiment—as a war in a novel field, where almost everything was yet to learn. “It must be allowed to the Gorkhas,” says the historian of this war, “that they were an experienced as well as a brave enemy: they had been continually waging war in the mountains for more than fifty years, and knew well how to turn everything to the best advantage. Caution and judgment were, therefore, more required against them than boldness of action.”* General Ochterlony, however, with his single division, gained brilliant successes in the western provinces of the Gorkhas, defeated the enemy in several battles, drove them into the fort of Maloun, and there forced them to capitulate. By these victories, the countries between the Jumna and Sutlej were effectually cleared, to the great satisfaction of the Seiks, and of the hill chieftains who were allied with the Company. But the war was not yet terminated, though it had already lasted more than a year. Those who held authority at Katmandoo, the capital of Nepaul, consented to a treaty, and then refused

* H. T. Prinsep's excellent book.

to ratify it, and then defied the English to another campaign in the heart of their own country.

This second campaign in Nepal commenced in February, 1816. The entire management of it was left to Major-General Ochterlony, who had so ably conducted all his part of the first campaign. In opening it, Ochterlony had nearly 20,000 effective men, including three excellent and entire European regiments, His Majesty's 24th, 65th, and 87th. The British soldiers were better suited to a war among lofty and bleak mountains, than were the sepoys from the hot plains of Hindostan. He divided his forces into four brigades, which were respectively commanded by Colonel Kelly, Lieutenant-Colonel Nichol, Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, and Colonel Dick. Colonel Kelly was detached to the right, Lieutenant-Colonel Nichol to the left; the other two brigades, guided by Ochterlony, moved straight through the forests to the foot of a pass, above which the Nepaulese were strongly posted behind their troublesome stockades. These works were altogether unassailable in front; but, after four days' diligent search, Captain Pickersgill, of the quartermaster-general's department, found a route which turned the pass. In the darkness of night, General Ochterlony, in person, led Miller's brigade through a deep and narrow chasm, and over the brow of a formidable barrier of hills. By seven o'clock on the following morning, the heights on the flank of the enemy's position were occupied without resistance. Nearly at the same time Colonel Dick's brigade, which had been left at the foot of the pass, moved up in front close to the other stockade; and in the course of the morning they found the triple fortification evacuated, in consequence of the success of Ochterlony's operation for turning the position. Our troops were obliged to bivouac on the bleak mountain-tops for four days, waiting the arrival of their supplies and tents, as no laden animal had been able to accompany them, or to climb the hill which they had climbed. During the first two days, the men suffered extreme privations. But their gallant leader shared in their hardships, having no baggage, and sleeping under cover of a hut, hastily constructed for him by the men of the 87th, of boughs, cut from the green trees. By the 20th of February, the supplies and tents were brought up, and the roads were prepared for a further advance. The enemy, vexed and dis-

heartened at Ochterlony's unexpected discovery of the route across the first barrier of mountains, continued to retreat from stockade to stockade, until they came to the town of Mukwanpoor, which stands on a hill, and which had both a fort and stockade. On the 27th, Ochterlony occupied a hill in front of Mukwanpoor, and within two miles of that town. The Gorkhas endeavoured to recover this hill. In their first attack they drove in a weak outpost, and killed the commanding officer, Lieutenant Tirrell. A small village on the hill, was, however, gallantly maintained, after the fall of Tirrell, by Lieutenant Kerr and Ensign Impey (a grandson of Sir Elijah Impey), who were both publicly thanked in general orders for this service. Ochterlony threw forward the flank companies of the 87th, and the 27th Regiment of Native Infantry. On the other side, the Gorkhas poured forth 2,000 men from their stockade in front of Mukwanpoor, and showed a determination to gain the village and recover all the ridge of the hill. The English general then threw forward four more companies of the 87th, and the second battalion of the 12th Native Infantry. Again, on the other hand, the Gorkhas reinforced their columns of attack. Ochterlony brought his guns to play along the ridge; and thereupon the Gorkhas brought up some of their guns, and fired hotly on our camp and line, where the general and his staff were conspicuous objects. After a stern contest, the enemy yielded to our superiority of artillery, and to a bayonet charge made by some of the British soldiers; and they fled beyond a deep hollow which separated the ridge from Mukwanpoor. There, however, and in a jungle, they maintained themselves for some hours, keeping up across the hollow a hot fire of artillery, which did little, and an incessant fire of musketry from the jungle, which did a good deal. But towards sunset, Ochterlony brought up a fresh sepoy battalion, and Major Nation, putting himself at the head of it, dashed across the hollow, charged with the bayonet, and captured the nearest of the guns. After this the Gorkhas retired behind their stockades or into their fort, leaving their dead and wounded behind them. Hitherto they had always shown the greatest devotion in carrying off their wounded. Their loss was very severe; they acknowledged themselves that it exceeded 800 men. Our loss in killed and wounded was rather more than 200.

* The day after the battle, Colonel Nicol, who had been detached with his brigade to the left, joined Ochterlony, having succeeded in penetrating into the country by a pass near Ramnughur and by the winding valley of a river. Colonel Kelly, who had been detached with his brigade to his right, had also succeeded in finding a route which led him across the hills to the important fortress of Hureehurpoor. As usual, this fort had a strong stockade in its front. But the Gorkhas committed the same mistake here which they had committed at Mukwanpoor, by abandoning an eminence at about 800 yards' distance from their stockade. This ridge was instantly seized by a detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel O'Halloran. The enemy sallied in full force to recover the ridge; and O'Halloran had to sustain an unequal fight from six in the morning until near the hour of noon. But when a strong reinforcement from Kelly's brigade came to the ridge of the hill, with two 6-pounders and two howitzers mounted on elephants, the enemy fled back to their stockade. They left a considerable number of killed and wounded on the hill; and they made no further attempt to regain possession of it. On the side of the victors, only 4 Europeans and 4 natives were killed; and 5 English officers, 23 English soldiers, and 25 natives were wounded. Both the stockade and the fort of Hureehurpoor were evacuated in the course of the ensuing night. Colonel Kelly converted the fort into a dépôt, and was preparing for a further advance, when he received intelligence that the war was over.

The defeat at Mukwanpoor had barred consternation into the court of Katmandoo. The Nepaul Rajah put the red seal to the previous treaty, which he had refused to ratify, and sent an envoy to General Ochterlony's camp to notify that the treaty was ready for delivery. Other parties claimed to be partakers in the benefits of this peace, which, they protested, should, as far as they were concerned, be sacred and lasting. The Earl of Moira had wisely instructed Ochterlony not to conclude a treaty until the enemy were sufficiently humbled to make it safe to rely on their sincerity; but for the rest he had given the general in the field full powers to use his own discretion, in accepting the terms of the former treaty, or in advancing further demands, according to circumstances and the state of the season. To humble the

pride of these warlike tribes, and to destroy their prestige in the eyes of the peoples and rulers of India, was more important than to make acquisitions of territory. General Ochterlony, however, determined to do both. He told the envoy that the Company must now retain all the territory in Nepaul which their troops occupied, including the valley of the Raptée, Hureeshurpoor, &c.; that the Rajah must write a letter to the Governor-General, to declare his submission to these demands; and finally, that he, the Gorkha negotiator, must present the ratified treaty on his knees at his (General Ochterlony's) durbar, in the presence of all the vakeels in camp. To all these conditions the court of Katmandoo was obliged to submit. The Gorkha negotiator knelt in the camp; Ochterlony signed the treaty; and then preparations were made for leaving a country which was becoming very unhealthy. Our army, however, did not quit the hills of Nepaul until two important forts were surrendered, as promised by the treaty, to our ally the Rajah of Sikkim. All the articles of the great treaty were executed with rare punctuality. The Governor-General, as a politic act of conciliation, restored some of the conquered territory, after a straight, plain, unmistakable frontier for the Company's dominions had been settled, drawn, and marked, at certain distances, with pillars of masonry, in order to prevent any future disputes. This fixing of a frontier was of very great importance. The lesson which the Nepaulese received from Ochterlony made a lasting impression; they have never since given us any trouble; and, instead of fighting against us, some of their best and bravest men have long been fighting for us. The Gorkhas in our pay have been faithful to the Company, and valorous on the field of battle.

The able officer who had so well managed the second and last campaign was properly honoured and rewarded.* He was a man of genius, and not above learning what was useful even from a semi-barbarous enemy. If he had been a man of routine, or a formalist and pedant attached exclusively to one art of war, either he would never have

* He received the Order of the Bath, and was afterwards created a baronet. The East India Company voted a pension of 1,000*l.* per annum to Major-General Sir David Ochterlony, Bart., and K.C.B., in acknowledgment of his splendid services in the Nepaulese war.

threaded the passes and labyrinths of Nepal, or he would have been sacrificed with his whole army long before reaching Mukwanpoor. But Ochterlony saw that the resource of stockades would be equally available to an invader; that it might be made to cover and secure every advance of the British, and be thus turned against the invader; and that it placed the issue of the war in the power of continuance. He therefore adopted the Nepaulese system of stockading both in his first and second campaign, and to this he was principally indebted for his success. By this means the operations of our divisions which penetrated the hills were converted into a war of posts, and depôts and weak detachments were put in a position of security when the main divisions were far away. He also attended sedulously to his commissariat, establishing and stockading good magazines for provisions as he advanced. If, at any time, he had been compelled to retreat, his troops would have found food and shelter provided for them in these fortified depôts.

Little advance was or could be made in Nepal until we adopted the plan of stockading posts, which the nature of the campaign frequently rendered it necessary to place beyond the limits of prompt succour. Had this plan been adopted at the beginning, several serious disasters would not have happened. "It was, however," adds Mr. Prinsep, "altogether a new thing to the Bengal army; for, from the earliest days, there had never been works thrown up for the defence of an outpost. . . . Sir David Ochterlony has the merit of having first resorted to this plan, and of having adopted it, too, as a resource of prudence which occurred to his own mind, not taught to him by the experience of disaster, as was the case with others."*

The strength of the Nepaulese stockades was, at the beginning of the war, greatly miscalculated. Made up, as they were, of rough hewn wood and stones, heaped together between an inner and outer palisade, they were, in appearance, so contemptible as to invite assault without even seeming to require any previous breaching. On the plains, much more formidable-looking places were constantly carried in that way. But appearances were very deceptive; and the

* History of Political and Military Transactions in India during the Administration of the Marquis of Hastings.—1813-1823.

Gorkhas, having a just confidence in their defences, always stood boldly to them, and made the assailants pay dearly for their temerity. Our lighter artillery made little or no impression, and as the difficulty of bringing up heavy guns was great, the stockades were, in truth, most formidable defences. The wood and other materials for raising them were every where at hand, and the celerity with which they could be prepared in any position formed a main source of the strength of the country. But this was a resource equally available to an invader. By the adoption of the stockading system, the operations of our divisions were converted almost entirely into a war of posts.*

The disasters attendant on our first campaign in the hills of Nepaul, were not without salutary consequences. To the officers of the Bengal army, in particular, were the lessons of the war much needed: precipitancy and want of caution were qualities bred in them, by an uninterrupted course of easy victory. From the days of Clive down to those of Lord Lake, they had, generally speaking, only to show themselves, and march straight against their enemy, to ensure his rapid flight. They naturally carried into the hills the same contempt of the foe which their victories in the plains had engendered; and they were taught only by painful experience to make sufficient allowance for the entire change of circumstances in this new field of action.†

There is only one greater mistake than thinking too much of an enemy, and that is—thinking too little or too meanly of him.

* H. T. Prinsep. "History of Political and Military Transactions," &c. In this valuable work, sketches and sections of the native stockades are given. See vol. i., p. 138.

† H. T. Prinsep.

BATTLES OF NAGPOOR.

A. D. 1817. November 26—December 16.

AFTER bringing the Nepaulese to reason, the Marquis of Hastings found himself at war, at one and the same moment, with the Pindarree free-booters, the treacherous Peishwa of the Mahrattas, the Rajah of Nagpoor and other foes. The affair with the Pindarrees, though it lasted nearly two years, was rather a hot chase than a war, but the Peishwa and the Rajah gave occasion to some brilliant feats of arms.

Apa Saheb, Rajah of Nagpoor, through the murder of his cousin, irritated against the English resident, and disgusted with the treaty he had concluded with the Company, had fully made up his mind to join the Peishwa and the Pindarrees. He was duly informed of the mighty preparations made at Poonah, and of the promises of other Mahratta princes to make common cause with their nominal suzerain; and he had been led into the belief that the British power was incapable of resisting the confederacy. Apa Saheb therefore began to collect his troops and to make new levies, protesting all the while to Mr. Jenkins, our resident, that he detested the treachery of the Peishwa and was eager to serve the Company. Yet was he but a clumsy hypocrite, for he received a dress of honour and a title from the court of Poonah, and went in state to his army to put on the dress and to assume the title in the presence of his troops. And at this time, though he might be ignorant of the facts, the Peishwa had been beaten and driven from his capital by the British. Mr. Jenkins called in a brigade from its cantonments, and posted it round the Residency, which was situated a little to the west of the city of Nagpoor, and separated from it only by a small ridge. The brigade was scarcely posted ere infantry, cavalry, and artillery, began to gather round the Residency.

On the following day, the 26th of November, some of the Rajah's infantry and artillery commenced a fire upon the ridge which was occupied by our brigade. This continued from sunset till two hours after midnight. Our troops suffered very severely: Captain Sadler, the officer in command, was killed: and Captain Charlesworth, the next in command, was wounded. But several assaults made to carry the hill were repulsed with considerable loss to the enemy. When they ceased firing, our troops laboured might and main to strengthen their position, which had been taken up in haste: they had but few intrenching-tools to make artificial defences: but they placed along the exposed brow of the hill sacks of flour and wheat, and anything else capable of affording some cover. At daybreak the enemy recommenced their fire with greater fury, having brought more guns to bear upon the ridge. Masses of their cavalry showed themselves all round our position, and the Arab infantry in the Rajah's service displayed great resolution and confidence. An accident happening to one of our guns, these Arabs rushed up the hill, seized it, and pointed it with murderous effect against our next post, having first put to the sword all the wounded that had fallen round the gun. Their first shot from that gun killed Doctor Neven, the surgeon, and Lieutenant Clarke: the second, a round of grape, killed the resident's first assistant, Mr. George Sotheby, and totally disabled four men besides. The camp-followers and the women and children of our sepoys set up a wild shriek; and our position was *entamée* by the fierce Arabs: the day seemed lost and a horrible butchery inevitable, when Captain Fitzgerald made a brisk and most gallant charge with the cavalry of our brigade, which consisted of only three troops of the 6th Bengal regiment. Heading the little column himself, and dashing across a nullah and over the ridge, Fitzgerald charged one mass of the enemy, drove them from their guns, turned them upon them, and then retired towards the Residency, dragging the captured guns with him and firing as he retired. Our people on the ridge set up a joyous shout, and a detachment of them advanced against the fierce Arabs, who kept their ground though those who ought to have supported them were running away. These Arabs, however, could not stand the bayonet charge; they were

driven from the post, the guns they had captured were recovered, and two other guns which the enemy had brought up were taken. In heading this desperate charge, Captain Lloyd and Lieutenant Grant particularly distinguished themselves. Grant was wounded three times, and his third wound proved mortal. The Arabs lay thick round the guns among the British and the sepoys they had butchered. As soon as this charge was crowned with success, Apa Saheb's troops gave way on every side, and about the hour of noon they fled from the field in panic disorder, leaving all their artillery to the conquerors.

Thus ended a conflict more desperate than any that had taken place in India since the days of Clive, when handfuls of the Company's troops repeatedly sustained and triumphed over the attacks of large native armies. Apa Saheb, at Nagpoor, like the Peishwa at Poonah, had reckoned with certainty on his ability to overwhelm the small force stationed at his capital. As soon as he was undeceived in this particular, he expressed the greatest contrition, and endeavoured to obtain the forgiveness of the English by his prostration and a prompt submission. When the battle was over and his army well beaten, he sent vakeels to the resident to express his grief, and to disavow having himself authorized the attack. Mr. Jenkins would give no answer until the Rajah's army was entirely disbanded.

Anon Company's troops poured into the country from every quarter. As early as the 29th Lieutenant-Colonel Gahan arrived at the Residency with two battalions and three troops of horse, two galloper guns, supplies of ammunition, &c.

The fighting on the 26th and 27th had been so hard, that our troops engaged had consumed nearly all their powder, they had only a few rounds left when the Arabs were beaten. If the Rajah's people had renewed their attack with any spirit, the conquerors must have been conquered through mere want of ammunition, but now they were safe; and the force collected round the Residency would have sufficed to beat the Rajah's army in the field over and over again. But it was of the utmost consequence that Apa Saheb should be entirely crushed with the utmost rapidity, in order that the grand campaign should proceed against the Pindarrees and

their supporters, and that other vacillating allies should be deterred from following his example by learning the terrible example of English vengeance—by hearing, in one breath, that the Rajah of Nagpoor had risen in arms, that the Rajah of Nagpoor had been beaten and his power annihilated. Accordingly, the Marquis of Hastings, who was himself on the Nerbudda, sent still more troops to Nagpoor. Major Pitman reached that city on the 5th of December, and Brigadier-General Doveton arrived there on the 12th. Brigadier-General Hardyman followed, but did not arrive until after everything had been settled by Doveton. On the morning of the 15th of December, Mr. Jenkins informed the Rajah that the only means of saving his army from immediate attack, and himself from ruin, was to accept the following terms:—To acknowledge that by his defection he had placed his territories at the mercy of the British government; to give up all his artillery; to disband all his Arabs and other mercenaries, who were to march off and leave the city and fort of Nagpoor to the sole occupation of the British; to go himself and reside at the British Residency, as an hostage for the performance of these conditions. His answer must be delivered at the latest by four o'clock the next morning; and if no answer came he was to be attacked at that hour. But he was given to understand that if he submitted to the terms proposed, no very great sacrifices would be required from him. Apa Saheb endeavoured to temporize. Mr. Jenkins extended the period from four to seven o'clock the next morning.

But in the evening of the 15th, General Doveton beat to arms, approached closer to the town, and there bivouacked for the night. At six o'clock in the morning, the Rajah sent to say that the Arabs would not allow him to come over to the English, and to beg for a respite of two or three days. All the respite that Doveton would give was for two hours: Apa Saheb must come in by nine o'clock, or abide the consequences. As nine o'clock came, and as the Rajah came not, our army advanced in order of battle to a position close upon the Rajah's camp: and upon this Apa Saheb, giving way to his fears, mounted his horse, galloped away from the camp to the Residency, and delivered himself up as an hostage to Mr. Jenkins. He there gave orders that the

artillery in the arsenal and in the camp should be delivered up. General Doveton, suspecting mischief, if not from the treachery of the Rajah, from the desperation of the Arabs and the other mercenaries, instead of sending a party to take possession of the guns, advanced his whole line by open column of companies. The arsenal, wherein were thirty-six guns, was taken without resistance; but as Doveton proceeded towards the Rajah's gardens a heavy fire of artillery was opened upon his front and right flank. Through the General's prudence and foresight he was not unprepared for this attack: his cavalry and horse artillery were with him; and, while his infantry charged in front, they made a detour, and got on the flank of the enemy. In less than an hour all the batteries were carried, and seventy-five more guns, mortars, and howitzers, were in our hands: the Arabs and all who had stayed to fight were put to flight, and the camp was also taken, with forty elephants and all Apa Saheb's camp equipage. But the fire of the fierce Arabs had cost us in killed and wounded 39 British and 102 native soldiers. Part of the Arab infantry fled into the city, and occupied the fort, within which were the Rajah's palaces and other strong buildings; and they maintained themselves with such desperation that it was not until the 30th of December that they could be driven out. Doveton's siege artillery had not come up, and in an attempt to storm the fort through an insufficient breach, he lost 90 killed and 179 wounded, including one officer among the killed and two among the wounded. With the departure of these daring Arabs resistance ceased; the Rajah and all his country were at our feet. The fate of Apa Saheb remained in suspense for a few months.*

In the mean while the Pindarree forces, though not yet annihilated, had been shattered and scattered in spite of all the extensive combinations made to support them as the great vanguard of the Mahrattas. The Marquis of Hastings, commander-in-chief as well as governor-general, had resolved to take the field and to direct the main operations of the campaign in person. His preparations were all on a gigantic scale. The army of the Bengal presidency, com-

* H. T. Prinsep. "History of Political and Military Transactions, &c."

manded by the Governor-General in person, and called the "Grand Army," counted 40,000 fighting men. The Madras troops, which took the field under the designation of the "Army of the Deccan," numbered 70,400 fighting men. A part of the Bombay army was put in motion from the side of Guzerat, to co-operate in the general objects of the campaign; and, after the rupture with the Peishwa, another division of the Bombay army was employed in reducing that prince's fortresses in the Konkan. Counting the irregular cavalry supplied by the allies or dependents of the Company, the whole force brought into the field must have exceeded 130,000 men; and of these forces above 13,000 were British soldiers. No such army had ever yet marched under our colours in India. It was not possible to estimate the varying force of all our enemies; but it may be roughly stated that the Mahratta confederacy had 130,000 horse, 80,000 foot, and 580 guns, while the different fragments that remained of their Pindarree allies would form a total of about 15,000. But it was not the number of these undisciplined barbarians that was to be taken into consideration: it was the very extensive—the indefinable field of the war, the number and strength of the fortresses in Central India, in the Konkan, and elsewhere, the facilities which the Mahrattas possessed for making flying marches, and for embarrassing the movements of our columns by lighting up the flames of war at nearly the same moment and at many and distant points, that demanded the employment of a large force and of great forethought.

CORREGAUM.

A. D. 1818. January 1.

EVEN after the brilliant combats at Nagpoor, the war continued to spread, and other native princes and potentates, more or less openly, entered into it or supported our numerous enemies in the field.

While the forces under the Marquis of Hastings, and the divisions under Hislop, Malcolm, Marshall, Keir, Adams, and other officers, were chasing the Pindarrees from moor and mountain, valley and jungle, or reducing the forts in Malwa, Brigadier-General Smith, who had been reinforced at Poonah, prepared for an active pursuit of Bajee Rao, the fugitive Peishwa, who had flitted hither and thither like an *ignis fatuus*. Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, having organized a police and a provisional administration for the city of Poonah, accompanied General Smith's division, which began its march at the end of November. Gokla, one of the Peishwa's evil advisers, but one of his bravest officers, attempted to defend a ghant leading to the high land where the Kistna has its source, and where the Peishwa had found a refuge and a rallying point; but the Mahratta was beaten, and the pass was cleared by the British with great ease. No fighting, but rapid and most wearying marches ensued, the Peishwa's army flying in a sort of zigzag, and the Peishwa himself always keeping in advance of his main body. At last the Mahratta succeeded in getting round Smith's division; and then, passing between Poonah and Seroor, he moved northward as far as Wuttoor, on the road to Nassik. Here he was joined by his long-lost favourite Trimbukjee, who brought with him a considerable reinforcement of horse and foot. Trimbukjee had collected these forces in various directions, but a good part of them appear to have been Pindarrees. But for the good fights made in front of the Residency at Nagpoor, and

within the walls of that city, Apa Saheb would have accompanied Trimbukjee with his large army and his desperate Arabs. After he had discovered the direction the Peishwa had taken, and had recruited his own worn-out cattle, General Smith, on the 22nd of September, started again in pursuit. This headlong race to the northward brought Smith close upon the rear of the Mahrattas; but, with the lubricity of eels, they slipped through his fingers, and, making a flank movement behind some hills, they turned suddenly to the south, and retraced their steps towards Poonah. Colonel Burr, who commanded in that city, apprehending an attack, solicited the reinforcement of a battalion from Seroor.

Captain Francis French Staunton,* of the Bombay establishment, was forthwith detached from Seroor with about 600 sepoy, 300 auxiliary horse, and two six-pounders. The distance was only two short marches. Staunton began his march from Seroor at eight o'clock in the evening of the 31st of December, and at ten the next morning he reached the heights of Corregaum, about half-way to Poonah, when, looking down upon the plain which lay between him and that city, he saw the whole of the Peishwa's army, estimated at 20,000 horse and several thousand foot. His march to Poonah was intercepted, and he himself was in great danger of being cut off. The brave officer did what the circumstances of the case required: he made a dash at the village of Corregaum (which stood on the heights, and which was composed of a number of stone houses with strong stone walls round the gardens), hoping to gain possession of it before it could be obtained by the enemy. But the Mahrattas, or rather the Arabs, who composed the main body of their infantry, were as near to the village as was Captain Staunton; and as he entered at one side, and took possession of some of the houses, the Arabs entered at the opposite side and took possession of other houses. A terrible struggle ensued, at first between the Company's troops and the Arabs for the possession of the whole of the village, and then between our handful of men and nearly the whole of the Mahratta army. Unfortunately Captain Swanston, who commanded our 300

* Subsequently Colonel F. Staunton, C.B.

auxiliary horse, was wounded early in the day, and his weak squadrons could not show themselves in face of the masses of Mahratta cavalry. The enemy, who had been running too fast to carry artillery with him, brought up only two guns; but if there was an equality in this particular arm, their infantry exceeded ours by ten to one. Nevertheless, our admirable sepoy maintained their post, and kept up an incessant fight from the hour of noon till nine in the evening, during which time they had no refreshment, and not even a drop of water to drink. Attack after attack was made under the eye of the Peishwa, who stood, no doubt, at a safe distance, on a neighbouring hill. They had all failed, when Lieutenant Chisholm, the officer of artillery, with most of his men, having been killed at a post near a pagoda, and the European officers having been disabled except three, the Arabs charged and obtained possession of one of our two guns, which was stationed at the pagoda. Our wounded were lying thick round that building, and among them were Assistant-Surgeon Wingate, Captain Swanston, and Lieutenant Connellon. The wild Arabs immediately began to massacre these helpless wounded men, and to mutilate the bodies of the slain. Poor Wingate was literally hacked to pieces, as was the body of Lieutenant Chisholm, the officer of artillery. But the Arabs did not long enjoy their bloody triumph; the three undisaibled officers, Captain Staunton, Lieutenant Jones, and Assistant-Surgeon Wylie,* though almost exhausted, and with their men fainting from want of water, headed one more charge, the last of the many that were made during the day, recaptured the lost gun, and slaughtered the Arabs in a heap. The charge was utterly desperate, for every man felt that there was nothing between him and victory, except torture and death. On this occasion Lieutenant Pattinson,

* The medical officers fought just as hard and as bravely as the other officers. With so small a force, and so very few English officers, it was necessary for every man to throw himself into the heat of the fight.

"The medical officers also led on the sepoy to charges with the bayonet, the nature of the contest not admitting of their attending to their professional duties; and, in such a struggle, the presence of a single European was of the utmost consequence, and seemed to inspire the native soldiers with the usual confidence of success."—*Division Orders by Brigadier-General Smith, C.B. East Ind. Military Calendar.*

who had been wounded and carried into a house, appeared again at the head of his men, and continued to exert the little strength he had left, until he received another wound, which proved mortal. Captain Swanston and Lieutenant Connellon were rescued; and every man of the Arabs who had penetrated to the pagoda was bayoneted without mercy. By a little after nine, the enemy were completely driven from the village and all the ground near it, and our fainting sepoys were then enabled to obtain a supply of water, the only refreshment they got during the whole day and following night. Where the desperate Arabs had failed, there was slight chance that the cowardly Mahrattas would renew the attempt. Captain Staunton and his people passed the night without any molestation.

At daybreak on the following morning, the Mahratta army was seen hovering about the village, but none of them would venture near; and this day also passed without any molestation. Captain Staunton had consumed so much powder during the nine hours' fighting of the preceding day, that he had only a few rounds of ammunition left; and provisions in the camp there were none, and none were to be procured in the village. Despairing, therefore, of being able to reach Poonah, he determined to move back to Seroor. He began his retreat, in the dark, on the night of the 2nd of January: he sacrificed much of his baggage in order to provide the means of conveying his numerous wounded; but he brought off not only his guns, but likewise all his wounded, and with them reached Seroor by nine o'clock the next morning, the 3rd of January. The men had had no refreshment but water from the 31st of December. Three officers were killed and two wounded; sixty-two men were killed and 118 wounded, exclusive of the auxiliary horse. The loss of men was most severe in the artillery, twelve being killed and eight wounded out of a detail for two six-pounders only.*

Like the defence of the Residency at Nagpoor, this was an affair of which Clive himself might have been proud. Captain Staunton's superiors were men quite capable of ap-

* H. T. Prinsep. Division Orders by Brigadier-General Smith, C.B., dated "Camp, near Seroor, 7th January, 1818," in *East India Military Calendar*.

preciating his heroism, and of expressing their admiration in an eloquent and hearty manner. The Governor-General, who forthwith nominated Staunton an honorary aide-de-camp, and soon afterwards conferred on him the command of the important fortress of Ahmednughur, repeated the observation which General Smith had made in his official report to the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, that the action of Corregaum was "one of the most brilliant affairs ever achieved by any army, in which the European and native soldiers displayed the most noble devotion and most romantic bravery, under the pressure of thirst and hunger, almost beyond human endurance." And, two years after the event, in presenting a valuable sword which had been voted by the Court of Directors to Captain (by this time Major) Staunton, his Lordship said, "I need say little of the conflict which has obtained you this honourable acknowledgment. It is already well known to all who take an interest in the achievements of the British arms in the East. All know the situation in which your detachment was placed, surrounded by numerous and implacable enemies, cut off from all hope of succour, and sinking under the pressure of thirst, exhaustion, and fatigue. In that hour of difficulty and danger it was your firmness that afforded to your brave companions an opportunity of displaying that devotion and gallantry which terminated in their triumph over the vast force opposed to them, and not only established for ever their own reputation, but threw a lustre over the character of their establishment, and added to the glory of the Indian army."* Furthermore the Government of Bombay, over which the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone then presided, caused a monument to be erected on the spot to commemorate the glory of the defence of Corregaum, and to preserve the memory of those who had fallen there. The foundation-stone was laid in 1821; and the brass plate bears the truly noble names of "The Most Noble the Marquis of Hastings, Governor-general of India," and "The Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay." Indian exploits had been too often overlooked in England, and neglected by our parliamentary orators; but, on this occasion, Mr. George Canning, on

* Address of the Marquis of Hastings. East India Military Calendar.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

moving the thanks of the House of Commons to the
quis of Hastings and the army in India, employed
eloquence and genius in extolling the glory of the little
which had repelled and kept at bay the Peishwa's
horse and masses of Arab infantry.

BURMESE WAR.

THE Marquis of Hastings signally triumphed over all our enemies in India, but Earl Amherst, who succeeded him (1823) as Governor-General, almost immediately found himself under the necessity of drawing the sword against a new, untried, and very obstinate foe. The Birmans or Burmese had long been very turbulent and very troublesome neighbours. Elated by some recent conquests which they had made, and being brought in more immediate contact with the British frontiers, they began, towards the end of the year 1823, to make sundry attacks upon us. Without notice given, and without any attempt at negotiation, they claimed possession of Shapuree, a small muddy island in the province of Bengal, but close to the coast of Arracan, which the Burmese then possessed. Making a sudden night attack, they drove away a small guard of British troops stationed on the island, killed several of them, and took forcible possession of the island. This, coming close upon other outrages, was not to be tolerated. Our government, however, resolved to consider the forcible occupation of Shapuree as the act of the local authorities of Arracan, and addressed a gentle declaration to the Burmese central government, recapitulating the past occurrences, and calling upon the court of Ava to disavow their officers in Arracan. The court of Ava, as might have been anticipated, considered this gentle declaration as a pusillanimous attempt to deprecate the resentment of the Burmese. They triumphantly appealed to the paper as a proof that the British government of India dreaded to enter upon a contest with them; and they intimated that unless their right to the island of Shapuree was distinctly admitted, the victorious Lord of the White Elephant and the Golden Foot would invade the Company's dominions. In the mean while two companies of the 20th Regiment landed on the disputed island, drove off the Bur-

mese, and stockaded themselves. And, on the other side, the commanding officer and some of the crew of the Company's cruiser *Sophia* were seized on the mainland and carried up the country. Both sides now actively prepared for war, the Anglo-Indian troops on the frontier being, however, ordered to maintain a strict neutrality for the present. More and more confirmed in their idea that we were afraid of them, from 4,000 to 5,000 Burmese and Assamese advanced from Assam into the province of Cachar, and began to stockade themselves at a post within five miles of the town of Sylhet, and only 226 miles from Calcutta. The town of Sylhet was on our frontier, and the whole of Cachar was under our protection, yet the Burmese claimed that province as their own, and called upon the Rajah of the adjoining province of Jinteea to submit to the government of Ava. Major Newton, the officer commanding on the Sylhet frontier, concentrated his detachment and marched against the invaders. It was at daybreak on the 17th of January, 1824, that he came in sight of their stockade and of a village adjoining, of which they had taken possession. The Burmese in the village presently gave way, but those in the stockades made a resolute resistance, and were not driven out until they had lost about a hundred men, and had killed six of our sepoys. They then fled to the hills.

The Rajah of Jinteea, who had been imperiously summoned to the Burmese camp, and commanded to prostrate himself before the shadow of the Golden Foot, threw himself upon the British Government for protection; and various native chiefs whose territories lay between the frontiers of the Burmese empire and the frontiers of the British dominions, called loudly for English aid. This, the south-east frontier of Bengal, had in fact been kept in constant dread and danger of invasion for more than a year, while the adjoining and friendly territories had been exposed to the destructive inroads and the overbearing insolence of the Burmese and Assamese for many years.*

* Horace Hayman Wilson, Esq. (the distinguished Orientalist, Professor of Sanscrit, Oxford, &c.), 'Documents illustrative of the Burmese War, with an Introductory Sketch of the Events of the War, and an Appendix.' Calcutta, 1827. Major Snodgrass, military secretary to the commander of the expedition to Ava, and assistant political agent

Major Newton did not follow the Burmese he had routed, but, after driving them from their stockade, he returned to Sylhet, and withdrew the whole of his force from Cachar. Almost as soon as the major was within his own frontier, the Burmese advanced again into the country from which he had driven them, and stockaded some stronger positions. They were joined by another considerable force, while another detachment, 2,000 strong, collected in their rear, as a reserve or column of support. Still advancing, and stockading as they advanced, the main body of the Burmese pushed their stockades on the north bank of the river Surma, to within one thousand yards of the British post at Bhadrappoor. Captain Johnstone, who commanded at that post, had but a very small force with him, yet he succeeded in dislodging the invaders from their unfinished works at the point of the bayonet, and in driving them beyond the Surma. This was on the 13th of February. On the following day, Lieutenant-Colonel Bowen joined and took the command over Captain Johnstone, and instantly marched in pursuit of the retreating enemy. They were found stockading themselves in a strong position on the opposite bank of the Jetinghi river, a deep and rapid stream. The only difficulty encountered was in getting across this stream. As soon as our troops were over, and had fixed their bayonets, the Burmese cleared out of their stockade and fled to the hills. But there was another division of the army of the Lord of the White Elephant, which had stockaded a much stronger position at Doodpatlee, where their front was covered by the Surma river, and their rear rested on steep hills. Each of the exposed faces of this intrenchment was defended by a deep ditch, about fourteen feet wide; a strong fence of bamboo spikes ran along the outer edge of the ditch, and the approach on the land side was through jungle and high grass. Lieutenant-Colonel Bowen, however, marched against this formidable stockade and attacked it. The Burmese remained passive till our troops advanced to the bamboo spikes, when they poured upon them a destructive and well-maintained fire, which completely

in Ava, 'Narrative of the Burmese War, detailing the Operations of Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell's Army, from its landing at Rangoon, in May, 1824, to the conclusion of a Treaty of Peace at Yandaboo, in February, 1826.' London, 1827.

checked their advance, although they kept their ground. When Lieutenant Armstrong had been killed and four other officers wounded, and about 150 of our men killed and wounded, Bowen called off the attacking party and retired to Jatrapoor, at a short distance. On the 27th of February Colonel Innes joined the force at Jatrapoor with four guns and a battalion of fresh troops, and assumed the command. But in the mean while the Burmese had retreated from this formidable position, and retired into their own country, evacuating the whole of Cachar.

But before this time the great Burmese chief, the Maha Bandoola, then high in favour at the court of Ava, and the projector of a scheme for the conquest of Bengal, had collected a great army near the southern extremity of our frontier and had marched into Arracan, provided with golden fetters in which the Governor-General of India was to be led captive to Ava.* This Maha Bandoola had convinced the king that with 100,000 men, which he said his majesty could assemble with ease, the conquest of Bengal might be achieved; as his majesty had consulted with a foreign resident at Ava as to the means of driving the English out of India.† The Lord of the Golden Foot laid claim to all the territories east of Moorshedabad, as having formerly belonged to the kingdom of Arracan, which he and his ancestors had conquered. Exaggerated reports of the strength and ferocity of the Burmese troops carried alarm even to Calcutta; the peasant on our frontier fled in dismay from their villages, and every idle rumour was so industriously magnified by timid and designing people, that the native merchants of Calcutta were with difficulty persuaded to refrain from removing their families and property from under the very guns of Fort William.

As the two states might now be considered as actually at war, Lord Amherst declared war in form, and promulgated the grounds of our quarrel in a declaration addressed to the Court of Ava and the different powers of India, and in a public proclamation dated the 5th of March, 1824. Orders had been previously given for the equipment of a force of from 5,000 to 6,000 men at the presidencies of Calcutta and Madras. It had been determined to act upon the offensive.

* Major Snodgrass. † Id. ‡ Deposition of Henry Gouger, Esq.

and to commence operations in the great river which leads through the heart of the Burmese country (and is the highway of the trade of the country), where no attack was expected. The plan of the campaign, in short, was to ascend the Irrawaddy and to begin by capturing the city of Rangoon, the principal port and trading-place of the Burmese empire.

This was another war of stockades. By means of positions so strengthened, the proud Burmese had made all their advances and secured all their conquests; and, in some respects, we found their stockades, with their curious underground excavations, obstacles almost as serious as those of the Nepaulese.

All our conflicts in this war, if not entitled to the name of GREAT BATTLES, were attended with romantic or picturesque circumstances. We will give, in brief space, the most remarkable of them.

RANGOON.

A. D. 1824. May 28.

OUR ships anchored within the bar of the Rangoon river on the 10th.

On the very next morning, the fleet proceeded up the river. A few harmless shots from the guard-houses on the banks were the only impediments offered to its progress. At 12 o'clock, the *Liffy* anchored close to the principal battery in Rangoon, the transports anchoring in succession in her rear. Having furled sails and beat to quarters, a pause of some minutes ensued, during which not a shot was fired. On our side, humanity forbade that we should fire into an almost defenceless town, crowded with an inoffensive people; and the Burmese, on their part, were unwilling to begin the unequal contest. They stood for some time inactive at their guns; but at length, being urged by the threats of their chiefs, they opened their feeble battery on our shipping. The frigate's fire soon silenced the battery and every gun on shore: the enemy fled from their works, and our troops, being landed, took quiet possession of a deserted town. Proclamations had been previously issued, promising British protection to the inhabitants, and prompt and liberal payment for whatever the troops might want of them: but the Burmese governor had given orders for driving the whole of the inhabitants into the neighbouring jungles, where the men were to be organized into corps, and the women and children to be strictly guarded as pledges for the good conduct of their fathers, husbands, and brothers. And with the population, nearly everything which the town contained had been removed into the inmost recesses of the jungles, or carried far up the Irawaddi. As the people of Rangoon were very aquatic, and as the river was known to swarm with boats, our commanders had calculated upon find-

ing more than a sufficient number to carry the troops up the river to Ava, the capital; but not a boat was to be found—everything had been removed that was at all likely to be of use to an invading army—oxen, horses, were no more to be found than boats—there was nothing left in the neighbourhood of Rangoon except a little paddy. In the too confident hope of finding all that they wanted in Rangoon, our troops had come unprovided with proper equipments for advancing either by land or by water; their supplies of provisions were scanty, from the same miscalculations; and they now found themselves cut off from all supplies except such as, in course of time, came by sea from Calcutta. To increase their embarrassment, the rainy monsoon was just setting in. Nothing remained but to take up a long residence in the miserable and filthy hovels of Rangoon, situated in the midst of swamps and paddy-fields. Everything in and about the place was in ruins, except the lofty Golden Dagon Pagoda. There was no passing the swamps and inundated paddy-fields, or the thick jungle beyond them, which was intersected only by a few narrow footpaths, like the forests and jungles of Ceylon; and behind this screen the unseen enemy plied their work, raising their levies and gradually collecting them so as to form a cordon round our cantonments. “Hid from our view,” says the historian of this war, “on every side in the darkness of a deep and, to regular bodies, an impenetrable forest, far beyond which the inhabitants and all the cattle of the Rangoon district had been driven, the Burmese chiefs carried on their operations and matured their future schemes with vigilance, secrecy, and activity. Neither rumour nor intelligence of what was passing within their posts ever reached us. Beyond the invisible line which circumscribed our position all was mystery or vague conjecture.” A series, a perfect continuity of stockades was erected, and was pushed nearer and nearer to Rangoon. “Like the Nepaulese, the Birmans rarely met an enemy in the open field: their conquests had all been made through the system of stockades. Instructed and trained from their youth in the formation and defence of these works, they had attained to great skill and judgment in the use of them. By gradual approaches, and by carefully stockading all their positions as they advanced, their

wars had for many years been an uninterrupted series of conquests; and at the time of our landing at Rangoon they had subdued and incorporated into their empire all the states by which it was surrounded." The long and gallant war-boats of the Burmese, and the skill and spirit of the Irawaddi boatmen, were not altogether unknown at Calcutta when our expedition was planned. Every town on the river according to its size, was obliged to furnish a galleon or a common war-boat, and to man and keep it in constant readiness. These boats carried from forty to fifty men each, and the Lord of the White Elephant and the Golden Foot could muster from 200 to 300 war-boats. In actual war the boatmen were about the most respectable part of his majesty's force. At the royal mandate, the Irawaddi above Rangoon was speedily covered with warriors from the towns up its banks.

As their troops rapidly increased in numbers, the enemy that were making the cordon round Rangoon became more daring, and gradually approaching nearer and nearer, they commenced stockading themselves in the jungle within hearing of our advanced posts. On the morning of the 25th of May, when they had stockaded an advanced corps within more than musket-shot distance from picquets, Sir Archibald thought that it was time to punish their temerity. With four companies of Europeans, two field-pieces, and 400 sepoys, he moved against the foremost stockade. The work being incomplete, the Burmese quitted it, and retired through the wood, after firing a few shots. Sir Archibald and his column continued to advance through the wood by a winding and very narrow pathway, at every turn of which there was some breastwork or stockade. These works, however, were hastily abandoned, the Burmese not having time sufficient to finish them. After an advance of five miles, our troops, emerging from the jungles, suddenly entered a wide open field, intersected by a morass and rivulet, across which there was a long narrow bridge. Here the retreating enemy faced about, and attempted a formation for the purpose of defending the passage of the bridge; but they soon gave way before the fire of our two field-pieces, and then continued their retreat towards other woods and jungles. At this juncture a terrible storm began; the rain fell in tor-

ments, and our two field-pieces could be dragged no farther. Sir Archibald Campbell, however, determined to proceed, hoping by a very rapid advance to be able to liberate the Rangoon women and children, being well assured that their release would be followed by the speedy desertion of their male relations, for whom they were held in pledge. Therefore, leaving the 400 sepoys to guard the guns, Sir Archibald pushed on rapidly with the four companies of British troops. After traversing another jungle, he reached the edge of the extensive plain of Joamoang. In the midst of this plain, and at a short distance from each other, stood two villages, closely flanked by jungle on either hand. On approaching the villages, they observed that they were defended in front by two stockades, filled with men, who seemed confident in the strength of their position, and who shouted and cried, "Lagee! Lagee!" (Come! Come!) At the same time large bodies of the enemy were moving from the rear of the villages and forming by the side of the jungle. Leaving one company to keep this force in check, Sir Archibald, with the three other companies, made a dash at the stockades. The enemy within them commenced a heavy fire, to which, from the wet state of their muskets, ours could at first make but little return. But the works were not above eight feet high, and our men forcing their way over them, brought their bayonets to bear upon a crowded, dense, and confused living mass. The conflict was now short, but very sanguinary. The works had only very narrow ways of egress, and the foremost fugitives, getting wedged in them, blocked them up and prevented the flight of the rest. When they could run away, they ran; but the Burmese never gave, and never expected quarter. Lowering their heads to a butting position, they blindly charged upon our soldiers' bayonets. They were killed in heaps, for our people had dried their muskets, and could now pour in volleys as well as use the bayonet. Few or none were spared, as from the barbarous and treacherous mode of warfare practised by the Burmese, death alone afforded safety. During the attack upon the two stockades, the enemy in the plain, whose force was roughly estimated at from 4,000 to 5,000 men, made no movement in their defence; but as soon as they saw that our troops were

in possession of the works, they set up a horrid yell and began to move towards the stockades. The single company which Sir Archibald had left on the plain sufficed to keep them in check; and as our other three companies rapidly moved out of the works and formed, the Burmese host wavered and fell back. The British then collected their killed and wounded, and carried them from the field; and, as the day was drawing to its close, they marched back to quarters, slowly and without any molestation. The enemy left 300 dead in the stockades and adjacent fields, and many more were wounded. On our side Lieutenant Alexander Howard was killed, and Lieutenants Mitchell and O'Halloran were very severely wounded; two rank and file were killed, and about twenty were wounded. In going and returning, the enemy's advanced stockades were all destroyed.

The sharp lesson they had received shook the confidence of the Burmese commanders in their troops and stockades. Hitherto every effort to open communications with them had failed, but they now sent two deputies to the British general. These native chiefs conducted themselves with much ease and boldness, and with still more cunning and address. The senior, a stout old man in a scarlet robe, and with a red handkerchief tied round his head, opened the subject of their mission, with the question, "Why are you come here with your ships and soldiers?" The provocation they had given by invading our neighbours and dependants, by attacking our own territories, etc., was fully explained as being the cause of the war, and the nature and extent of the redress we demanded was fully stated. In spite of all their address, their real object was discovered, and they, indeed, betrayed it themselves, when they refused to remove the barrier placed in the way of communication and reconciliation, and asked for a few days' delay. Sir Archibald Campbell gave them to understand, that no delay would be granted, that their post on the river would be attacked forthwith. The two chiefs stepped into their war-boats with an air of defiance, and the boatmen went off with great speed, rising on their short oars and singing in chorus, "Oh, what a happy king have we!" The very next morning, the post on the river was attacked by our troops. It was at the village of Kemmedine, a war-boat station, only three miles

above Rangoon. The enemy laboured incessantly, day and night, to strengthen this position. The ground behind the village, elevated and commanding, was surrounded by a thick forest in the rear. The heights had already been strongly stockaded and albatized in front; and the approach on the land faces was rendered difficult by a thick jungle, while the swampy nature of the ground towards the Irrawaddy strengthened the works on that side. But these defences were not tenable against two divisions of vessels which proceeded up the river to attack the stockade in that direction, and nearly 3,000 men, who marched to the attack by land, with four 18-pounders and four mortars. In a few minutes after the attack commenced, a great part of the extensive work was carried, and the enemy there stationed were driven into the jungle, leaving behind them 150 dead. At the rear-gate of this stockade were found the gilt umbrella, sword, and spear of a Burmese commander of high rank; the umbrella, which chiefly denotes the rank, being shattered by a shower of our grape. The body of the chief himself was picked up a few yards farther in the jungle, and was recognized to be that of the stout and cunning old deputy who had visited our quarters the preceding day. This night—a night of storm and pitiless rain—was spent by our troops under arms, under the dripping trees of the jungle or in the inundated rice-fields; but on the following morning, when they marched to storm the rest of the works, they found that they were entirely deserted, and that the Burmese had gone off in a panic to another stockade post, a good many miles in the rear of Kemmendine.

BATTLES OF THE GOLDEN DAGON PAGODA.

A. D. 1824. July 1, August 30, 31, December 1, 5, 7, 15.

SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL's forces at Rangoon were much diminished by sickness and death, brought on by hard service during an inclement season, by defective provisions, and by the ordinary casualties of war. But the opportune arrival of the 89th British Regiment from Madras, and of parts of two detachments which had subdued the islands of Cheduba and Negrais, raised the effective strength just at the critical moment. By the end of June, the Burmese in this quarter appeared to have somewhat recovered from their dismay. Chiefs of the highest fame, who, until they came in contact with our troops, had always been victorious, were sent down the Irawaddi from Ava, and from Prome, with orders to slay or torture and mutilate every Burmese soldier that did not fight to the utmost, and one of the brightest of golden umbrellas, Sykya Wongee, minister of state, was appointed commander-in-chief, with positive commands from the Golden Foot to attack and drive the British at once into the sea. On the first day of July, all the woods in Sir Archibald's front again exhibited bustle and commotion; 8,000 men had crossed to the Rangoon side of the river; the jungles around all seemed animated; clouds of rising smoke marked the encampments of the different corps of the Burmese army in the forest; and their noisy preparations for attack formed a striking contrast to the still and quiet aspect of the British line.

The Shoodagon, or Golden Dagon Pagoda, was the key of the British position. This splendid edifice, in itself a fortress, is about two miles, or two miles and a half, from the town of Rangoon: in shape it resembles an inverted speaking-trumpet; it is 338 feet high, and is surmounted by a cap made of brass forty-five feet high;

he whole is richly gilded. The base of this pagoda is a conical hill, flat at the top, and rising about seventy-five feet above the road. Here Sir Archibald Campbell placed a whole battalion of British troops. The two roads running from the pagoda to the town were occupied by our forces, native and European, the minor pagodas, bonze houses, and pilgrims' houses along these two roads afforded good shelter to the troops against the inclemency of the season, and some shelter from the attack of an enemy, whose artillery was but light. Two detached posts completed our position—one at the village of Puzendown, about a mile below the town, where the Pegu and Rangoon rivers meet; the other at Kemmendine, about three miles above the town; this second post being chiefly intended to protect our shipping against the descent of the enemy's fire-rafts. On the morning of the 1st of July, the enemy issued in dense masses from the jungle to the right and front of the great pagoda. Detaching to their left a column, which succeeded in setting fire to part of the village of Puzendown, their main body came boldly up to within half a mile of Rangoon, and commenced a spirited attack upon part of our line. But two field-pieces, served with grape and shrapnel, presently checked their advance, and then a brilliant charge by the 43rd Madras Native Infantry put them all to flight. In a very few minutes not a man could be seen of the Burmese host, except the killed, nor could anything be heard of them except a wild screaming which proceeded from the depths of the forests and jungle.

Sykya Wongee was recalled to court and degraded, and a still higher minister of state, named Soomba Wongee, who had arrived with reinforcements, took the command, and commenced stockading his army in the most difficult and intricate part of the forest, at Kummeroot, about five miles from the Great Pagoda, intending, chiefly under cover of night, to carry on such a system of desultory warfare as would harass, and ultimately destroy, our sickly, worn-out soldiers. He also fortified a commanding point on the river about Kemmendine, in communication with his stockaded camp, hoping by this means not only to obstruct the navigation of the river, but also to construct and employ numerous fire-rafts. But this new commander-in-chief had scarcely

finished his works ere he was driven from them with a terrible slaughter. On the 8th of July, Sir Archibald Campbell embarked with one column for the attack of the position upon the river, and Brigadier-General MacBean, with a land column, marched upon the forest stockades at Kumpung. The works on the river were found to be so formidable that it was judged necessary to employ breaching vessels; and a brig and three Company's cruisers, manned by seamen of his Majesty's and the Company's navy, under the superintendence of Captain Marryat, soon opened a heavy cannonade, and silenced the enemy's guns. Our troops then pushed across the river in boats, entered the practicable breach which the firing of our seamen had made, and carried off those works with comparatively trifling loss. The Burmese suffered severely in killed, and many of them were drowned in trying to escape across the river. The operations of the land column, under MacBean, were equally successful. It was unprovided with artillery; but the storming parties, who escaladed stockade after stockade, consisted entirely of British troops. Here again the slaughter was dreadful. Soomba Wongee, and several chiefs of high rank, with 800 men, were killed within the stockades; and the neighbouring jungles were filled with the unhappy creatures who were wounded, and left to die from want of food and care. Some of these poor Burmese were found by the English soldiers and brought into our hospitals; but unfortunately none of them recovered. The monsoon rains were now at their height, the adjacent country was almost wholly under water, nothing was to be obtained from it, and the sickness of our troops increased to an alarming extent.

An expedition, consisting of his Majesty's 89th Regiment, and the 7th Madras Native Infantry, under the command of Colonel Miles, was detached from Rangoon, with a considerable naval force, to subdue the maritime possessions of his Majesty to the eastward, in the hope that their loss might induce him to sue for peace. The success of the expedition was complete: Tavoy surrendered. Mergui was taken by storm; and the people all along the coast of Tenasserim gladly placed themselves under British protection.

Towards the end of July, Sir Archibald Campbell attempted to release such of the inhabitants of Rangoon as were desirous

of returning to their houses; and, by means of the sudden, unexpected, and, to the natives, inexplicable, movement of our steamboat, a few families who had been driven to the villages at the heads of the numerous creeks which branch off from the Rangoon river, were released from their guard, and joyfully took the opportunity of returning to their city. It was to the report of these people of the kind treatment they met with, that our army was afterwards indebted for the return of the great body of the people whose services and exertions contributed to the final success of the war. By degrees our foraging parties were enabled to take a wider range; the enemy were forced to draw their resources from a more distant part of the country; and more of the people of Rangoon and the neighbourhood escaped from their guards and returned to their homes.

The Lord of the White Elephant now sent his two brothers, the Prince of Tonghoo and the Prince of Sarrawaddy, with a whole host of astrologers and a corps of "Invulnerables," to join the army, and to direct the future operations of the war. The astrologers were to fix the lucky moment for attacking; the Invulnerables had some points of resemblance to the Turkish Delhis; they were the desperadoes, or madmen, of the army, and their madness was kept up by enormous doses of opium. The corps of Invulnerables consisted of several thousand men, divided into classes; the most select band of all being called the King's Invulnerables. The Prince of Tonghoo established his head-quarters at Pegu, and the Prince of Sarrawaddy took post at Donoopew, upon the great river, about sixty miles from Rangoon.

In the beginning of August, the Prince of Sarrawaddy sent down a force to occupy a strong post at the mouth of the Pegu river, a few miles below Rangoon, giving his people strict orders to block up the channel of the river in our rear, that not one of the "wild foreigners," or "captive strangers," might escape the punishment that was about to overtake them. Sir Archibald Campbell presently detached a small corps, under Brigadier Smelt, to dislodge Sarrawaddy's warriors. Our land-troops were brought to a standstill when within musket-shot of the place by a deep and impassable creek; but a party of sailors from his Majesty's ship *Larne*, under Captain Marryat, threw a bridge over the

column: and as soon as the column of attack pushed forward, the enemy began to fly, leaving eight guns and a quantity of ammunition in their stockade. A strong pagoda, with a large number of women, and with cannons pointing down every side, was next carried with equal facility. Other posts, strong places, and creeks were successively and successfully attacked. None of the enemy as had had any experience of the way of fighting seldom stopped to fight in their stockades, but a new set of people from the interior made a succession of stockades on one of the rivers, and of the loss of a good many brave men. These stockades were very numerous.

At last the Burmese told the Prince of Sarrawaddy that the time had come when the moment was come for a decisive battle, and in the night of the 30th of August, a body of the King's Invulnerables promised to attack and carry off the crown of the Golden Dagon Pagoda, in order that the princess and the sages and pious men in their train, might witness the usual annual festival in that sacred place—a festival at which not with bonzes, but with English grenadiers. And true to their promise, the Invulnerables, at midnight, pushing in a compact body from the jungle, under the moon, armed with swords and muskets. A strong party of our men in our front, retired in slow and steady file, skirmishing with the Invulnerables until they reached the flight of steps leading from the road up to the pagoda. The moon had gone down, and the night was so dark that the Burmese could be distinguished only by a few glimmering lanterns in their front; but their noise and clamour, their threats and imprecations upon the impious strangers, if they did not immediately evacuate the sacred temple, proved their number to be very great. In a dense column they rolled along the narrow pathway leading to the northern gate of the pagoda, wherein all seemed as silent as the grave. But hark! the muskets crash, the cannons roar, along the ramparts of the British post, drowning the tumult of the advancing column; and see!—see by the flash of our guns, the column reels back, the Invulnerables fall, mortally wounded, and the rest turn their backs on the holy place, and run with frantic speed for the covering of the jungle. Our grape-shot and our musketry broke the spell—those Invi-

nerables ventured no more near any of our posts. But a far more terrible enemy had gotten within our lines: the dysentery broke out among our troops, killing many of them, and reducing more to a most emaciated and feeble state. Scarcely three thousand duty soldiers were left to guard our lines. Floating hospitals were established at the mouth of the river; bread was now furnished in sufficient quantities, but nothing except change of season or of climate, could restore the sufferers to health. Mergui and Tavoy, portions of our recent conquests on the sea-coast, were represented by the medical officers who visited them as admirable convalescent stations; and thither a number of our people were sent, and with the most beneficial result.*

As all kinds of gilt umbrellas had been rolled in the dust—as fire-eating chiefs, ministers of state, princes royal, had all failed—the Golden Foot determined to call down from the mountains of Arracan his prime favourite, and to carry off the Governor-General in golden chains. Bandoola obeyed the call, and led his reinforced army from the mountains of Arracan to the Irawaddi river. He began his march about the end of August, at a season of the year when none but Burmese could have kept the field for a week, much less have attempted to pass the unhealthy jungles, and the pestilential marshes of the country. The distance, by the shortest route, was more than 200 English miles; but Bandoola, gathering fresh forces in the latter part of his long march, reached Donoopew before Sir Archibald Campbell knew that he had left Arracan.†

Happily our troops, though woefully reduced in numbers, were now fast recovering their health and strength; and two fresh British regiments, some battalions of native infantry, a regiment of cavalry, a troop of horse artillery, and a troop of rockets, arrived from Calcutta and Madras, together with admirable draught cattle of the true Mysore breed. Five hundred native boatmen came round from

* Men who had for months continued in a most debilitated state at Rangoon, rapidly recovered on arriving at Mergui, and were soon restored to their duty in full health and beauty.

† Professor H. H. Wilson, 'Documents Illustrative of the Burmese War, &c.' Sir Archibald Campbell's Despatches. Major Snodgrass.

Chittagong, and were busily employed in preparing boats for river service.

By the end of October the rains had entirely ceased at Rangoon; and, reinforced as he was, Sir Archibald Campbell was completing his preparations for the ascent of the Irawaddi, and for an attack upon Prome, when he learned that the Maha Bandoola had reached Donoopew with 60,000 fighting men, a considerable train of artillery, and a body of Cassay horse, the best cavalry of this part of Asia. Bandoola's musketeers were estimated at 35,000 men. Other numerous bodies were armed with gingals, which carried an iron ball of from six to twelve ounces, and were mounted on a light carriage easily dragged about by two men; and great numbers were attached to the guns which were transported on the backs of elephants. The rest of the host were armed with swords and spears, and all were well provided with implements for stockading and intrenching. Scattered through the army, there were also some more of the "Invulnerables," who had not yet tasted the sour grape of English guns, and who were amply provided with charms, spells, opium, bang, and betel-nuts. As the Maha proclaimed on all sides his intention of going at the head of his invincible army, with horses and elephants, and all manner of warlike stores, to capture and destroy the English at Rangoon, it was deemed proper to wait for him there. This would save our troops much fatigue, and a great, decisive battle might bring the court of Ava to reason.

As a great part of the country was still under water, the Burmese, for the most part, came down to the neighbourhood of Rangoon in boats. Our force was still but weak for the extensive line it was necessary to defend. But, to remedy this evil as far as possible, posts, consisting of redoubts and fortified pagodas, were speedily constructed, connecting the great Golden Dagon Pagoda by two distinct lines with Rangoon and the river, and leaving a disposable force for moving to the support of any point that might require support. The post at Kemmendine was also strongly occupied, and was supported on the river by his Majesty's sloop *Sophie* Captain Ryves, a Company's cruiser, and a strong division of gun-boats. On the 30th of November

Bandoola's great army assembled in and behind the dense forest which almost touches at one point the conical hill and the Great Pagoda; and his line, extending from the river above Kemmendine in a semicircular direction towards Puzandown, might be distinguished by a curved line of smoke rising above the trees. "During the ensuing night the low, continued murmur and hum of voices proceeding from the enemy's encampment suddenly ceased, and were speedily succeeded by the distant, but gradually approaching sounds of a multitude in slow and silent movement through the woods; and we soon became aware that the enemy's masses had approached to the very edge of the jungle, within musket-shot of the pagoda, apparently in readiness to rush from their cover to the assault at the break of day. . . . The day had scarcely dawned on the 1st of December, when hostilities commenced with a heavy fire of musketry and cannon at Kemmendine, the reduction of that place being a preliminary to any general attack upon our line. The firing continued long and animated, and from our commanding situation at the Great Pagoda, though nearly two miles distant from the scene of action, we could distinctly hear the yells and shouts of the infuriated assailants, occasionally returned by the hearty cheer of the British seamen, as they poured in their heavy broadsides upon the resolute and persevering masses. The thick forest which separated us from the river prevented our seeing distinctly what was going forward; and when the firing ceased, we remained for a short time in some anxiety, though in little doubt as to the result of the long and spirited assault. At length, however, the thick canopy of smoke which lowered over the fierce and sanguinary conflict gradually dissolving, we had the pleasure of seeing the masts of our vessels lying at their old station off the fort—a convincing proof that all had ended well on that side.

"In the course of the forenoon Burmese columns were observed on the west side of the river, marching across the plains of Dalla towards Rangoon. They were formed in five or six different divisions, and moved with great regularity, led by numerous chiefs on horseback—their gilt umbrellas glittering in the rays of the sun—with a sufficiently formidable and imposing effect, at a distance that prevented

our perceiving anything motley or mobbish, which might have been found in a closer inspection of these warlike legions.” *

Opposite Rangoon the leading column of five or six Burmese divisions commenced intrenching and throwing up batteries, while their main body were stockading in the jungle. In the course of the day several heavy columns issued from the forest, and successively took up their ground along a woody ridge, gently sloping towards Rangoon. Here they commenced operations with their intrenching tools, and with such activity and good will, that in the course of a couple of hours their whole line was covered, their flags and banners, which had been flying in profusion, all disappeared, and nothing was seen but a parapet of fresh-turned earth, gradually increasing in height. “The moving masses, which had so very lately attracted our anxious attention, had sunk into the ground; and by any one who had not witnessed the whole scene, the existence of these subterranean legions would not have been credited. The occasional movement of a chief with his gilt umbrella, from place to place, superintending the progress of their labour, was the only thing that now attracted notice. By a distant observer, the hills, covered with mounds of earth, would have been taken for anything rather than the approaches of an attacking army; but to us, who had watched the whole strange proceeding, it seemed the work of magic or enchantment.” † But, thus working like moles in the earth, the Burmese could no more see than they could be seen, and their men on watch must have been careless or fearful of exposing their heads and shoulders by looking too often over the mounds. In the afternoon Major Sale, with his Majesty’s 13th Regiment and a regiment of Madras native infantry, moving rapidly forward upon the busily employed and too confident enemy, fell upon them before they were well aware of the visit, and drove the whole line from their earth-cover with considerable loss. Having destroyed as many of their arms and tools as they could find, our detachment retired unmolested before the numerous bodies which were now forming on every side. “These Burmese trenches were found to be a succession of holes, capable of contain-

* Snodgrass.

† Ibid.

ing two men each, and excavated so as to afford shelter both from the weather and the fire of any enemy: even a shell lighting in the trench could at most kill but two men. As it is not the Burmese system to relieve their troops in making these approaches, each hole contained a sufficient supply of rice, water, and even fuel for its inmates; and under the excavated bank a bed of straw or brushwood was prepared, in which one man could sleep while his comrade watched. When one line of trench is completed, its occupiers, taking advantage of the night, push forward to where the second line is to be opened, their places being immediately taken up by fresh troops from the rear, and so on progressively."*

During the same busy day (the 1st of December) repeated attacks were made on Kemmendine, and were all repulsed by our troops, or by the seamen of our little flotilla. But it was not until night that the Burmese made their last desperate effort to open their way down the river, and so get possession of the port of Rangoon. Our wearied soldiers had laid down to rest, when suddenly the heavens, and the whole surrounding country, became brilliantly illuminated. The enemy had launched their fire-rafts into the stream with the first of the ebb-tide, and had now applied the match to those huge masses of combustible materials, in the hope of driving the *Sophie* and our other vessels from their stations off Kemmendine; and, as these fire-rafts came down, it was seen by the light of their flames that they were followed by a vast fleet of war-boats, whose crews were ready to take advantage of the confusion which might ensue if any of our vessels should be set on fire. And, as the rafts floated rapidly down to Kemmendine with the ebbing tide, columns of attack moved once more by land against that well-defended post, with artillery, with gingals, and musketry. But the skill and intrepidity of British seamen proved more than a match for the numbers and devices of the Burmese; after gazing for a while at the red, and blue, and yellow, and green flames of the mighty fireworks, our sailors leaped into their boats, pushed off to meet the flaming rafts, grappled them with their grappling irons, and conducted them past our shipping, or ran them ashore to finish

* Snodgrass.

their short life of fire and flame upon the river-bank without injury to any one. After this it is hardly necessary to say that the land attack on Kemmendine failed completely.

If the fire-rafts could have reached the harbour of Rangoon, which was now crowded with transports and country vessels of all kinds, the effect might have been very tragical; but the English sailors said that none should pass Kemmendine Point, and not one did pass. Kemmendine, where the river makes a sudden angle, was the only point from which the rafts could have been launched with effect. Fully aware of this, Bandoola ordered attack upon attack to be made, and for seven days no rest by night or by day was allowed to our troops or to our seamen there. But every effort of the enemy failed, nor were they more successful in any other part of their line of circumvallation. On the 5th of December, when the *matériel* and warlike stores of the Burmese left wing were brought forward from the jungle to their foremost intrenchment in front of Rangoon, and were fairly within our reach, Sir Archibald Campbell ordered a decisive attack to be made upon their army. Major Sale, with one column 800 strong, and a troop of British dragoons, who had only been landed the preceding day, was directed to fall upon their centre; and Major Walker, with 500 men, was sent to make a vigorous attack on their left wing. The operations of these two columns of troops were greatly facilitated by Captain Chads of the navy, who proceeded up the Creek to within gun-shot of the rear of the enemy's line, with the man-of-war boats and a part of the flotilla, and commenced a heavy cannonade, which distracted the attention of the Burmese, and prevented their reinforcing in front. Our two columns broke through the intrenchments, and completely routed both the centre and the left with vigorous bayonet charges; but Major Walker and a good many of his gallant comrades fell. The loss of the Burmese was appalling; they were driven from every part of their works into the jungle, leaving the ground behind them covered with dead and wounded, with all their guns, intrenching tools, and a great number of small arms. On the 6th of December Bandoola was employed in rallying his defeated troops. On the 7th the Burmese made their last and grand attack on the great pagoda. Here they were beaten, driven back to their

intrenchments, then driven into them, and forced back into the jungle by the British bayonet. Our troops at that post, worn out by seven days and nights of incessant fighting or watching, could not pursue the flying enemy, who left in the trenches a great number of dead—nearly all stout, tall, athletic fellows, who might almost have measured with English grenadiers, and who had evidently belonged to the *élite* of Bandoola's army. During these seven busy and fiery days the Burmese, in addition to a prodigious loss of lives, had lost every gun they had, and the entire *matériel* of their army. The survivors were flying towards Donoopew; but they were stopped in their flight by some great and terrible chiefs, who had been sent down with numerous reinforcements, and they rallied at Kokeen, about four miles beyond the Great Pagoda. It is said that when Bandoola counted his forces, he found them reduced, from more than 60,000 fighting men, to less than 25,000. This favourite of the Golden Foot was allowed to retain the chief command; he immediately began to intrench and stockade himself at Kokeen, and employed incendiaries to burn the invaders out of Rangoon, and destroy all their stores, powder magazines, etc. The latter attempt—which very nearly succeeded*—brought down a rapid attack upon his new position, and disgrace and ruin upon himself. On the 15th of December—three days after the midnight fire at Rangoon—1,500 British troops and sepoy, unaided by artillery, under the command of Brigadier-General Willoughby Cotton, drove Bandoola and his mighty host from all their intrenchments and stockades at Kokeen, and strewed the position with dead and dying. Here ended the operations in front of Rangoon; the British troops returned in the evening to their cantonments, and the remnant of the Burmese army retreated upon Donoopew.

* On the night of the 12th of December, the cry of fire resounded through the town of Rangoon, and nearly the whole of that filthy, wood and bamboo-built place seemed to be immediately in a blaze. The incendiaries had placed their matches in various parts of the town, and had set fire to them at the same moment. One-half of the town was burned; but the flames were prevented from reaching our depot of stores and ammunition.

WAR IN SCINDE.—MEEANEE.

A. D. 1843. February 17.

THE forces of the Hyderabad Ameers made a ferocious attack on the British residency, outside their city. On moving away from the bank of the Indus, Sir Charles Napier found that a great force of the enemy was gathering in his rear, while the rest kept their post at Meeanee, in his front. But he had read the Duke of Wellington's observations on Colonel Monson's disastrous retreat before the Mahrattas, and he had drawn from it this conclusion—never to give way before barbarians. He said, "Let there be sixty or a hundred thousand I will fight." He therefore rapidly advanced; and on the 17th of February was fought the great battle of Meeanee. Our army was now reduced to 2,600 of all arms, including officers fit for duty in the field.

The enemy's positions were formidable; they had a natural ravine in their front; they had more than 30,000 infantry, with fifteen guns, supported by 5,000 cavalry. Their wings rested on large woods or hunting grounds, which extended on each side of the plain in front for a considerable way, so as to flank the British lines on both sides when it should advance. These woods were very dense, yet Sir Charles Napier and his little force fell impetuously upon the enemy by the front. The fighting was terrible, and as hard as fighting could be. The dead level of the plain was swept by the Beloochee cannon and matchlocks; and when our troops got close up, after the ravine was crossed, our men had to ascend a high sloping bank.

"The Beloochees, having their matchlocks laid ready in rest along the summit, waited until the assailants were within fifteen yards ere their volley was discharged; the rapid pace of the British, and the steepness of the slope, deceived their aim, and the result was not considerable; the







MEEANEE



next moment the 22nd were on the top of the bank, thinking to bear down all before them, but they staggered back in amazement at the forest of swords waving in their front. Thick as standing corn, and gorgeous as a field of flowers, stood the Beloochees in their many-coloured garments and turbans; they filled the broad deep bed of the ravine, they clustered on both banks, and covered the plain beyond. Guarding their heads with their large dark shields, they shook their sharp swords, beaming in the sun, their shouts rolling like a peal of thunder, as with frantic gestures they dashed forward, with demoniac strength and ferocity, full against the front of the 22nd. But with shouts as loud, and shrieks as wild and fierce as theirs, and hearts as big, and arms as strong, the Irish soldiers met them with the queen of weapons—the musket—and sent their foremost masses rolling back in blood. Now the Beloochees closed their dense masses, and again the shouts of the rolling fire of musketry, and the dreadful rush of their swordsmen, were heard and seen along the whole line; and such a fight ensued as has seldom been known or told of in the records of war. These wild warriors continually advanced, sword and shield in hand, striving in all the fierceness of their valour to break into the opposing ranks; no fire of small-arms, no thrust of bayonets, no sweeping discharges of grape from the guns, which were planted in one fearful mass on the right, could drive the gallant soldiers back; they gave their breasts to be shot at, they leaped upon the guns by twenties at a time; their dead went down the steep slope by hundreds; but the gaps in their masses were continually filled up from the rear; the survivors of the front rank still pressed forward with unabated fury, and the bayonet and the sword clashed in full and frequent conflict.”*

When nearly all the foremost European officers had been killed or wounded, and when the sepoys, wanting leaders, had several times slowly receded, a charge made on the enemy's right, by our entire but small body of horse, under the command of Colonel Pattie, gave to Sir Charles all the glory of victory. They had kept their ground for more than three hours, but now the Beloochees began to retreat in masses, still keeping well together, with their broad shields

* Major-General W. F. P. Napier, ‘Conquest of Scinde,’ &c.

along over their backs, and their heads half-turned towards their pursuers.

"The victors followed closely, pouring in volley after volley, much tired of slaughtering; yet those stern implacable warriors preserved their habitual swaggering stride, and would not quicken it to a run, though death was at their heels."

Never had more personal courage been displayed by our officers and men. The greater part of the battle was a hand-to-hand fight. "The noble soldier Pennefather," as Sir Charles Napier called him, fell on the top of the bank, so apparently mortally wounded; and his place was instantly taken by Major Pool. Major Teesdale, animating his men, rode desperately over the ridge into the midst of the Beloochees, and was instantly killed by shot and sabre. Major Jackson followed the heroic example of Teesdale, and met the same fate. Two brave havildars kept close to them in advance of their regiment, and, like their leaders, they were also killed, after they had slain several of the leaders of the enemy. Lieutenant McMurdoch, of the General's staff, rode like Teesdale and Jackson, into the very heart of the Beloochee mass; his horse was killed under him, yet he rose instantly, and meeting Jehan Mohab, one of the most warlike of the chiefs, slew him in the midst of his clan. Then, while engaged with several in front, he came behind and struck at him, but a sergeant of the 60th killed the enemy so instantly, that his blow fell harmless. McMurdoch turned and did the same service for his regiment, clearing the head of a Beloochee, who was striking at his back. Captain Jacob and Lieutenant Fitzgerald performed similar exploits. Six European officers and sixty sepoy and privates were killed, and fourteen officers and about 200 men wounded. As the sepoy grenadiers had been but slightly engaged, this loss was nearly a sixth part of our fighting force. The loss of the Beloochees was enormous: a careful computation gave it as 6,000; 1,000 horses were beaped in the ravine alone.

The whole of the enemy's artillery, ammunition, standards and camp, with considerable stores, and some treasure, were taken. *

* Major-General W. F. P. Napier.
* Sir C. Napier's Despatches.

■ On the following morning, at the break of day, Sir Charles Napier sent to tell the Ameers that he would immediately storm Hyderabad, if they did not surrender. Six of these sovereign princes presently entered his camp on horseback, and offered themselves as prisoners. They yielded their fortresses, and laid their rich swords and other arms at the British general's feet. "Their misfortunes," said Sir Charles, "were of their own creation, but, as they were great, I gave them back their swords." The Ameers were cowards, but the conqueror, both in his public despatches and in his private letters, gave full honour and praise to the brave Beloochees.

THE SIKH WAR.—MOODKEE.

A. D. 1845. December 18.

THE following table of the force on the frontier, as Sir H. Harbidge found it on his arrival in India, in July, 1844, and when the war broke out in December, 1845, is a complete refutation of the charge of want of preparation :—

			Men.	Guns.
At Ferozpoor	{ July,	1844,	4,596	— 12
	{ December,	1845,	10,472	— 24
At Loodiana	{ July,	1844,	3,030	— 12
	{ December,	1845,	7,235	— 12
At Umballa	{ July,	1844,	4,113	— 24
	{ December,	1845,	12,972	— 32

The force at the hill stations was the same at both periods, 1,859 men. Thus, in the first line from Umballa to the Sutledge, about 150 miles, there were, when Sir H. Harbidge landed in India, only 13,539 men and 48 guns. When the war broke out, there were 32,479 men and 68 guns. Increase, 18,940 men and 20 guns! The force at Meerut had also been augmented from 5,873 men and 18 guns, to 9,844 men and 26 guns: which force, being 250 miles to the rear, was not considered available to repel invasion, but as a support to that in advance of Umballa. The force in the first line also comprised seven regiments of European infantry out of the eleven at that time serving within the Bengal presidency. The battle of Ferozshuhr took place eight days after the Sikhs crossed the Sutledge; and if, out of the 32,479 at and north of Umballa, in December, 1845, 17,727 rank and file only could be brought into action after a junction with the Loodiana and Ferozpoor forces, what sort of an army could have been brought into the field had Sir H.

Hardinge left the force on the frontier as he found it, consisting as it did of 13,538 men?

On the 2nd of December, 1845, Sir Henry arrived at Umballa. From this point we may take up his own words, as contained in a despatch to the Secret Committee at the India-House:—

“I had moved with my camp on the 6th of December from Umballa towards Loodiana, peaceably making my progress by the route I had announced, with the intention of visiting the Sikh protected states, according to the usual custom of my predecessors. In common with the most experienced officers of the Indian government, I was not of opinion that the Sikh army would cross the Sutledge with its infantry and artillery. I considered it probable that some act of aggression would be committed by parties of plunderers, for the purpose of compelling the British government to interfere, to which course the Sikh chiefs knew I was most averse; but I concurred with the Commander-in-Chief, and the chief secretary to the government, as well as my political agent, Major Broadfoot, that offensive operations, on a large scale, would not be resorted to. Exclusive of the political reasons which induced me to carry my forbearance as far as it was possible, I was confident, from the opinions given by the Commander-in-Chief and Major-General Sir John Littler, in command of the forces at Ferozpoor, that that post would resist any attack from the Sikh army as long as its provisions lasted; and that I could at any time relieve it, under the ordinary circumstances of an Asiatic army making an irruption into our territories, provided it had not the means of laying siege to the fort and the intrenched camp. Up to this period no act of aggression had been committed by the Sikh army. The Lahore government had as good a right to reinforce their bank of the river Sutledge, as we had to reinforce our posts on that river. The Sikh army had, in 1843 and 1844, moved down upon the river from Lahore, and after remaining there encamped a few weeks, had returned to the capital. These reasons, and, above all, my extreme anxiety to avoid hostilities, induced me not to make any hasty movement with our army, which, when the two armies came into each other's presence, might bring about a collision. The army had, however, been

ordered to be in readiness to move at the shortest notice; and on the 7th and 8th of December, when I heard from Lahore that preparations were making on a large scale for artillery, stores, and all the munitions of war, I wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, directing his excellency, on the 11th to move up the force from Umballa, from Meerut, and some other stations in the rear. Up to this time no infantry or artillery had been reported to have left Lahore, nor had a single Sikh soldier crossed the Sutledge. Nevertheless, I considered it prudent no longer to delay the forward movement of our troops, having given to the Lahore government the most ample time for a reply to our remonstrance. On the 9th, at night, Captain Nicholson, the assistant political agent at Ferozpoor, reported that a portion of the Sikh army had approached within three miles of the river. On the other hand, the information received by Major Broadfoot on that day from Lahore, was not of a character to make it probable that any Sikh movement on a large scale was meditated. On the 10th no intelligence was received from Lahore confirmatory of Captain Nicholson's report, and the usual opinion continued to prevail that the Sikh army would not cross the Sutledge. The troops, however, moved on the 10th, 11th, 12th, in pursuance of the orders given on the 7th and 8th; and the whole of the forces destined to move up to the Sutledge were in full march on the 12th. I did not consider the force moving up from Umballa to be sufficient to force its way to relieve Ferozpoor, if a large Sikh army, with a numerous and well-served park of artillery, should attempt to intercept it in its approach to Ferozpoor, as, in such case, it could with difficulty receive any aid from that garrison. Being some days' march in advance of the commander-in-chief, I rode over to Loodiana; and having inspected the fort, the cantonments, and the troops, it appeared to me most advisable that the whole of this force should be moved up with the Umballa force, restricting the defence of Loodiana to the fort, which could be securely garrisoned by the more infirm soldiers of the regiments at that post, unless attacked by heavy artillery, which was a very improbable contingency. The risk to be incurred of leaving the town and the cantonments liable to be plundered was maturely considered, and I had no hesitation in incur-

ring that risk to insure the strength and efficiency of the force which might separately be brought into action with the whole of the Sikh army. I therefore ordered Brigadier Wheeler to be prepared to march at the shortest notice. The Umballa force, in march, was 7,500 men and thirty-six guns; the Loodiana force amounted to 5,000 men and twelve guns.

"The Commander-in-Chief concurred in these views; and this fine body of men, by a rapid march on Busseean, an important point, where the roads leading from Umballa and Kurnaul meet, formed the advanced column of the army, and secured the supplies which had been laid in at Busseean. Up to the morning of the 12th, the information from Lahore had not materially varied; but by the reports received on that day, the general aspect of affairs appeared more warlike. Still no Sikh aggression had been committed, and no artillery had moved down to the river.

"On the 13th, I first received precise information that the Sikh army had crossed the Sutledge, and was concentrating a great force on the left bank of the river."

The distance between the head-quarters of the British army at Umballa and Ferozpoor, was three times as great as that between Ferozpoor and Lahore, the former being 150 miles, the latter only fifty miles. Sir Henry Hardinge, in the despatch already quoted, has explained his reasons for not ordering the Umballa force to take the field sooner than it did; he, however, had ordered, so early as the 20th November, that the force should be held in readiness to move, and it actually did march on the 11th of December, before the Sikh army had commenced crossing the Sutledge, which it did about six or seven miles from Ferozpoor on the 12th December, but the passage of the artillery was not completed till the 16th December. As the art of war consists in concentrating the greatest number of men at the right place at the right time, the crisis when the Sikhs did cross, demanded the utmost exertion on the part of the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief; and the celerity with which the troops moved towards Ferozpoor, was most admirable.

The Governor-General, as stated in his despatch, being between Umballa and Loodiana, on the 13th of December, when the news arrived of the Sikhs having crossed, he ordered

Brigadier Wheeler to march with 4,500 men, and twenty-one guns, early on the 14th from Loodiana to Busseean, which place had been filled with provisions, by arrangements made through Major Broadfoot with the native chiefs, and upon which provisions the British army depended in its advance to Ferozpoor. By the afternoon of the 14th, Brigadier Wheeler was in front of Busseean. The main column under the Commander-in-Chief from Umballa, did not reach Busseean until the 16th. Had it not been for the force under Brigadier Wheeler, the cavalry of the Sikhs having crossed on the 12th, they might have marched the 13th and 14th, and have reached Busseean the evening of the 14th. Had the provisions in Busseean been destroyed, the advance of the main column on Ferozpoor would have been delayed at least a week or ten days, during which time the 10,472 men at Ferozpoor would have to withstand the whole of the Sikh army, and the safety of that post might have been compromised; as it was, the Sikhs had not completed the passage of their heavy guns until the 16th, and by the 17th the advance of the force under the Commander-in-Chief began to tell upon them, for on the 17th the main body, consisting according to the Sikh accounts of 25,000 regulars and eighty-eight guns, under Lal Singh, took possession of the wells around the village of Ferozshuhr, whilst Tej Singh with 23,000 men and sixty-seven guns remained opposite to Ferozpoor.

The only road by which an army can march from Busseean to Ferozpoor (on account of the scarcity of water) passes through Moodkee, and is about twenty miles, Ferozshuhr being mid-way.

The Sikhs commenced on the 17th December to throw up intrenchments around the wells at Ferozshuhr, in order to stop the advance of the column under the commander-in-chief, knowing that the Commander-in-Chief must carry these works before he could relieve Ferozpoor.

By one o'clock on the 18th, the Governor-General and commander-in-chief reached Moodkee, from which village a few Sikh cavalry retired, as the British column advanced; the troops had just taken up their encamping-ground, and were commencing to cook, after a fatiguing march of twenty-two miles, when news was brought by one of the scouts, to

Major Broadfoot, the political agent, that the enemy was only three miles distant. The Sikh account is, that not knowing the strength of the column under the Commander-in-Chief, and thinking it was only the advance-guard of the British army, 12,000 of them, chiefly cavalry, and twenty-two guns, under the command of Lal Singh, left the camp at Ferozshuhr, early on the 18th, and had taken up their position before the arrival of the British army at Moodkee. This must have been the case, for when the British troops halted at Moodkee, there was no indication of any large body of men moving in the neighbourhood, and a force of 12,000 men, especially cavalry, could not move in that country without raising a column of dust, which would be seen at the distance of miles.

The alarm being sounded, the British troops hastily got under arms and moved to their positions: Sir Hugh Gough says:—"I immediately pushed forward the horse-artillery and cavalry, directing the infantry, accompanied by the field batteries, to move forward in support. We had not proceeded beyond two miles when we found the enemy in position.

"To resist their attack, and to cover the formation of the infantry, I advanced the cavalry, under Brigadiers White, Gough, and Mactier, rapidly to the front, in columns of squadrons, and occupied the plain. They were speedily followed by the five troops of horse-artillery under Brigadier Brooke, who took up a forward position, having the cavalry then on his flanks.

"The country is a dead flat, covered at short intervals with a low, but in some places thick jhow jungle, and dotted with sandy hillocks. The enemy screened their infantry and artillery behind this jungle and such undulations as the ground afforded; and whilst our twelve battalions formed from echelon of brigade into line, they opened a very severe cannonade upon our advancing troops, which was vigorously replied to by the battery of horse-artillery under Brigadier Brooke, which was soon joined by the two light field batteries. The rapid and well-directed fire of our artillery appeared soon to paralyze that of the enemy; and, as it was necessary to complete our infantry dispositions without advancing the artillery too near to the jungle, I directed the

cavalry under Brigadiers White and Gough to make a flank movement on the enemy's left, with a view of threatening and turning that flank, if possible. With praiseworthy gallantry, the 3rd Light Dragoons, with the second brigade of cavalry, consisting of the body-guard and 5th Light Cavalry, with a portion of the 4th Lancers, turned the left of the Sikh army, and sweeping along the whole rear of its infantry and guns, silenced for a time the latter, and put their numerous cavalry to flight. Whilst this movement was taking place on the enemy's left, I directed the remainder of the 4th Lancers, the 9th Irregular Cavalry under Brigadier Mactier, with a light field battery, to threaten their right.

"This manœuvre was also successful. Had not the infantry and guns of the enemy been screened by the jungle, these brilliant charges of the cavalry would have been productive of greater effect.

"When the infantry advanced to the attack, Brigadier Brooke rapidly pushed on his horse-artillery close to the jungle, and the cannonade was resumed on both sides. The infantry, under Major-Generals Sir Harry Smith, Gilbert, and Sir John M'Caskill, attacked in echelon of lines the enemy's infantry, almost invisible amongst wood and the approaching darkness of night. The opposition of the enemy was such as might have been expected from troops who had everything at stake, and who had long vaunted of being irresistible. Their ample and extended line, from their great superiority of numbers, far outflanked ours; but this was counteracted by the flank movements of our cavalry. The attack of the infantry now commenced, and the roll of fire from this powerful arm soon convinced the Sikh army that they had met with a foe they little expected; and their whole force was driven from position after position with great slaughter, and the loss of seventeen pieces of artillery, some of them of heavy calibre; our infantry using that never-failing weapon, the bayonet, whenever the enemy stood. Night only saved them from worse disaster, for this stout conflict was maintained during an hour and a half of dim starlight, amidst a cloud of dust from the sandy plain, which yet more obscured every object."

The British force engaged consisted of 3,850 Europeans

and 8,500 natives, making a total of 12,350 rank and file, and forty-two guns. Sixteen officers were killed and 200 men. Forty-eight officers wounded and 609 men, of whom 153 died subsequently of their wounds, or were disabled. Amongst those who fell was the hero of Jellalabad, Sir Robert Sale; he had his left thigh shattered by grape-shot, and the wound proved mortal. Had there been more daylight, the rout of the enemy would have been more complete; as it was, seventeen of their guns out of twenty were captured, and their loss in killed and wounded was very severe. Lal Singh, the commander, was among the wounded, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner.

The Sikhs fled rapidly to their camp at Ferozshuhr, and the British troops returned to theirs at Moodkee about midnight.

BATTLE OF FEROZSHUHR.

A. D. 1845. December 21, 22.

On the 19th of December, two heavy guns reached Moodkee, escorted by Her Majesty's 29th, the 1st European Light Infantry, and two regiments of native infantry.* Every possible care had been taken of these troops in their rapid advance by the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief. Elephants were despatched to Churruk, seven-and-twenty miles from Moodkee, to carry those who might be unable to walk. When near Moodkee, and almost overcome by fatigue and the terrible desert thirst, water was distributed to them, which had been brought out on elephants from head-quarters, Moodkee, where the Governor-General's band welcomed them with a joyous burst of music. This reinforcement did not reach camp till nine or ten o'clock at night, and it was determined, in order to give them rest, that the army should halt on the 20th. During this halt of two days, the wounded and sick were cared for, and secured in the mud fort at Moodkee. It was now that Sir H. Hardinge magnanimously offered his services to Sir Hugh Gough. He was appointed second in command of the army, and all officers were directed to obey any orders emanating from him, which they were not bound to do so long as he (although the head of the government) exercised only a civil authority.

Expresses were sent to Sir John Littler at Ferozpoor, apprising him of the victory at Moodkee, and directing him on the 21st to march with as large a force as he could, and effect a junction with the army under the Commander-in-Chief. Arrangements were also made for leaving the wounded and the baggage at Moodkee when the army marched; a regiment and a half being told off to protect them. This decision was a wise one. Had the British

* The 11th and 41st.

army on the night of the 21st been embarrassed with a column of baggage, great would have been the suffering of our own camp-followers and wounded. Whereas, the fort at Moodkee, defended by a regiment and a half, was safe for a time against the enemy's cavalry and loose plunderers, which alone could penetrate the rear of our army. Early on the morning of the 21st, Sir John Littler, leaving 5,000 men to hold his position and watch Tej Singh, moved off quietly by his right, with 5,500 men and twenty-one guns, to join the Commander-in-Chief. The force from Moodkee marched at three o'clock in the morning, in two open columns of companies, left in front; the army had therefore only to wheel into line to be in position. The march for the head-quarter column was a distressing one, on account of the heat and dust and the scarcity of water, but was of no great length, certainly not more than twelve miles; and the columns arrived opposite the Sikh camp at half-past eleven, A.M. The junction with the force from Ferozpoor, was effected at a few minutes before one, near the village of Misriwala. Skirmishers were then thrown forward, and some considerable time elapsed before the attack was made.

The whole country is a dead flat, and studded with trees and jungle, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the villages. What with dust and trees, the movements of troops became very difficult to direct. The British now concentrated comprised 5,674 Europeans and 12,053 natives, making a total of 17,727 rank and file, and sixty-five guns. According to the Sikhs' account, their force at Ferozshuhr consisted of 25,000 regular troops and eighty-eight guns, exclusive of the Yazedarees and irregular soldiers, making their force in camp upwards of 35,000. Besides this force, Tej Singh, with 23,000 regulars and sixty-seven guns, was only ten miles distant. Had it been possible for the Commander-in-Chief to have delayed the attack on the Sikh camp till the next day, which it was not, the British force would not have been augmented by one man, whilst Tej Singh, who was opposite Ferozpoor, only ten miles distant, would have been able to bring at least 20,000 additional regular troops and sixty guns to the assistance of the enemy.

The Sikh intrenchment was in the form of a parallelogram

of about a mile in length and half-a-mile in breadth, including within its area the strong village of Ferozshuhry; the shorter sides looking towards the Sutledge and Moodkee, and the long one towards Ferozpoor and the open country.* But the Sikhs were fully prepared to place their guns in position, on whatever side the attack should be made. They were thoroughly acquainted with the country; and knowing by what roads their enemy could advance, they readily prepared for their reception.

Thus it mattered not much whether our approach was made on the longer or shorter side, though the preparations on the side fronting Ferozpoor, showed that it was considered by the Sikhs as the proper front of their position.

"The ground in front, like that at Moodkee, was jungly; the three divisions of the British, under the command of Major-General Gilbert, Sir John Littler, and Brigadier Wallace, were placed in line, with the whole of their artillery, in their centre, except three troops of horse-artillery, one on either flank, and one in support. The reserve was under Sir Harry Smith, and with the cavalry formed the second line."† The artillery were ordered to the front, and after a reasonable time had been allowed for the mortar practice, which it was speedily seen would never silence Lal Singh's guns, our artillery opened their fire to ascertain the position of the batteries, and the Sikhs then responded. Our artillery then made a nearer advance, protected by the whole of our infantry. When several hundred yards nearer, our guns were unlimbered, and several rounds of shot fired; this was repeated until they approached within three hundred yards of the batteries. Then, seeing that these Sikh guns could not be silenced, the infantry advanced amidst a murderous shower of shot and grape, and captured them with matchless gallantry.‡

In the advance, General Littler's division, marching direct on the village, edged away to the left, and caused an opening in the line between its right and Brigadier Wallace's division. Littler's division, led with the greatest valour by its general, when close up to the enemy's batteries, which fired volleys of grape, was compelled to retire; the

* The Commander-in-Chief's Despatch.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

left brigade of the reserve, under Sir Harry Smith, was ordered forward to fill up the opening, and advanced on the village with great energy. Wallace's and Gilbert's divisions forming the right and centre, were completely successful, but when all the batteries of the Sikhs seemed to be within our grasp, the night set in (and there is no twilight in India), the dry forage in the camp was on fire, the loose powder exploded in all directions, and it was impossible, under these circumstances, to retain the occupation of the enemy's batteries, which had been so gallantly won. All military order and discipline must have been lost, and the troops were directed to form about 150 yards from the enemy's camp, lying down in contiguous columns at quarter-distance. Sir Harry Smith's division pushed on to the village and maintained itself there till about 10 o'clock at night, when, not knowing the position of the troops on his right, he retired. Sir John Littler's division, having advanced against the strongest part of the work, suffered severely, especially her Majesty's 62nd Regiment, having seventeen officers killed or wounded, out of twenty-three. Having done everything that men could do, they were obliged to retire.

Just before dark, the gallant 3rd Dragoons, who were on the extreme right, were ordered to charge; never for a moment considering the propriety of such an order, which was given by a staff-officer, now no more, they dashed headlong into the Sikh camp, carrying terror into the Sikh ranks, but at the same time losing ten officers and 120 valuable men out of about 400.

About twelve o'clock at night, the Sikhs, finding that Sir Harry Smith had been forced to retire from the village; and that their batteries were not occupied, brought some guns to bear upon our column, the fire from which was very destructive. The Governor-General mounted his horse and called to the 80th Regiment, which was at the head of the column, "My lads, we shall have no sleep until we have those guns." The regiment deployed immediately, advanced, supported by the 1st Bengal Europeans, and drove a large body of Sikhs from three guns, which they spiked. The regiment then retired and took up its position again at the head of the column as steadily as if on a parade, much to

the admiration of the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, the former of whom exclaimed, as they passed him, "Plucky dogs! plucky dogs!—we cannot fail to win with such men as these." For the rest of the night our column was left comparatively unmolested, but it cannot be denied, that its position was one of danger—great danger. Darkness had covered our ranks, while the scarcely thinned foe, driven from his foremost intrenchments, had still a formidable artillery remaining intact. Both Sir John Littler and Sir Harry Smith had been compelled to retire; and in the darkness the direction was not known to the Governor-General or Commander-in-chief. They were left, with not more than 8,000 men, within 150 yards of an enemy's camp, whose strength they had no means of ascertaining. It could not be known whether Tej Singh had, during the action or during the night, marched up to reinforce Lal Singh. The noisy tramping of men, the fire of musketry and artillery, was continued by the Sikhs during the night, and in the morning the expectation most probable was, that the British army would have to encounter the whole concentrated force of the enemy.

In this state of things, the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor-General determined to hold their ground, to wait patiently till the morning dawned, then to attack the enemy's batteries, if they still held them, by taking them in reverse, to make one united effort by a simultaneous attack, to beat them, or to die honourably in the field. The gallant Commander-in-Chief, kind-hearted, heroically brave, quite agreed with the Governor-General. If ever confidence was inspired to troops by the conduct of their leaders, it was by Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough on that occasion. They knew that the struggle would be severe, but cheered all around them with the certainty of success. The whole of Sir Henry Hardinge's personal staff having been put *hors de combat* except his son, Captain A. Hardinge, who, however, had had his horse killed under him, Captain West, of the Commander-in-Chief's staff, officiated as his aide-de-camp.

By daylight the British troops had deployed into line, and all arrangements for renewing the attack being made, the Commander-in-Chief put himself in front of the right of

the line; Sir Henry Hardinge did the same on the left, and keeping thirty yards in front of the line to prevent the troops from firing, they advanced against the Sikh batteries; the troops being told not to fire, or they would kill the Governor-General.

The Commander-in-Chief also led the right in front of his men, and the line advanced at a steady pace scarcely firing a shot. The opposition was slight, most of the guns being taken in reverse, and wheeling round past the village of Ferozshuhr, the British line swept down the whole left and rear of the enemy's position, halting when they had cleared the works at the opposite extremity. The two chiefs now rode down the line, and the regimental colours dropped, and saluted the Governor-General, and the men cheered as they passed. The two chiefs must at that moment have felt a proud satisfaction and some recompense for the previous hours of anxiety, but these feelings were of short duration, for we had scarcely secured the enemy's guns, seventy-four in number, before Tej Singh appeared in view, showing the policy of making the attack at the earliest moment that returning light enabled the Commander-in-Chief to do so.

Littler's and Smith's divisions had now rejoined the Commander-in-Chief, and the enemy was daunted by his defeat,—the beaten force retiring on their countrymen coming up, carried dismay into their ranks. Within a mile and a half of their captured camp they halted, fired several hundred rounds from their zumbooruks, or camel-swivels, and after several demonstrations, and a distant cannonade, withdrew about three o'clock.

The first roll of the tide of invasion had now been resisted, and the beaten enemy scarcely halted until he had placed the Sutledge between him and his victorious opponent. The Commander-in-Chief was too weak in cavalry to follow him up, having had at the commencement of the action only 2,600, and some by this time had gone into Ferozpoor, and those who remained on the field having been nearly forty-eight hours without food or water, were completely exhausted.

The artillery also had consumed a very large proportion of their round shot in the attack of the enemy: under these circumstances, men and horses being completely worn out, it

was most judicious to be satisfied with the great victory gained, and forcing Tej Singh to retire on the Sutledge. Such hard contested fields cannot be gained without loss; ours among the Europeans was severe, they having 488 killed, and 1,721 wounded, of whom 595 died subsequently, or were disabled. Every exertion was now made to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, and by noon on the 23rd they were all in quarters at Ferozpoor, and quilts and cots were furnished in abundance. In fact, it was almost incredible how the commissariat and executive departments could supply so much comfort in such a short space of time. The wounded owed much to the unwearied efforts of Captain W. B. Thomson and Lieutenant Goodwyn (who responded to every call), for their comparatively snug condition on the 23rd and 24th, and it was a gratifying sight to the Governor-General, when he visited them, to find so much comfort where he anticipated so little. He generously gave strict orders that everything required should be supplied, and without the usual formality of an indent. Sir Henry Hardinge visited all the wounded, men and officers, and had a cheerful word for all. If a poor man had lost an arm, the Governor-General consoled him by pointing to his own empty sleeve, and assuring him he would soon be all right. If a soldier had had a leg shot away or shattered, he reminded him that one of his sons, who was with him, and who went into battle at his side, had long had only one foot. The men were delighted at the urbanity and kindness shown towards them by the Governor of India, and for a time forgot their own sufferings in the admiration which his kindness elicited.* Sir Henry visited the poor sufferers again and again, and watched over their welfare with a solicitude that could not have been surpassed if they had been his own children. During the terrible night he had spent by the Sikh camp, he had shared the privations of the soldiers, and had suffered pangs unknown to them, for the fate of his whole army, the fate perhaps of all India, was hanging upon a thread. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough, whose arduous military duties did not allow him to visit the wounded until some days later, did everything in his power to cheer the men, praising their undaunted bravery, in one of the

1. Dr. McGregor's "History of the Sikhs," &c.

hardest battles ever fought in India. He spoke to all and listened to all, and did his utmost to gratify their every wish.

Major Somerset, Military Secretary to the Governor-General, on the morning of the 22nd, was borne to the rear, mortally wounded, "while conducting himself with the hereditary courage of his race." * Major Broadfoot, political agent, also fell; "he was brave as he was able in every branch of the political and military service." † Major Broadfoot was the last of three brave brothers who held appointments in the Company's army, and fell in battle. Captain P. Nicholson, assistant political agent from Ferozpoor, was also killed in the action of the 21st. With the exception of Captain Mills, who took the command of a troop of horse-artillery, all the political agents were either killed or wounded in this fierce struggle. Among the other truly distinguished officers who perished were Colonel Wallace, Captain Thomas Box, "a soldier every inch of him," Captain D'Arcy Todd, Major Baldwin, a Peninsular officer, and Lieutenants Pollard and Bernard. Pollard had been wounded at Moodkee, but no persuasion could prevent his again joining his gallant regiment, her Majesty's 31st. Among those who shared the dangers of this battle were Prince Waldemar of Prussia, and his staff, Counts Grueben and Oriolo, and Dr. Hoffmeister; the last officer was unfortunately killed by a grape-shot. Prince Waldemar left the field on the morning of the 22nd, at the request of the Governor-General, who was unwilling that a foreign prince should be further subjected to the risk of losing his life. The issue of the battle was not then decided; but fortunately the prince returned to Ferozpoor, and had the satisfaction of knowing, that though the British had a fierce foe to contend with, victory had decided for them. ‡

Fine phrases would be thrown away upon conduct and heroism such as were displayed at Ferozpoor. The plain professional despatches of Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough form the best eulogium. All behaved nobly. Unfortunately, in the hurry of the moment, Sir John Littler, in his despatch, used the words "panic-struck," as applicable to

* Sir Henry Hardinge's Despatch.

† Ibid.

‡ Dr. Macgregor.

her Majesty's 62nd Regiment, and attributed some irresolution on the part of the native regiments in his division to the example of the 62nd. The charges were groundless. Before the 62nd fell back, it had seven officers killed and ten wounded, seventy-six rank and file killed and 154 wounded. The regiment was numerically weak; its loss was greater than that of any other European regiment present. Both the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief did all they could to remove the injurious impression; and at home, in the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington stood manfully forward to vindicate the fame of the heroic band, and apply balm to their wounded pride.

ALI WAL AND SOBRAON.

A. D. 1846. January 28, February 10.

GREAT pains were taken by the Sikh army to conceal from the Durbar the extent of their discomfiture and loss at Ferozshuhr; but much anxiety and irresolution were believed to prevail at Lahore. They believed that our army would follow up its advantages by crossing the river immediately and marching on the capital; but this was a movement not to be thought of without a powerful battering train, now moving upwards with the 16th Lancers, the 9th Lancers, and her Majesty's 10th and 53rd Regiments of Foot, which, with the 43rd and 59th Regiments of Native Infantry, had composed the Meerut force under Sir John Grey.

Upon this seeming indecision of the British, the Sikhs resolved to make another effort to maintain their position on the left bank of the Sutledge; and for this purpose, they began to construct a new bridge of boats, not very far from the spot where they crossed the river after having been driven from Ferozshuhr. Our army of the Sutledge was stationed somewhat from the river, and no opposition was offered by them. The bridge of boats was soon constructed, and a *tête-de-pont* thrown up in front of it with much military skill, in a position very favourable to defence. The opposite banks were high, and the river, where the bridge was laid, made a slight curve inwards; so as to throw the opposite banks sufficiently forward to afford protection to both flanks of the advanced position from heavy artillery placed in battery. Above the bridge, and not far from it, was a good ford, which facilitated the communications with the forces on the opposite bank. Advantage had also been taken of the paucity of our troops at Loodiana, to effect a passage for a force of about 10,000 men of all arms, in the neighbourhood of that town. No attack was made either on the town or cantonment of Loodiana; the object

this force appeared to be rather to intrench itself near place at which it crossed, in order to obstruct our progress and to cut off the passage of supplies *en route* to Ferozpoor, and to intercept the communication between the posts. As soon as the Meerut force joined the Commander-in-Chief's camp, immediate measures were taken to reinforce the Loodiana post and the station at Busseean; some native infantry, some light cavalry and some guns, were sent thither, and the sick, the women, and the children, were removed thence to Umballa. Meanwhile Sir Harry Smith had been detached to reduce Dhurmkothe, and keep open the communication for supplies and ammunition from our rear. Sir Harry was now reinforced, and having soon with him 7,000 men and twenty-four guns, it was confidently believed that he could at one and the same time relieve Loodiana and protect the whole of our rear. Dhurmkothe was evacuated at Sir Harry's approach. In marching from Jugraon to Loodiana, Sir Harry lost a good deal of his baggage, and sustained some heavy fusillades, which he did not wait to return. His troops were much harassed when he reached Loodiana. His presence put an end to the consternation which was becoming general in that part of the country. The Sirdar Runjoor Singh had strongly intrenched himself at Aliwal, about eight miles to the westward of Loodiana; he had 15,000 men and fifty-six guns, and, on the evening of the 26th of January, he received a reinforcement of twelve guns and 4,000 regular troops. Sir Harry Smith most gallantly attacked the Sikhs on the 28th of January, with not more than 16,000 men in all. The right of the Sikh force rested on Bundree, and their left on Aliwal, they had advanced a short distance from their intrenched camp, and cannonaded the British for half an hour, until our brave fellows stormed the village of Aliwal—the key of their position. The whole of the British line then began to advance. Her Majesty's 16th Lancers charged in the most gallant style but the Sikhs lay down on the ground, and the lancers could not well reach them, while they either fired their muskets at the 16th, or cut desperately at men and horses with their keen swords. This distinguished cavalry regiment had upwards of 100 men killed or wounded. The great mass of Sikh infantry could be

broken only by our artillery. One Sikh cannon after another was captured. So ably were the orders of attack conducted, each column and line arriving at its point of attack to the very moment, that the enemy were soon driven head-long back over the river; and all the Sikh guns were captured or destroyed. Only one gun was carried by the Sikhs to the opposite bank, and there it was spiked by Lieutenant Holmes, of the irregular cavalry, and Gunner Scott, of the horse-artillery, who forded the river in pursuit. The victory was complete, and the confusion among the Sikhs great. Camp-carriages, munitions of war, all things that Runjoor Singh had brought with him, were captured. These were indeed "glorious operations;" this was indeed a "complete and decisive victory." * It cost us in all 151 killed and 413 wounded.

There was now for a short time a perfect lull in the campaign. The Sikhs at Sobraon went on strengthening their position, and adding to their guns on their *tête-de-pont*; and Sir Hugh Gough waited for his artillery and reinforcements. From the 14th of January till the beginning of February, the enemy were industriously employed in building their defences, under the direction, it is said, of a Spanish engineer. The army under Sir Charles Napier, which had been assembled at Sukkur, by order of the Governor-General, consisting of 16,000 men, was moving up to the left bank of the Sutledge, towards Ferozpoor, and would have proved, had the war lasted, a most valuable reinforcement to the army of the Sutledge. It had by this time reached Bhawalpoor, opposite Mooltan, and as the Nawab of that place had intimated to the British government his intention of remaining neuter, and of taking no part in the war, the Governor-General, feeling that the blow must be struck and the contest decided at Lahore, requested Sir Charles Napier to come on with his staff in advance of his army, and to join him without delay, being desirous of having the assistance of that distinguished officer in the pending struggle. Sir Charles Napier did not, unfortunately, arrive in time to participate in the glories of Sobraon, but came up with the army at Lahore.

On the 9th of February, the heavy guns from Delhi

* Despatches of the Governor-General, Sir Harry Smith, and Sir Hugh Gough. Macgregor's 'History of the Sikhs.'

reached the Commander-in-Chief's camp; on the 8th, Sir Harry Smith had rejoined head-quarters from Aliwal.

After the battle of Ferozshuhr, the Governor-General had taken up his quarters at Ferozpoor, occasionally riding to the Commander-in-Chief's camp, which was now twenty-four miles distant from Ferozpoor, to confer with his excellency. In one of these rides, the Governor-General's horse fell, and so severely contused the Governor-General's thigh, that he was obliged to be taken in his carriage to the field on the morning of the 10th.

The enemy's works were very strong, and although, on the first intelligence of the battle of Aliwal, and at sight of the numerous bodies which floated from the neighbourhood of that battle-field down to the bridge of boats at Sohraon, the Sikhs seemed much shaken and disheartened, they now appeared to be as confident as ever of being able to defy us in their intrenched position, and to prevent our passage of the river. The soldiers were chiefly those who had been trained by the French and Italian officers. They had strong walls, only to be surmounted by scaling-ladders, which afforded a secure protection for triple lines of musketry. In all, they were 34,000 men, with seventy pieces of artillery; their position was united by a good bridge to a reserve of 20,000 on the opposite bank, on which was a considerable camp and some artillery, commanding and flanking the field-works on the side of the British.*

The forces under Sir Hugh Gough consisted of 6,533 Europeans and 9,691 natives, making a total of 16,224 rank and file, and ninety-nine guns. Sir Hugh ordered this force to march at half-past three o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 10th of February, when his men would be fresh, and there would be a certainty of many hours of daylight. To pass another night like that which had been spent within the enemy's camp at Ferozshuhr, was by all means to be avoided. The troops began to move out of camp at the very moment appointed, and they marched in silence to their destination. Sir Hugh was now much stronger in cavalry, and very strong in artillery. He at once put his battering and disposable artillery in position in an extended semicircle, embracing within its fire the works of the Sikhs. It had been

* Commander-in-Chief's Despatch.

ntended that the cannonade should have commenced at day-break, but so heavy a mist hung over the plain and river, that it became necessary to wait. It was half-past six before the whole of our artillery fire was developed. "Nothing could be conceived grander than the effect of the batteries when they opened, as the cannonade passed along from the Sutledge to Little Sobraon, in one continued roar of guns and mortars; while, ever and anon, the rocket, like a spirit of fire, winged its rapid flight high above the batteries in its progress towards the Sikh intrenchment. Well might the Commander-in-Chief call the opening of the cannonade 'most spirited and well-directed.' The Sikh guns responded with shot and shells, but neither appeared to do much execution; the latter were seen bursting in mid-air ere they reached the British batteries, while some of the shot passed over Rhodawala, and struck the ground in front of General Gilbert's division. It now became a grand artillery concert, and the infantry divisions and brigades looked on with a certain degree of interest, somewhat allied, however, to vexation, lest the artillery should have the whole work to themselves.

"The Commander-in-Chief, however, was determined to give full play to an arm which he did not possess to an efficient extent in other hard-fought battles. It was reported, that the guns were to play for four hours at least; but there is some reason to believe, that the rapid firing had nearly exhausted the ammunition before half that time had elapsed; and it was once more to be proved, that the British infantry were not to remain mute spectators of a battle. 'Notwithstanding,' wrote the Commander-in-Chief, 'the formidable calibre of our guns, mortars, and howitzers, and the admirable way in which they were served, and aided by a rocket battery, it would have been visionary to expect that they could have silenced the fire of seventy pieces behind well-constructed batteries of earth, planks, and fascines, or dislodge troops, covered either by redoubts or epaulments, or within a treble line of trenches.'"

Compared with Ferozshuhr, the works at Sobraon were regular fortifications, in the construction of which no labour had been spared. The utmost ingenuity of the Sikhs and their European advisers had been exerted to render this,

• Dr. Macgregor's "History of the Sikhs."

their last stronghold, impregnable. A French officer is said to have assured Tej Singh, that it was utterly impossible for the British to make good their entrance. The British were now about to try with the musket and the bayonet. "At nine o'clock, Brigadier Stacey's brigade, supported on either flank by Captain Horford's and Fordyce's batteries, and Lieutenant-Colonel Lane's troop of horse-artillery, moved to the attack in admirable order. The infantry and guns aided each other correlatively. The former marched steadily on in line, which they halted only to correct when necessary; the latter took up successive positions at the gallop, until at length they were within three hundred yards of the heavy batteries of the Sikhs. But notwithstanding the regularity and coolness, and the scientific character of this assault, which Brigadier Wilkinson well supported, so hot was the fire of cannon, musketry, and zumbooruks,* kept up by the Khalsa troops, that it seemed for some moments impossible that the intrenchments could be won under it."† There was a temporary check or pause, "but soon persevering gallantry triumphed, and the whole army had the satisfaction to see the gullant Brigadier Stacey's soldiers driving the Sikhs in confusion before them within the area of their encampment."‡ Every impediment was cleared, the intrenchments were passed, and our matchless infantry stood erect and compact within the Sikh camp. "Her Majesty's 10th, 53rd, and 80th Regiments, with the 33rd, 43rd, 59th, and 63rd Native Infantry, moving at a firm and steady pace, never fired a shot till they had passed the barriers opposed to them—a forbearance much to be commended, and most worthy of constant imitation, to which may be attributed the success of their first effort, and the small loss they sustained." This attack was crowned with all the success it deserved, and led by its gallant commander, Major-General Sir Robert Dick, obtained the admiration of the army, which witnessed its disciplined valour. When checked by the formidable obstacles and superior numbers to which the attacking division was opposed, the second division, under Major-General Gilbert, afforded the most opportune assistance by rapidly ad-

* Guns mounted on camels, and carrying pound shot.

† The Commander-in-Chief's Despatches.

‡ Ibid.

vancing to the attack of the enemy's batteries, entering their fortified position after a severe struggle, and sweeping through the interior of the camp. This division inflicted a very severe loss on the retreating enemy."* "We happened to be with a portion of Gilbert's division," says Doctor M'Gregor, "when the order arrived from the Governor-General, and the troops immediately advanced. Onward they went; but, if intended to support Stacey on the right of the enemy's position, they missed the object, for they unfortunately came in front of the centre and strongest portion of the encampment, unsupported either by artillery or cavalry. Her Majesty's 29th and 1st European Light Infantry, with undaunted bravery, rushed forward, crossed a dry nullah, and found themselves exposed to one of the hottest fires of musketry that can possibly be imagined; and what rendered it still more galling was, that the Sikhs were themselves concealed behind high walls, over which the European soldiers could not climb. To remain under such a fire without the power of returning it with any effect would have been madness—the men would have been annihilated. Thrice did Her Majesty's 29th Regiment charge the works, and thrice were they obliged to retire, each time followed by the Sikhs, who spared none, and cut to pieces the wounded. Similar was the fate of the 1st European Light Infantry, who, in retiring, had their ranks thinned by musketry, and their wounded men and officers cut up by the savage Sikhs. To the latter, the nullah presented an admirable defence, for the slope was towards them, while the Europeans on the high bank were completely exposed. At length the second division, which at Ferozshuhr had driven the Sikhs before them, capturing their guns at the point of the bayonet, and entering their encampment, were led to the right of the intrenchment at Sobraon."† The second division was emulated by the first division under Sir Harry Smith, which dashed against the enemy's left. Yet was it not until some of the 3rd Dragoons, under Major-General Sir Joseph Thackwell, had moved forward and ridden through the openings of the intrenchments in single

* General Order by the Governor-General of India, dated Camp, Kessoor, February 14th, 1846.

† History of the Sikhs.

file, and re-formed as they passed them; and galloped over and cut down the obstinate defenders of batteries and field-works; and the weight of three entire divisions of infantry, with every field artillery gun which could be sent to their aid;—it was not until all this had been cast into the scale, that victory finally declared for the British. The fire of the Sikhs slackened, then ceased nearly altogether; and the victors, pressing them on every side, swept them in masses over the bridge of boats, and into the Sutledge, which a sudden rise of seven inches had rendered scarcely fordable. In their efforts to reach the right bank through the deepened water, they suffered a terrible carnage from our horse-artillery. Hundreds fell under this cannonade; hundreds upon hundreds were drowned in attempting the perilous passage. This awful slaughter would have excited compassion, had they not, in the earlier part of the action, sullied their bravery by slaughtering and mangling every wounded soldier whom the fortune of war left at their mercy. "The enemy's shattered forces," says the Governor-General, "were driven into the river, with a loss which far exceeded that which the most experienced officers had ever witnessed. Thus terminated, in the brief space of two hours, the most remarkable conflict, in which the military combinations of the Commander-in-Chief were fully and ably carried into effect. The enemy's select regiments of regular infantry have been dispersed, and a large proportion destroyed, with the loss, since the campaign began, of 220 pieces of artillery taken in action."*

Within the intrenchments above sixty-seven guns were captured, together with upwards of 200 camel-swivels and numerous standards. Before the hour of noon, this great battle was over. It might, indeed, be well termed a glorious fight, and complete in its results. The battles of Moodkee, Ferozshuhr, and Aliwal, had weakened the power of the Sikhs, but the battle of Sobraon had completely broken it. It was, of course, bought at a dear price. Her Majesty's 29th Regiment alone exhibited a loss in killed and wounded of thirteen officers, eight sergeants, and 157 rank and file. The loss of the 1st European Light Infantry was still heavier. Her Majesty's 31st, which had fought most nobly at Moodkee, Ferozshuhr, and Aliwal, had seven officers and 147 rank

* General Order.

and file killed and wounded at Sobraon. Her Majesty's 50th, or Queen's Own, had twelve officers and 227 rank and file killed and wounded. Her Majesty's 10th Foot lost three officers, three sergeants, and 127 rank and file. These regiments suffered the most, but other regiments suffered severely. The total loss was 320 killed, 2,063 wounded. The brave Sir Robert Dick, who led the attack on the intrenchments, received a mortal wound after he had entered them; "thus fell, most gloriously, at the moment of victory, this veteran officer, displaying the same energy and intrepidity as when, thirty-five years ago in Spain, he was the distinguished leader of the 42nd Highlanders." Brigadier Charles Cyril Taylor, who commanded the third brigade of the second division, also fell. Brigadier MacLaren was borne off the field mortally wounded, while leading the fourth brigade of the centre division against the strongest part of the intrenchments. When put into his bed, he said he *must* cross the Sutledge with the gallant European light infantry, even though he were carried in a dooly. Major-General Gilbert was slightly wounded; and the gallant veteran, Colonel Ryan, of the 50th, was severely wounded.

Fearful had been the loss of the Sikhs. Five days after the action, and when the walls of the intrenchments had been nearly levelled with the ground, the sand-bank in the middle of the river was completely covered with their dead bodies, and the ground within their encampment thickly strewed with carcasses of men and horses. With the permission of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough, they returned to carry off their dead; but the task was found too irksome, and many hundreds, not swept away by the river, were left as food for the jackal, the wild dog, and the vulture.

Scarcely was the action over when the Governor-General despatched his military secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, with the tidings of victory, to Sir John Grey, who was stationed half-way between Ferozpoor and Sobraon with two regiments of cavalry, three of infantry, and a field battery. Having directed Sir John Grey to move with his force immediately to the ghaut opposite Ferozpoor, the military secretary proceeded to Ferozpoor, which he reached in an hour and twenty minutes, the distance from the field of action being twenty-four miles. He carried orders to Sir

John Littler (who had been warned before to be ready) to march with every available man to the ghaut, and before daylight the next morning six regiments of native infantry and six guns had, by means of six country boats, crossed the Sutledge, at a point nearer to the capital than where the debris of the Sikh army was stationed. On the following day the bridge of boats was nearly completed by the able and indefatigable Major Abbott, of the Engineers. Had the British then followed up the Sikhs, they might have made their way without resistance to Lahore, and have there renewed the conflict ; but such was not the intention of our commanders, and the capital of the Punjaub was destined to be occupied by the British without any repetition of the life-consuming struggles which had occurred on the left bank of the Sutledge. If pressed, they would have fought hard in their despair; but the vaunted power of the Sikhs was in reality destroyed. Sham Singh, Dhubal Singh, Hera Singh, Kishen Singh, Mobaruck Ali, Newaz Khan, all their bravest sirdars and leaders, had perished. The discomfited warriors who survived, being left to themselves, began to disperse. Our army quietly crossed the river, and took undisputed possession of Kusoor, which, in former times, had twice defied the power of Runjeet Singh. On the 14th of February the Governor-General announced by proclamation, dated from Kusoor, that the British army had crossed the Sutledge, and entered the Punjaub, "in accordance with the intentions expressed in the proclamation of the 13th of December last, as having been forced upon him for the purpose of effectually protecting the British provinces, and vindicating the authority of the British government, and punishing the violators of treaties and the disturbers of the public peace." Military operations against the government and army of the Lahore state had not been undertaken by the government of India from any desire of territorial aggrandizement.

The heads of a treaty were soon sketched and agreed to. The government of Lahore was to pay, as an indemnity for the expense of the war, a crore and a half of rupees, or about one million five hundred pounds sterling.* All the guns we

* The Jullunder Doab, the district between the Beas and Sutledge, was confiscated and proclaimed British territory.

had taken were to be retained, and all those which the Sikhs had ever pointed against the British were to be given up. The troops and their turbulent leaders were to be disbanded for ever.

Thus ended the first Punjaub war. The British army at Lahore amounted only to 24,115 men of all arms, of which 4,424 only were European infantry, and with the exception of 1,466 in progress from Scinde, there was not another effective European infantry soldier within 1,000 miles of Lahore. With such a force, annexation of the Punjaub was impossible. The campaign had lasted sixty days. It cost, including the donation of a year's batta to the troops, about two millions sterling; the Lahore durbar and Ghoolab Singh paid an indemnity of a million and a half, and the revenue of the territory which the British government confiscated amounted, after all expenses, to about half a million annually. In a pecuniary point of view, therefore, this was the cheapest war that was ever waged, as well as the shortest.

THE END.



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